POEMS

ON

Several Occaſions.

By the Late

MATTHEW PRIOR, Eſq;

VOLUME the THIRD, and LAST.

The THIRD EDITION.

To which is Prefixed

The LIFE *of Mr.* PRIOR,

By *SAMUEL HUMPHREYS*, Eſq;

ADORNED WITH CUTS.

LONDON,

Printed: And ſold by S. BIRT in *Ave-Maria-Lane*, and W. FEALES without *Temple-Bar*.

MDCCXXXIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM
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DEC

To His GRACE

LIONEL,

Duke of DORSET.

My LORD,

MR. *Prior* received ſo many Obligations from your Grace's Family, that, in Gratitude, he thought all the Productions of his Pen ought to be conſecrated only to the Earl of *Dorſet*.

As I was deſired to be the Editor of the Remains of this inimitable Poet, I could not help think-

ing that I ſhould be guilty of Injuſtice to his Memory, if they were adorned with any other than your Grace's Illuſtrious Name.

Some of the following Pieces were ſingly printed by Mr. *Prior*, after the Publication of his Folio Volume, Others were communicated by his Friends, to whom he had preſented them; and the Reſt have been ſelected from his original Manuſcripts ſince his Deceaſe.

As to the Productions which are Mr. *Prior*'s, I am perſuaded they will be received with your Grace's peculiar Candour: but, I fear I have been guilty of too much Temerity in mixing any of my Performances with his immortal Muſe. I can only ſay in my Defence, that I was tempted to perpetuate

perpetuate them by an Opportunity ſo very favourable; and the Event will be equal to my utmoſt Wiſhes, ſhould your Grace do me the Honour to think them not altogether unworthy of the Situation in which I have preſumed to place them.

The other Pieces which compoſe this Miſcellany, were kindly received at their firſt Publication, and it is the Opinion of good Judges, that they make no diſagreeable Appearance in the Rank to which they are now aſſigned.

The Life of Mr. *Prior* is compiled out of the moſt authentic Particulars that could be obtained either from his Friends, or found among his Own Papers; but, of all the various Circumſtances that compoſe

poſe it, none can be ſo advantageous to his Memory as the Intimacy and Friendſhip with which he was honoured by your Grace's moſt noble Father.

I will not preſume to detain your Grace any longer, than while I beg your Permiſſion to lay this Collection at your Grace's Feet with all the Humility and Veneration with which I have the Honour to be,

My LORD,

Your GRACE's

Moſt Obedient,

and moſt Devoted

Humble Servant,

Hampſtead,
Feb. 26, $17\frac{3}{34}$.

Samuel Humphreys.

THE PREFACE.

IN the Year 1718, Mr. *Prior* publiſhed his Works by Subſcription, in one Volume in Folio, and met with that Encouragement which was juſtly due to his Merit. But in this Collection of his POEMS, tho' he *added* ſeveral *New Pieces*, yet he *omitted* ſome very valuable *Old Ones*, particularly his *Firſt* EPISTLE to FLEETWOOD SHEPHARD, Eſq; which his great Modeſty prevailed with him to withdraw, becauſe in the Cloſe of that Piece, a little Pleaſantry was levelled at, his dear Friend, the Honourable CHARLES MONTAGUE, Eſq; late Earl of *Halifax*.

An ODE *in Imitation of the* SECOND ODE *of* HORACE, written by Him in the Year 1692, is likewiſe omitted, becauſe he had made uſe of that Piece in his *Carmen Sæculare*. Tho' it is rather to be preſumed, this Omiſſion was obtained by the Perſuaſion of ſome Political Friends, who thought

thought the Revival of this ODE a Panegyric too High for (A PRINCE above all *Panegyric*) the late King WILLIAM of *Glorious* and *Immortal Memory*.

VERSES *to the Counteſs Dowager of* DEVONSHIRE, *upon a* PIECE *of* *WISSING*'s, *wherein were all her* GRANDSONS *Painted.* (the laſt Performance of that Maſter) This Poem in his own Hand-writing, without taking a COPY of it, Mr. PRIOR, above Thirty Years ago, gave to his Friend ANTHONY HAMMOND, *Eſq*; and to that Gentleman the Public are obliged for its Publication.

The VERSES upon Lady CATHARINE HYDE, have been miſtakenly applied by ſome Perſons to another Hand; tho' whoever will, in the leaſt, but impartially conſider, muſt allow, that the Eaſy Turn, and Epigrammatic Point, in thoſe Performances, could be the Product of no other, than Mr. PRIOR's peculiar Pen; and it is hoped, that the Preſervation of theſe PIECES, will be looked upon as an Act of ſtrict Juſtice to his Memory.

After the Publication of the *Folio* Edition of his Works, Mr. PRIOR printed, ſingly, Four POEMS, *viz.*

I. The

PREFACE.

I. The *Converſation.* A *Tale.*

II. COLIN's *Miſtakes.* Written in Imitation of SPENSER's Style.

III. VERSES Spoke to the Lady *Henrietta-Cavendiſh-Holles-Harley*, in the Library of St. *John*'s-*College*, *Cambridge*, *November the* 9th, *Anno Dom.* 1719.

IV. PROLOGUE to the ORPHAN. Repreſented by ſome of the *Weſtminſter*-Scholars, at *Hickford*'s Dancing-Room, the 2d of *February*, 17$\frac{19}{20}$. Spoken by the Lord DUPLIN.

As to the *Poſthumous Pieces* of Mr. PRIOR, *viz.*

I. The TURTLE and the SPARROW, a Tale.

II. *Down-Hall*, a BALLAD. For this, the Public are indebted to *Oliver Martin* Eſq; and it is printed from a Manuſcript in the Hand-writing of *Adrian Drift*, Eſq;

The *Latin* VERSES to Dr. SHAW, the *Engliſh* EPIGRAM on Dr. RADCLIFFE, and the SONG to *Cloe*, were ſent from St. *John*'s College, *Cambridge*, by an unknown Hand.

The VERSES on Biſhop *Atterbury*'s Burying the Duke of *Buckinghamſhire*, were communicated by the Reverend Mr. *Herbert*.

Thus

PREFACE.

Thus hoping we have given an indiſputable Account of every Piece in this Collection written by Mr. PRIOR, what other Performances are ſubjoined, to make this Volume of an equal Bulk with the Two former, We hope will not be unacceptable to the Reader, to whoſe candid Judgment we entirely ſubmit them.

One thing, in Juſtice to our ſelves, we muſt obſerve; That not one Poem in this Collection is to be found in any other Miſcellany whatever.

ERRATA.

In Mr. PRIOR's LIFE,

Page v. *Line* 14, *for* thoſe, *read* whole.
——xl——*ult.*——her,——their

In the POEMS.

Page 118, *Line* 3, *for* War, *read* Woe.
——*Ibid.*——12,——Night——Light,
——119——25,——Thro'——Tho'.

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MEMOIRS

Of the LIFE of

Mr. *PRIOR.*

MATTHEW PRIOR Eſq; was the Son of Mr. *George Prior* Citizen of *London*, by Trade a Joiner; and was born in that Metropolis in the Year 1664. His Father, tho' very induſtrious in his Buſineſs, was far from being fortunate in his Circumſtances; and dying when his Son was Young, he left him to the Care of an Uncle, who diſcharged the Truſt repoſed in him, with a Tenderneſs truly paternal, as Mr. PRIOR conſtantly acknowledged with all the Gratitude of a generous Mind.

He received part of his Education at *Weſtminſter* School, where, as Biſhop *Sprat* relates of Mr. *Cowley*, he early obtained and increaſed the noble Genius peculiar to that Place. It was there that he began to diſcloſe the amiable Talents he poſſeſſed, and ſo bright was the Dawn in which they firſt appeared, that it was natural to foreſee their

Meridian would render him an Honour to his Country, and endear him to the greateſt of his Contemporaries.

When he was very young he diſtinguiſhed himſelf by ſeveral happy Flights in Poetry, which contributed not a little to his Reputation; particularly the fine Ode in his printed Poems, which he was obliged to write in 1688, as an Exerciſe for neglecting to be preſent one Morning at the Chapel-Service; and he acquitted himſelf ſo well on this Occaſion, that the World would hardly have been angry with him had he been guilty of more Tranſgreſſions of the ſame Nature, and atoned for them by ſo polite and amiable a Penance.

As he had an uncommon Propenſity to Learning and began to be intimate with the Ancients at an Age when few are acquainted with much more of them than their Names, it was with great Reluctance that he found himſelf obliged to leave a School, to whoſe Inſtitutions he was haſtening to give ſo much Reputation; but at the ſame time, he thought it his Duty to conform himſelf to the Inclinations of an Uncle who had treated him with ſo much Humanity, and who, as he was a Vintner, imagined Mr. PRIOR might be uſeful to him in his Houſe and Trade. His Nephew accordingly conſented to live with him, and by his Diligence, in a Calling very foreign to ſo extraordinary a Genius, endeavoured to make the beſt Returns he was then able to his kind Relation and Benefactor.

Mr. PRIOR, tho' he found ſufficient Employment in this Situation, did not neglect to improve every vacant Hour he could enjoy, in entertaining himſelf with his favourite Claſſicks, eſpecially the Poets. Of theſe, *Horace* was his greateſt Darling, and without doubt he was ſenſible of ſome Similitude of Genius between that admirable Writer and himſelf, which prompted him to form his Taſte for the Muſes by ſuch a compleat Model; and ſo indefatigably did he purſue his Studies in all Intermiſſions

of

of his Uncle's Buſineſs, that the polite Part of the Company who reſorted to the Houſe were in a little time ſenſible that he deſerved to ſhine in a better Sphere than that in which he appeared.

It happened, fortunately for Mr. PRIOR, that the late Earl of *Dorſet*, that Prodigy of polite Wit and Generoſity, frequently paſſed ſome agreeable Hours with his Friends at this Tavern; and being one Day there with ſeveral Gentlemen of Rank, the Diſcourſe turned upon one of the Odes of *Horace*; and the Company being divided in their Sentiments of a Paſſage in that elegant Poet, one of the Gentlemen was pleased to ſay, *I find we are not like to agree in our Criticiſms; but if I am not miſtaken there is a young Fellow in the Houſe who is able to ſet us all Right*; upon which he named Mr. PRIOR, who was immediately ſent for and deſired to give his Opinion of *Horace's* Meaning in the Ode under Debate. Mr. PRIOR, very genteelly, intreated them *to let his Incapacity be his Excuſe for not preſuming to offer any imperfect Thoughts on what they did him the Honour to propoſe to him*; but that not availing, he at laſt, with an engaging Modeſty, gave ſuch an Explanation of the Paſſage in Diſpute as was very agreeable to his polite Audience; and the Earl of *Dorſet* from that Moment determined Mr. PRIOR ſhould paſs from the Station he was then in, to one more ſuitable to his promiſing Abilities.

To accompliſh ſuch a generous Intention this Noble Lord ſent him as a Gentleman-Commoner to St. *John's* College in *Cambridge*, where he made ſuch a Progreſs in his Studies, that he ſoon roſe to a Fellowſhip, which he enjoyed till his Death, and gave his illuſtrious Benefactor the Pleaſure of ſeeing his Generoſity ſucceed to his Deſire.

Mr. PRIOR had enriched himſelf at the Univerſity with ſuch a Variety of Learning, and improved his natural Accompliſhments with ſo much Succeſs, that at

his Return to Town, his Intimacy was courted by Perſons of the greateſt Rank. It was a Happineſs then, to have Merit; Great Talents were the beſt Introduction to Eſteem and Popularity, and therefore it was impoſſible for Mr. PRIOR to be diſregarded at a Time when the greateſt Wits were the nobleſt Patrons.

In the Reign of King *Charles* the Second he was intimately honoured with the Friendſhip of *Charles Montague* Eſq; late Earl of *Halifax*, who was a perfect Maſter of polite Literature himſelf, and delighted to make that Accompliſhment fortunate to others who poſſeſſed it.

The firſt Opportunity given Mr. PRIOR of diſplaying his excellent Talents, was, on the following Occaſion, *viz.*

Soon after the Acceſſion of King *James* the Second to the Throne he flung off the Veil, and not only profeſſed Himſelf a *Papiſt*, but took Perſons of the ſame Profeſſion into the Miniſtry and Army; diſpenſing with the *Penal Laws*, contrary to the Foundation of the Government, and trying many Experiments invaſive of the Rights of the *Church* of *England*, and the Prvileges and Communities of ſuch as were the true Sons of it.

And, in order to turn the *Doctrines* of our *Eſtabliſhed Church* into *Ridicule*, Mr. *Dryden*, who had turned *Papiſt*, to ingratiate himſelf at Court, was from thence directed to write, and did accordingly Publiſh, in 1686, a moſt virulent Satire, intitled, *The* HIND *and the* PANTHER, *a* POEM. The HIND was made a ſtrong Advocate for the *Church* of *Rome*, and the PANTHER a weak Defender of the *Church* of *England*. Mr. *Dryden* thought his Caſuiſtry unanſwerable, by fixing the *dernier Reſort* of *Church Authority* and the *Rule of Faith* in the Papal See. But the Honourable *Charles Montague* Eſq; and Mr. *Prior* then Fellow of St. *John's* College, *Cambridge*, ſoon turned the Poetical Caſuiſt on his Back, and fairly ſhewed the Diſ-

Difference between ſmooth-Numbers and ſound Arguments. In ſhort to heighten the Ridicule, theſe Gentlemen turned Mr. *Dryden*'s two mighty *Beaſts* of *Prey* into two diminutive voracious *Vermin*, and tranſverſed the *Hind* and the *Panther*, to the STORY of the *Country-Mouſe* and the *City-Mouſe*, under which Title they publiſhed their Critique, 1687.

The beautiful *Parodie*, of turning Mr. *Dryden*'s Raillery upon himſelf, thejuſt Reaſoning, and inimitable Turns of Wit which it contains, render it Standard: fully verifying the Earl of *Roſcomon*'s true Aſſertion, that,

The weighty Bullion *of* one Sterling Line,
Drawn to French-Wire, *would thro' thoſe* Pages *ſhine.*
Eſſ. on Tran. Verſe.

Mr. PRIOR's *ſecond* Production, was, as before-mentioned, an Ode. Written the Year following, as an Exerciſe St. JOHN's College, *Cambridge.**

Upon the Revolution, Mr. *Prior* was brought to Court by his great Patron, the Earl of *Dorſet*. As that noble Lord had entertained a very favourable Opinion of this Gentleman in his Infancy, ſo he continued to diſtinguiſh him by his Friendſhip and Recommendation; His Patronage introduced him into the Scene of public Employment, and by the generous Influence of this Great Peer, Mr. *Prior* was made Secretary to their Majeſties King *William* and Queen *Mary* at the Congreſs at the *Hague* in 1690, the Earl of *Berkeley* being Plenipotentiary at that Negotiation.

Mr. PRIOR had the good Fortune to acquit himſelf ſo well in this Situation, that he was afterwards appointed Secretary of the Embaſſy to the Earls of *Pembroke*, *Jerſey*, and Sir *Joſeph Williamſon*, who were ap-

* On theſe Words, *I am that I am*, Exod. iii. 14. with which he begins the Collection of his Poems.

pointed

pointed Ambaſſadors at the Treaty of Peace at *Reſwick*, 1697; during the Tranſactions of which, ſeveral Memorials relating to that Treaty were drawn up by him; he was likewiſe Secretary to the ſucceeding Embaſſies of the Earls of *Portland* and *Jerſey*, in *France*.

After this he was advanced to the Poſt of Secretary of State in *Ireland*. He was next conſtituted one of the Lords Commiſſioners of Trade and Plantations in the Year 1700, and by her Majeſty Queen *Anne* made one of the Commiſſioners of the Cuſtoms in 1711: and her Majeſty's Plenipotentiary Miniſter in *France* the ſame Year.

As he was thus initiated into public Buſineſs very young, and continued to tranſact the ſame for ſeven and twenty Years; it muſt appear not a little ſurpriſing that he ſhould find ſufficient Opportunities to cultivate his poetical Talents to the Height he raiſed them; and indeed to uſe his own Words, (in the Preface to his Poems;) *Poetry was only the Product of his leiſure Hours, who had commonly Buſineſs enough upon his Hands*; and as he modeſtly adds, *was only a Poet by Accident*. But we muſt take the Liberty of differing from him in the laſt Particular, in order to agree with all Mankind, that Mr. PRIOR received from the Muſes at his Nativity all the Graces they could well beſtow on their greateſt Favourite.

We muſt not omit one Particular in Mr. PRIOR's Conduct which will appear very remarkable. He was choſen a Member of that Parliament which impeached the Partition Treaty, to which he himſelf had been Secretary, and tho' he had ſuch a conſiderable Share in that Tranſaction, the Conviction he was under of the exceptionable Meaſures that attended it, made him join in the Impeachment. A rare inſtance of a generous Mind who ſcorned to perſiſt in a Vindication of any Proceedings that his riper Judgment convinced him were unjuſtifiable.

My

My late Lord *Bolingbroke*, who, whatever Exceptions may have been made to his Sentiments in ſome other Inſtances, muſt be allowed an excellent Judge of fine Talents, entertained a particular Eſteem for Mr. PRIOR, on the account of his great Abilities; and makes him an extraordinary Compliment in a Letter which he wrote to him, during the Time of his being Q. ANNE's Miniſter and Plenipotentiary at the Court of *France*. This Letter is dated, *Sept.* 10, 1712: O. S.* And among other Particulars has this remarkable Paſſage—— *For* GOD's *Sake, Dear* MATT, *hide the* NAKEDNESS *of thy* COUNTRY, *and give the beſt turn thy fertile Brain will furniſh thee with to the Blunders of thy Countrymen, who are not much better* Politicians *than the* French *are* Poets. And thus the Peer concludes his Epiſtle:—— *It is now three a Clock in the Morning, I have been hard at Work all Day, and am not yet enough recovered to bear much Fatigue; excuſe therefore the Confuſedneſs of this Scroll, which is only from* HARRY *to* MATT, *and not from the* Secretary *to the* Miniſter.—— *Adieu, my Pen is ready to drop out of my Hand, it being near three o' Clock in the Morning, believe that no Man loves you better, or is more faithfully yours,*

BOLINGBROKE.

And in another Letter from Lord *Bolingbroke*, we find the following Advices were conveyed to Mr. PRIOR, *Sept.* 25, 1713† O. S.—*There is a Perſon here, of whom we have never taken the leaſt Notice, as a public Man, but who however is an Agent from the* CATALANS. *By what we obſerve in him, it is pretty plain, that a reaſonable Accommodation might be made with that turbulent People. What is the Senſe of the* French *Court on this Matter? How far will*

* *Vide* The *Report* from the *Committee* of *Secrecy*. *Ann.* 1715. Fol. *Appendix*, p. 40. † Ibid. pag. 86.

they

they concur with the Queen in adviſing Philip *to make an End of that War?*

Upon Mr. PRIOR's Repreſentation of this Affair to the Court of *France*, he received the following Letter from Monſieur *de Torcy*, † dated *Nov.* 13, 1713, *N. S.*

'You received, *Sir*, ſome Time ſince, Orders from the 'Queen of *Great Britain* to uſe her good Offices with 'the King in Favour of the *Catalans*, who have rebelled 'againſt the King of *Spain*, and of the Inhabitants of '*Barcelona*. You acquainted me, that her *Britannic* Ma'jeſty was ſure they would ſubmit to the King their 'Maſter, if that Prince would grant them a general Am'neſty; the Reſtitution and Enjoyment of all their 'Eſtates, and in ſhort the ſame Conditions which he 'had cauſed to be offered them, and which they did 'not accept, without mentioning their ancient Privile'ges any more.

'The *Anſwer* which the King juſt now receives from 'the Catholic King upon this Article, *is*, That he is 'ſtill willing to grant the ſame Conditions to the re'bellious *Catalans*, notwithſtanding they rendered them'ſelves unworthy of his Favours, by ſlighting them, 'and altho' he is now in a Condition to reduce them by 'Force: He deſires the King to impart his *Anſwer* to the 'Queen of *Great Britain*, my Lord *Lexington* having had 'no Orders to ſpeak about this Affair.'

TORCY.

Soon after the Acceſſion of King GEORGE the Firſt to the Throne, *October* 23, 1714. Mr. PRIOR preſented a *Memorial* at the Court of *France*, requiring that the *Canal*, and the *new Works* at *Mardyke* ſhould be demoliſhed.

In the Year 1715. Mr. PRIOR was recalled from

† Ibid. pag. 87.

France;

France; and, upon his Arrival, was taken up by a Warrant from the *Houſe* of *Commons*; ſhortly after which, he underwent a very ſtrict Examination by a *Committee* of the *Privy-Council*.

His moſt loving, political, Friend, the Viſcount *Bolingbroke*, foreſeeing a Storm, ran away to *France*, and ſecured HARRY, but left poor MATT in the Lurch.

On the 10th of *June*, *Robert Walpole*, Eſq; moved the Houſe for an Impeachment againſt Him, and on the 17th Mr. PRIOR was ordered into cloſe Cuſtody, and *that no Perſon ſhould be admitted to ſee him, without leave from the Speaker*.

The following Compliment was paid Mr. PRIOR, when under Confinement, *viz.*

TO MATTHEW PRIOR, Eſq;

Cur pendet tacitâ fiſtula cum lyrâ,
Parcentes ego dexteras
Odi: ſparge roſas, audiat invidus
Dementem ſtrepitum Lycus.

I.

COuld I, great Bard, O! could I ſhare
Thy Genius, as thy Grief,
My healing Verſe ſhould ſooth thy Care,
And timely give Relief.

II.

But vain are my Eſſays to ſing,
And impotent my Strains,
The Cordials from your ſelf muſt ſpring,
That can allay your Pains.

III. On

III.

On your firm Heart and honeſt Breaſt,
Bend your reflecting Eyes;
For SOCRATES by *Faction* preſt,
To conſcious *Virtue* flies.

IV.

Nor could *Philoſophy* divine,
Such ſolid Joys impart,
As each ſoft Strain, each magic Line,
Of your diviner Art.

V.

Then *ſtring again* your *ſlackned Lyre*,‡
To peaceful *ANNA*'s Praiſe;
What would not *Innocence* inſpire,
And *ANNA*'s Glory raiſe?

VI.

Tho' *Faction* all its Rage oppoſe,
The pleaſing Theme purſue:
They only, who were *ANNA*'s *Foes*,
Are *Enemies* to You.

---

‡ Alluding to his *Motto*, under the Frontiſpiece to the *Folio* Edition of his Poems, *viz.*

Nunc Arma defunctumque Bello
Barbiton hic paries habebit.——

An *Act* of *Grace* paſſed in 1717, and Mr. PRIOR was one of the Perſons, among others, who was *excepted out of it*. But, at the Cloſe of this Year he was diſcharged from his Confinement.

In the Year 1721, Mr. *John Dennis* publiſhed a Collection of Letters Familiar, Moral and Critical, wherein one, upon the *Roman* Satiriſts, is addreſſed to Mr. PRIOR, which we ſhall tranſcribe, as the Subject appears entertaining, and as it is likewiſe an Inſtance of the great Deference paid to Mr. PRIOR's Judgment by Mr. *Dennis*, who was ſeldom known to praiſe any Perſon who did not very well deſerve his Commendations.

To MATTHEW PRIOR, *Eſq*;

SIR,

WHEN you ſeem'd to approve of the Tranſlation of the *ſeventh Satire* of the *ſecond* Book of *Horace*, which was tranſlated by one of my Friends, that Approbation was the more pleaſing to me, becauſe it confirmed me in my own Opinon of it, and obliged me to acquieſce in the Judgments which ſome of my Friends have given of it, whom I have always chiefly conſulted in my Doubts about poetical Matters. And now, *Sir*, I come according to my Promiſe to conſult you about the *Preference* which ſeveral Partizans of the *Roman* Satiriſts have given to their reſpective Favourite Authors, and to know from you *which* of them are in the *right*, or rather whether they are not *all* in the *wrong*. You know very well, Sir, that *Rigaltius*, *Scaliger*, the Elder, *Lipſius* and

and *Holiday*, prefer JUVENAL to HORACE and PERSIUS; That *Dacier*, *Heinſius*, Monſieur *de la Bruyere*, and ſeveral others, prefer HORACE to PERSIUS and JUVENAL; that Mr. *Dryden* endeavours to divide the Palm between HORACE and JUVENAL, and to prefer HORACE for *Inſtruction*, and JUVENAL for *Delight*; that he gives HORACE the *Preference* for *Inſtruction*, becauſe, ſays he, *He is the more general Inſtructor*; but that he gives the *Priority* to JUVENAL for *Delight*, becauſe he is moſt delighted with him, and ſo makes his own Taſte the Argument for preferring him. But tho' we ſhould grant, *Sir*, that the Generality of Readers are more *delighted* with JUVENAL than they are with HORACE, becauſe *Dryden* is more delighted with him; yet it is not very much to be queſtioned; whether the Author who gives the moſt *general* Delight is the *moſt* delightful Author? Now, Sir, your old Friend Monſieur *Deſpreaux*, tho it is evident that he was more pleaſed with HORACE than he was with JUVENAL, becauſe he has imitated him more, yet he had more Judgment than expreſly to prefer the one to the other, becauſe he knew very well, that there can be no true Preference where there can be no juſt Compariſon, and that there can be no juſt Compariſon between Authors whoſe Works are not *ejuſdem generis*, and that the Works of thoſe two Satiriſts are not *ejuſdem generis*. For do not you believe, *Sir*, that Mr. *Dryden* is in the wrong where he affirms that the *Roman* Satire had its Accompliſhment in JUVENAL? For is there not Reaſon to believe that the true *Roman* SATIRE is of the Comic kind, and was an Imitation of the old *Athenian* Comedies, in which LUCILIUS firſt ſignalized himſelf, and which was afterwards perfected by HORACE, and that JUVENAL afterwards ſtarted a new Satire which was of the Tragic kind? HORACE, who wrote as LUCILIUS had done before him, in Imitation of the old Comedy, endeavours to correct the Follies and Errors, and epide-

mic

mic Vices of his Readers, which is the Buſineſs of Comedy. JUVENAL attacks the pernicious outrageous Paſſions and the abominable monſtrous Crimes of ſeveral of his Contemporaries, or of thoſe who lived in the Age before him, which is the Buſineſs of Tragedy, at leaſt of imperfect Tragedy. HORACE argues, inſinuates, engages, rallies, ſmiles; JUVENAL exclaims, apoſtrophizes, exaggerates, laſhes, ſtabs. There is in HORACE, almoſt every where, an agreeable Mixture of good Senſe, and of true Pleaſantry, ſo that he has every where the principal Qualities of an excellent Comic Poet. And there is almoſt every where in JUVENAL, Anger, Indignation, Rage, Diſdain, and the violent Emotions and vehement Style of Tragedy. Can there then be a juſt Compariſon made between theſe two Satiriſts, any more than there can be between a Tragic and a Comic Poet? If Mr. *Dryden* were now living, would he compare *Nat Lee* with *Etherege*, the former of which never touched upon Comedy, and the other never attempted Tragedy? would he prefer *Nat Lee* to *Etherege*, as he does JUVENAL to HORACE, becauſe the Thoughts of *Lee* are more elevated than thoſe of *Etherege*, his Expreſſions more noble and more ſonorous, his Verſe more numerous, and his Words more ſublime and lofty? would he not have believed, that if *Etherege* had writ Sir *Fopling* in the ſame Style, that *Nat Lee* wrote *Alexander*, he would have been as merry a Perſon as *Penkethman* was when he acted *Alexander*? Would he not in all probability have judged that *Lee* is more delightful to thoſe who are more pleaſed with Tragedy than they are with Comedy, and that *Etherege* is more delightful to thoſe who are better entertained with Comedy than they are with Tragedy? Now, Sir, ought not we to make the ſame Judgment of HORACE and JUVENAL, and to affirm HORACE to be more delightful to thoſe who are more pleaſed with Comedy than they are with Tragedy, and that

JUVENAL

JUVENAL is more delightful to thoſe who are better entertained with Tragedy, than they are with Comedy? And that perhaps for that very reaſon he was more pleaſing than HORACE to Mr. *Dryden?* Will not the Tragic Satire, which like Tragedy fetches its Notions from Philoſophy and from common Senſe, be in all probability more acceptable to Univerſities and Cloiſters and all thoſe Recluſe and Contemplative Men, who paſs moſt of their time in their Cloſets, all which Perſons are ſuppoſed to have Philoſophy from Study, and common Senſe from Nature? And will not the Comic Satiriſt, who owes no ſmall Part of his Excellence to his Experience, that is to the Knowledge of the Converſation and Manners of the Men of the World, be in all likelihood more agreeable to the diſcerning Part of a Court, and a great Capital, where they are qualified to taſte and diſcern his Beauties, by the ſame Experience which enabled their Authors to produce Them? And above all things, muſt it not be moſt agreeable to a Polite Court, where that dexterous Inſinuation, that fine good Senſe, and that true Pleaſantry, which are united in the *Horatian* Satire, are the only ſhining Qualities which make the Courtier valuable and agreeable? And will he not take more delight in the *Horatian* Satire than in the Tragic Eloquence of JUVENAL, not only becauſe he is qualified by Nature and Experience to reliſh the Beauties of it, but becauſe the Pleaſure which he receives from it, is ſubſervient to his Intereſt, which is always his main Deſign, and Improves and Cultivates thoſe Talents which are chiefly to recommend him to thoſe who are to advance him?

It will be needleſs, *Sir*, to detain you any longer, by enquiring into the Preference which *Caſaubon* has ſo injudiciouſly given to PERSIUS above HORACE and JUVENAL, or into the Preference which he particularly gives to the fifth Satire of PERSIUS before this of HORACE, the Tranſlation of which has occaſioned the

Trouble,

Trouble which I now give you, and which, you know, *Sir*, is writ upon the ſame Subject. Your Friend, Monſieur *Dacier*, tells us, that *Caſaubon* by this Opinion prefers the Univerſity to the Court. I appeal to you, Sir, if the Satire of HORACE, the Tranſlation of which comes after this Letter, does not ſpeak for it ſelf, and juſtify the Aſſertion of Monſieur *Dacier*.

I am, SIR,

Yours, &c.

J. DENNIS.

HORACE

HORACE.

SATIRE VII. BOOK II.

DAVUS and *HORACE.* *

I'VE liſten'd long, and now wou'd Silence break,
If your poor tim'rous Slave had leave to ſpeak.
What, Davus, *is it thou?* The very ſame;
And, if the trueſt Services may claim
The juſt Return of a kind Maſter's Care,
Methinks that I of yours deſerve a Share.
Why then, ſince ancient Cuſtom has ordain'd
Thy Tongue at this time ſhould be unreſtrain'd,
Of this Saturnian *Feaſt th' Advantage take,*
And what thou would'ſt deliver, freely ſpeak.
D. Part of Mankind on Vice are truly bent,
Their conſtant Pleaſure and their ſole Intent;
While a large Part are fluctuating ſtill,
And now inclin'd to Good, and now inclin'd to Ill.
For ſuch Inconſtancy was *Priſcus* known,
Twice in an Hour he chang'd his dangling Gown,
To-day three Rings he wears, to-morrow none;

From

* *Jamdudum auſculto, & cupiens dicere ſervus*
Pauca, reformido. Davúſne? *ita* Davus, *amicum*
Mancipium Domino, & frugi, quod ſit ſatis: hoc eſt,
Ut vitale putes. age, libertate Decembri,
(Quando ita majores voluerunt) utere: narra. &c.

From his own pompous Palace oft he ſtole,
And to ſome lurking Place ſo vile wou'd ſtrole,
Ev'n cleanly Slaves wou'd ſcorn the naſty Hole.
One Day, he wiſhes it may be his Doom,
To paſs his Life in Lewdneſs and in *Rome*;
The next, that *Athens*, Virtue's learned Seat,
May prove his Quiet and his laſt Retreat:
From Object thus to Object would he range,
As if poſſeſs'd by all the Gods of Change.
Volnerius, juſtly lam'd in both his Hands,
Keeps one in Pay, that at his Elbow ſtands,
Merely to throw the gouty Gameſter's Dice;
So perſevering is he in his Vice.
Leſs wretched thus, in conſtantly purſuing
An obvious, certain, but a pleaſing Ruin,
Than t'other ſtruggling with ſtrong Inclination,
And ſure to ſhock his Reaſon or his Paſſion.
H. Sirrah, What's all this Stuff? to what Intent?
And what's by all theſe muſty Morals meant?
D. As muſty, Sir, as you are pleas'd to find 'em,
Ev'n for your Worſhip's Service I deſign'd 'em.
H. How ſo you Dog? *D.* Our Ancients, Sir, you praiſe,
Their temperate Life, their plain, their frugal ways;
When in an inſtant, ſhou'd ſome Pow'r Divine
Pronounce aloud, That Antique Life be thine,
You wou'd refuſe the Grant, nor have the Heart
From your dear darling Vices e'er to part;
Either becauſe you feel not what you ſpeak,
Or elſe your Mind's inconſtant ſtill, and weak:
Thus while one Foot you labour to retire,
Your other plunges deeper in the Mire.
When you're in *Rome*, you're all on fire to prove
The Solitary Pleaſures of your Grove;
But ſcarce you're to your Country Seat got down,
When to the Skies Y'extol the abſent Town.

If uninvited and at home you eat,
How quiet is the Morſel, and how ſweet!
And you ſo pleas'd, that one wou'd ſurely think,
Abroad unwillingly you eat or drink;
But let *Mæcenas* ſend for you next Day,
How eager You the Summons to obey!
Who's there? who waits? where are my Raſcals all?
What ho! my Eſſence: frantickly you bawl;
When with light Bellies and with heavy Heart
Your ſpunging Scoundrels, curſing you, depart.
I grant that I my Belly love full well;
That each good Diſh allures me by the Smell;
That indolent and idle, and a Sot,
I'm hardly driven to forſake my Pot;
But yet that You who ſtill are worſe ſometimes,
Tho' ſpecious Words may colour o'er your Crimes,
That You ſhould reprimand me ev'ry Hour,
Only becauſe you have me in your Pow'r,
When this poor Slave, whom for ten Pounds you bought,
Better and wiſer too perhaps is thought ——
Nay, againſt all Reſentment I declare;
Both Frowns and Blows and angry Words I bear;
While what I learnt from my Converſe of late
With *Criſpin*'s Porter, I ſhall now relate.
No leſs, forſooth, than ſome fine marry'd Dame
Can raiſe your Fancy and provoke your Flame;
While honeſt *Davus*, humble as he's poor,
Pretends no higher than his little Whore.
If then the Caſe ſtands thus between us two,
Am I the greater Criminal or You?
When Nature keen, incites Love's fierce Deſires,
To ſome convenient Place to quench thoſe Fires,
Forthwith, defying Scandal, I repair,
And ſome kind She, whom Luſt has painted fair,
I take, and in her looſe, commodious Dreſs,
The willing, wanton Baggage I careſs;

But

But after having well my ſelf diverted,
I'm in no Pain, for being ſoon deſerted,
Nor care if, when my preſent Paſtime's over,
Her next a finer be, or richer Lover.
When you aſide your Marks of Honour fling,
Your *Roman* Robe and your *Equeſtrian* Ring;
When you, whom *Cæſar* made a Judge ſo grave,
Sculk, in the filthy Habit of a Slave,
To blind ſome Cuckold, and his Wife t'obtain;
Are you not really what you think you feign?
Trembling you're introduc'd, tho' all on fire,
Fear in your Breaſt conflicting with Deſire;
What Gladiator, hack'd and hew'd all o'er
For wretched Suſtenance, can ſuffer more?
Witneſs, when Neck and Heels together preſt,
You're cram'd for Refuge in ſome naſty Cheſt.
Is not Revenge the Injur'd Husband's Due,
Both on the Wife and her Corrupter too?
What Favour can the latter hope or claim,
Induſtrious to offend—Not ſo the Dame.
She ne'er ſteals out to meet you in Diſguiſe,
Nor to your active Ardor e'er replies,
But dully paſſive in your Arms ſhe lies.
Not but ſhe'd meet you with an equal Guſt,
If to your amorous Vows ſhe dar'd to truſt,
Nor fear'd you'd ſcorn her for her rampant Luſt.
Yet on to Bondage willingly you go,
Round your own Neck the galling Yoke you throw,
While to your Cuckold, in his raging Fit,
Your Honour, Life and Fortune you commit.
Have you eſcap'd? 'Tis hop'd, that Danger paſt,
May teach you Caution and more Wit at laſt,
No——ſtill you long your former Riſques to run,
And freſh Occaſions ſeek to be undone.
O! Slave confirm'd! who can ſo often fall
Into repeated Bonds, and willing Thrall!

What Beaſt's ſo ſtupid, when he breaks his Chain,
As ever to return to it again?
You're no Adulterer—Right—No Thief am I;
Your Plate I paſs with vaſt Diſcretion by,
But ſet the legal Penalties aſide,
And Nature breaks thro' all Reſtraints beſide.
You I can juſtly then my Maſter call,
You, whom ſo many Luſts and Men enthrall,
Whom ſhou'd the Prætor's Wand ſtrike thrice, or more,
Your native Freedom it cou'd ne'er reſtore,
And ne'er expel the Fear that tyranniz'd before?
As one, who to Commands Obedience pays,
Which ſome ſuperior Slave upon him lays,
(For ſuch a Cuſtom here I find you have)
Calls that Superior ſtill his Fellow Slave;
So ſince you ſtill unactive are alone,
And move by Springs, like Puppets, not your own;
Since your mad Paſſions rule both you and me,
Pray what but wretched Fellow-Slaves are we?
At this Rate who is free? The wiſe Man's free;
That Sovereign of his Mind, 'tis only he
Who can be ſaid t'enjoy true Liberty;
Who ſpite of Death, of Poverty and Chains,
And Pleaſures, o'er himſelf ſerenely reigns;
Who ſtands collected in himſelf, and whole,
A Match for all the Tyrants of the Soul;
Who ſcorning Titles, of himſelf is great,
Of Fortune independant and of Fate.
This is the Picture of the Man that's free;
Now here what Feature of your own d'ye ſee?
Your coſtly Punk, who has your Weakneſs found,
Preſſes and plagues you for a thouſand Pound:
Refus'd, in Rage ſhe turns you out of Doors,
And a ſalt Show'r upon your Head ſhe pours.
Yet when ſhe calls again, you're at her beck——
From this vile Yoke, for Shame, withdraw your Neck;

Come, ſay *I'm Free*— Alas! you have no Pow'r
To quit the Tyrant Paſſion, that each Hour
Subjects your Mind, and will no Mercy ſhow,
But ſpurs you tir'd and jaded as you go.
Or when in fooliſh Rapture long you ſtand,
Admiring ſome fam'd Piece of *Pauſia*'s Hand,
How is your Conduct leſs a Fault than mine,
When gaping at ſome brawny Fencer's Sign,
Bungled in Chalk or Coal, I think it fine?
And lag a while to view the painted Show,
And how they ſeem to give and ward the Blow?
Davus however is the loit'ring Aſs,
While for a plaguy Judge of Art you paſs.
If I'm provok'd by a hot ſmoking Pye
To Demolition, what a Rogue am I?
While you, the Man of Virtue and high Mind,
Diſdain the Diſhes of the niceſt kind.
For my good Cheer you'll ſay I dearly pay,
Since with my Back my Belly I defray.
But can you draw a juſt Concluſion hence,
That you're luxurious at a leſs Expence?
When choiceſt Viands in Exceſſes cloy,
And endleſsly debauching, you deſtroy,
That Strength, that ſhould your faltring Limbs ſupply,
Which now to bear your pamper'd Corps deny.
If the young liquoriſh Rogue, who trucks for Traſh
The Toys he ſtole, moſt juſtly feels the Laſh;
Shall he eſcape the Scourge, who, to ſupply
His Luxury, makes Lands and Lordſhips fly?
Now add to what I've ſaid, you want the Power
T'endure your ſelf alone one ſingle Hour,
You want the Pow'r your Leiſure to enjoy,
But ev'ry precious Moment miſemploy,
Still from your ſelf a Fugitive you run,
And ſeek by Wine and Sleep your Care to ſhun,

Care on its dusky Wings purſues its Prey,
Or lies in Ambuſcade upon your way,
Haunts you by Night and ruffles you by Day.
H. O! *that a Stone* — O! *that a Dart I had!*
The Man is raving ſure or rhiming mad.
Sirrah, this Moment vaniſh from my Sight.
For if thou doſt not urge thy ſpeedy Flight,
To my Plantation, Wretch, thou goeſt once more,
T' increaſe the Number I've ſent there before.

Mr. PRIOR, after the Fatigues of a Length of Years paſſed in various Scenes of Action, was deſirous of ſpending the Remainder of his Days in a rural Tranquillity, which the greateſt Men in all Ages have been fond of enjoying; he was ſo happy as to ſucceed in his Wiſh, living a very retired and contemplative Life at DOWN-HALL in *Eſſex*, and found a more ſolid and innocent Satisfaction among Woods and Meadows than he had enjoyed in the Hurry and Tumults of the World, the Courts of Princes, or the conducting Foreign Negotiations. And where, as he moſt melodiouſly ſings,

The *Remnant* of his *Days* He ſafely paſt;
Nor found they lagg'd too *ſlow*, nor flew too *faſt*.
He made his *Wiſh* with his *Eſtate* comply,
Joyfulto *Live*, yet not afraid to *Die*.*

This truly Great Man died on the 18*th* Day of *December* 1721, not at his own little *Villa*, but at *Wimpole* in *Cambridgeſhire*, the Seat of the Right Honourable the Earl of *Oxford*, with whoſe generous Friendſhip, He had been honoured ſome Years.

* *See* Henry *and* Emma.

The

The Death of ſo extraordinary a Perſon was juſtly eſteemed an irreparable Loſs to the polite World, and his Memory will be ever dear to thoſe who have any Reliſh for the Muſes in their ſofteſt Charms.

Some of the latter part of his Life was employed in collecting Materials for an Hiſtory of the Tranſactions of his Own Times; but his Death unfortunately deprived the World of a Performance which the Touches of ſo maſterly a Hand would have made exceeding valuable.

About five Weeks before his Deceaſe, he drew up his laſt Will and Teſtament himſelf, in a Strain very different from the formal Jargon of Law-Terms; and as an Air of Politeneſs and Humanity, peculiar to Mr. PRIOR, runs thro' the whole, we were of Opinion it would be no diſagreeable Entertainment to the Reader. A true Copy thereof follows, *viz.*

IT has pleaſed Almighty God, for ſome Years paſt, to bleſs me, his moſt unworthy Creature, with a greater Share of Health than I could have expected from the Tenderneſs of my native Conſtitution, or the Fatigues and Troubles of Life, which I have undergone; for This and all other his Mercies, Hallowed be his Name, for ever and ever. Let Men and Angels repeat the Sound, Hallowed be his Name! Now before Sickneſs of Body, or Infirmity of Age prevent, or diminiſh, the Force of my Underſtanding, or Memory, I make, and declare this my laſt *Will* and *Teſtament*.

I *MATTHEW PRIOR*, of the Pariſh of St. *Margaret, Weſtminſter*, thanking the Right Honourable the Lord *Harley* for his eminent and continual Friendſhip to me, and truſting that he will have the ſame Concern for my Memory after Death, as he had for my Honour whilſt Alive; and that he will take the ſame Care of my ſurviving Friends, hereafter mentioned in this my *Will*, as

he did of my own proper Intereſt; and having for many Years experienced the Faith, Honeſty, and Ability of Mr. *Adrian Drift*, my Secretary whilſt I was in *Public Employments*, and my Friend and Companion in Private Life; I intreat the ſaid Lord *Harley*, and ordain the ſaid *Adrian Drift* to be the Executors of this my Will. And I thus give and bequeath unto *Edward* Lord *Harley*, and *Adrian Drift*, all my Goods and Chattels, Plate, Jewels, Medals, and Debts, and all other my Perſonal Eſtate; to them, I ſay, their Heirs Executors and Aſſigns, in truſt only, and for the Uſes hereafter ſpecified, and the Benefit of the Perſons hereafter mentioned.

It is my *Will*, that I be buried privately in *Weſtminſter Abbey*, and that after my Debts and Funeral Charges are paid, a Monument be erected to my Memory, whereon may be expreſſed the *Public Employments* I have borne; the Inſcription, I deſire may be made by Dr. *Robert Freind*, and the Buſto expreſſed in Marble by *Coriveaux*, placed on the Monument: For this laſt Piece of *human Vanity*, I *Will*, that the Sum of Five hundred Pounds be ſet aſide.

To the College of St. *John* the *Evangeliſt* in *Cambridge*, I leave ſuch, and ſo many, of my Books, as ſhall be judged to amount to the Value of Two hundred Pounds: Theſe Books, with my own Poems in the greateſt Paper, to be kept in the Library, together with the Books which I have already given. I likewiſe leave my own Picture, painted by *Le Belle*, and that of my Friend and Patron *Edward* Earl of *Jerſey*, by *Rigault*.

I leave to my Lord *Harley*, the Buſto of *Flora*, made by *Girardon*, and ſix Pictures out of my Collection, ſuch as he ſhall chuſe: The reſt of my *Pictures*, *Medals*, *Drawings*, *Stamps*, and *Maps*, to be appraiſed by two Perſons who may be thought to underſtand their Value, and my Lord *Harley* to have the Preference, in caſe he pleaſes to purchaſe any Part, or Parcel thereof; and after his Pleaſure

ſure therein ſpecified, I *Will*, that the Reſidue be ſold.

The *Picture* of Queen *Elizabeth*, by *Portus*, I leave to the Honourable and Excellent Lady *Harriette Harley*, and my own *Picture* in Enamel, to her dear Daughter *Margarette*.

All my *Manuſcripts*, *Negotiations*, *Commiſſions*, and all *Papers* whatſoever, whether of my *public Employments*, or *private Studies*, I leave to my Lord *Harley*, and Mr. *Adrian Drift*, my Executors, or either of them, having firſt burned ſuch as may not be proper for any future Inſpection.

Whereas, the Eſtate of *Down-Hall*, in *Eſſex*, of which I am, and ſtand at preſent poſſeſſed, is, at my Death, to revert to my Lord *Harley*, and to his Heirs, according to the Purport and Intent of certain Writings drawn up by Mr. *Oliver Martin*, of the *Middle-Temple*, I Declare, that the ſaid Eſtate does, and ought accordingly to revert to my Lord *Harley*, and to his Heirs; leſt, from any Want of Words in thoſe Writings, or from any Failure, or Expreſſion omitted, in the Form of the Writings, the leaſt Doubt or Inquietude may ariſe to my Lord *Harley*, I mention this, tho' at the ſame time I believe it to be ſuperfluous.

I *Will* and *Deſire*, that the Sum of One Thouſand Pounds, be ſet apart, in favour and to the Uſe of Mrs. *Elizabeth Cox*, and that an Annuity, or Rent-Charge be purchaſed with the ſaid Sum, to be paid by half-yearly Payments, to the ſaid *Elizabeth Cox*, during her natural Life; but I would have the ſaid Thouſand Pounds, *i. e.* the Annuity to be purchaſed with that Sum, to be paid ſolely to her Order, in half-yearly Payments as aforeſaid, and not to be in the Diſpoſal, or at the Power of any Husband which ſhe may marry: And as my Lord *Harley* will be juſter towards all with whom he deals, and kinder to my Friends, than any Man whom I leave behind me in the World, I beg, that he will be pleaſed to grant to the ſaid *Elizabeth Cox* ſuch Annuity, leaving the Sum to be determined by his Appointment and Pleaſure.

I leave to Mr. *Adrian Drift*, the Sum of One Thouſand Pounds, to be employed and diſpoſed of at his Diſcretion, hoping that his Induſtry and Management will be ſuch, that he will not embezzle or decreaſe the ſame.

I leave to Mrs. *Anne Durham*, the Sum of Three hundred Pounds, to be paid within one Year of my Deceaſe, and, by her, to be employed for the Enlargement of her Stock, and the Support of that Trade and Calling wherein I have already placed her, and in which I wiſh her Proſperity.

I remit to my dear Friend, and old Companion, *Richard Shelton* Eſq; all Bonds, Notes, or Obligations, by which he ſtands any way indebted to me. And I leave to his Son *George Shelton*, the Sum of Three hundred Pounds, in ſuch Manner, as that he may receive Fifty Pounds *per Annum*, for Six Years, in order to maintain him during that Time at the Univerſity, or to help him in any Trade, or Employment, as his Father may judge proper.

I leave to my well-beloved and dear Couſin *Catharine Harriſon*, the Sum of One hundred Pounds, with which ſhe will pleaſe to buy Mourning.

I leave to my Servants, each, one Year's Wages and Mourning, and to *John Oeman*, or *Newman*, the Sum of Fifty Pounds, over and above ſuch Wages.

I likewiſe leave the Sum of Fifty Pounds, over and above ſuch Wages, to *Jane Anſley*.

And, in caſe this ſhall (as I reckon it will) amount to more than will pay and ſatisfy my Debts, and Legacies already given, I leave the Reſt and Reſidue to Mr. *Adrian Drift*, and Mrs. *Elizabeth Cox*, above-mentioned, to be equally divided between them.

Thus wiſhing Health, Honour, and Happineſs to dear Lord *Harley*, and his Family; and to all my Friends in general; *Peace on Earth, and Good-Will towards Men*; I recommend

commend my Soul and Body to the Eternal and Ever-bleſſed God, who gave me my Being:

Deus es, inſtaura plaſma tuum.

This *Will*, written with my own Hand, I Sign and Seal the Ninth of *Auguſt*, *An. Dom.* 1721.

M. PRIOR.

Signed, Sealed, and declared to be my laſt *Will* and *Teſtament* of MATTHEW PRIOR, in the Preſence of Us, who ſaw him Seal and Subſcribe the ſame. Witneſs,

James Gibbs,
William Thomas,
J. Worlock.

Mr. PRIOR's Funeral was, according to his Deſire, in his *Will*, exactly performed. A very neat Monument, with the Buſto he mentions, is erected to his Memory, and the following Inſcription thereon, compoſed by the Reverend and Learned Dr. *Freind*, Maſter of *Weſtminſter-School*, *viz.*

Sui Temporis Hiſtoriam meditanti
Paulatim obrepens Febris
Operis ſimul, & Vitæ, filum Abrupit,
Sept. 18. An. Dom. MDCCXXI.
Ætat. 57.

H. S. E.

Vir Eximius

Sereniſſimis

Regi GULIELMO Reginæq; MARIÆ

in Congreſſione Fœderatorum

Hagæ Anno 1690 Celebrata,

Deinde *Magnæ Britanniæ* Legatis,

Tum iis,

Qui Anno 1697 Pacem *Reſwicki* confecerunt;

Tum iis,

Qui apud *Gallos* annis proximis Legationem obierunt.

Eodem etiam Anno 1697 in *Hibernia*

SECRETARIUS.

Nec non in utroq; Honorabili conſeſſu

Eorum.

Qui Anno 1700 ordinandis Commercii negotiis,

Quiq; Anno 1711 dirigendis Portorii rebus

Præſidebant,

COMMISSIONARIUS;

Poſtremò

Ab ANNA

Feliciſſimæ memoriæ Reginâ

Ad LUDOVICUM XIV. Galliæ Regem

Miſſus Anno 1711

De pace ſtabilienda;

(Pace etiamnum Durante,

Diuq; ut boni jam omnes ſperant Duratura)

Cum Summa poteſtate Legatus.

MATTHEUS PRIOR Armiger,

Qui
Hos omnes, quibus cumulatus eſt, Titulos
Humanitatis, Ingenii, Eruditionis Laude,
Superavit.
Cui enim naſcenti faciles arriſerant Muſæ,
Hunc Puerum Schola hic Regia perpolivit,
Juvenem in Collegio Sti. *Joannis*
Cantabrigiæ optimis Scientiis inſtruxit;
Virum deniq; auxit & perfecit
Multa cum viris Principibus conſuetudo;
Ita Natus, ita Inſtitutus,
A Vatum Choro avelli nunquam potuit,
Sed ſolebat ſæpe rerum Civilium gravitatem
Amœniorum Literarum Studiis condire:
Et cum omne adeo Poetices genus
Haud infeliciter tentaret,
Tum in Fabellis concinne lepideq; {texendis
Mirus Artifex
Neminem habuit parem.
Hæc liberalis animi oblectamenta;
Quam nullo Illi labore conſtiterint,
Facile iis perſpexere, quibus uſus eſt Amici;
Apud quos Urbanitatum & Leporum plenus,
Cum ad rem, quæcunq; fortè inciderit,
Aptè, variè copioſéq; alluderet,
Interea nihil quæſitum, nihil vi expreſſum
Videbatur
Sed omnia ultro effluere,
Et quaſi jugi è fonte affluatim exuberare,
Ita ſuos tandem dubios reliquit,
Eſſetne in Scriptis, Poeta Elegantior,
An in Convictu, Comès Jucundior.

The foregoing INSCRIPTION *attempted in* ENGLISH.

Whilſt he was Writing
The *Hiſtory* of *his Own Time*,
A lingering Fever
Snapt the Thread of his Work and his Life together,
On the 17th Day of *Sept.* 1721.
In the 57th Year of his Age.

Here lies interred
That excellent Man.
He was Secretary to their moſt Serene Majeſties
King WILLIAM and Queen MARY,
At the Congreſs of the *Allies* held at the *Hague*, 1690.
He was thence
Appointed Secretary
To thoſe Ambaſſadors of *Great Britain*
Who concluded the Peace of *Reſwick*, 1697.
He was likewiſe Secretary
To the Two ſucceeding Embaſſies in *France*.
And alſo in the Year 1697,
Secretary of State in the Kingdom of *Ireland*.
In the Year 1700,
He was appointed one of the Lords Commiſſioners
Of *Trade* and *Plantations*.
And in the Year 1711,
Made one of the *Commiſſioners* of the *Cuſtoms*;
And laſtly,

Sent

Sent by Her Majeſty Queen ANNE,
(Of bleſſed Memory)
In the Year 1711.
Plenipotentiary-Miniſter to *LEWIS* XIV, King of *France*,
With the fulleſt Powers to eſtabliſh the *Peace*.
(A *Peace* to this Day *Laſting*,
And which,
That it may long *Laſt*,
Is the Wiſh of all good Men.)

MATTHEW PRIOR, *Eſq*;

Surpaſſed all the Characters
With which he was inveſted,
By the Force of his Genius,
And the Politeneſs of his Erudition;
At whoſe Birth the gentle Muſes
Smiled propitious.
The *Literature* of this *Royal Foundation*
Trained up, and embelliſhed him while a *Boy*:
St. JOHN's College in *Cambridge*
Endowed and furniſhed his *ripening Years*
With its brighteſt Sciences;
And at laſt,
A long and intimate Converſation
With the moſt illuſtrious Perſons
Improved and finiſhed the *Man*.
Thus Born, thus Educated,
He could never be withdrawn
From the *Choir* of the *Muſes*;

But

But was often accuſtomed
To alleviate and ſweeten
The Fatigue of his *public Employments*,
By a Retreat to Studies
More inviting and delightſom:
And after performing almoſt
Every *Species* of *Poetry* with Succeſs:
In the agreeable and happy Manner
Of contriving and delivering *his Tales*,
This *wonderful Artiſt* found no Equal.
The unlaboured Delicacy,
With which he toyed in theſe Amuſements,
Was eaſily obſerved by all
Whom he received into his Friendſhip:
In whoſe Company
If any Subject of Humour caſually occurred,
He would treat it,
Being full of Wit and Pleaſantry,
With the moſt Copious, Suitable, Sprightly,
And Beautiful Turns,
Nothing appearing to be either ſtudied or forced,
But all freely riſing from his Invention,
And flowing, as from an inexhauſtible Fountain:
So, that among his Acquaintance,
It is a Matter of Doubt,
Whether in his *Writings*,
He was the more elegant *Poet*:
Or, in his *Converſation*,
The more facetious *Companion*.

On the DEATH of

MATTHEW PRIOR, Eſq;

Of DOWN-HALL in *Eſſex.*

By a Neighbouring CLERGYMAN.

IS PRIOR gone? O wou'd you once inſpire
Celeſtial NINE, a Stranger to your Quire!
While I this melancholy Theme purſue,
And pay my laſt Reſpects to *Him* and *You*.

Alas! How ſoon ends all our Joy in Woe,
Which your Arrival gave not long ago!
When the great Poet humbly laid aſide
His glitt'ring Robes of State, and Courtier's Pride,
And lowly deign'd with Ruſtics to reſide.
So PHOEBUS God of Verſe, once in Diſguiſe
Abode with Shepherds, baniſh'd from the Skies.
Vaſt Hopes we then conceiv'd, and vainly gueſs'd
That now *Down-Hall* wou'd be for ever bleſt,
And ſoon all other *Country-Seats* out-ſhine,
As being the *Muſes Seat*, and rais'd by Hands Divine;
The Trees around ſhou'd grow in Verſe ſublime;
And the ſhrill Brooks ſhou'd roll in Shriller Rhime:

And

And what ſtill rais'd our Expectations higher,
You ſeem'd the Situation to admire.
The *Hill* was advantageous to your Flight;
The *Grove* to ſing the *Nut-brown Maid*'s Delight.
Pleas'd with the Place, Poetic-Plans you drew
Of Houſes, Gardens, Walks, in Paper View;
And meas'ring all the Fields and Meads around,
Deſcrib'd the Limits of your Hallow'd Ground.
The *Grove* already made your Viſtoes Ways,
Longing to echo your immortal Lays.
The *Hill* begun to rear his Head up High,
And ſhortly thought with *Cooper's-Hill* to vie.

But *All is Vain.* Alas! the Poet's Dead;
The Wonder-working Muſes too are fled,
And the Old tott'ring Houſe nods down its mournful Head.
O THOU the *Muſes* greateſt Friend and Heir,
Great HARLEY! for their ſake, with pious Care
Support its drooping Head; and let it ſtand
The Poet's *Monument* in *Eſſex* Land:
When future curious Trav'lers ſhall be told
That was the Famous PRIOR's *Seat* of old,
Which ſince, his Patron HARLEY's noble Race uphold.
That *All was Vain*, great PRIOR's lofty Tongue
In Stile Heroic, and divinely Sung
Not all before. *All* but his *Words*, were vain,
They prov'd too true, and in Prophetic Strain
Made by the Poet's Death his Subject out too Plain.

For

For *Vain* indeed by Fate's ſevere Decree,
Thy Plans of Pleaſure prov'd, *Great Man*, to THEE;
Since THOU art call'd in haſte away to tread
The gloomy Walks and Viſtoes of the Dead.
In vain didſt thou thy *Summer-Houſe* project,
Death is providing thee an Architect,
In HENRY's ancient Dome, who ſhall thy Tomb erect.

But when thy TOMB, as all things mortal muſt,
Sinks ere a while, as THOU doſt now to duſt;
Thy *deathleſs Works* a Monument ſhall raiſe,
Which will for ever laſt, and ſound thy Praiſe;
And not in *Weſtminſter* alone proclaim,
But *all the Land* record, PRIOR's *Immortal Fame.*

THRE-

THRENUS:

OR,

STANZAS on the Death of Mr. *PRIOR.*

By ROBERT INGRAM, *Esq;*

I.

MAT PRIOR—— and we muſt ſubmit!
Is at his Journey's End:
In whom the *World* has loſt a *Wit*;
And *I*, what's more, a *Friend.*

II.

Who vainly hopes long here to Stay,
May ſee with weeping Eyes;
Not only *Nature* poſts away,
But e'en *Good-Nature* dies!

III.

Shou'd grave *Ones* count theſe Praiſes light,
To ſuch it may be ſaid;
A *Man*, in this lamented *Wight*,
Of *Buſineſs* too is dead.

IV. From

IV.

From Anceſtors, as might a Fool!
He trac'd no *High-fetch'd Stem*;
But glorioufly revers'd the Rule,
By *Dignifying them*.

V.

O! gentle *Cambridge!* ſadly ſay,
Why Fates are ſo unkind?
To ſnatch thy Giant-Sons away,
Whilſt *Pygmies* ſtay behind,

VI.

Horace and *He* were call'd in haſte,
From this vile Earth to Heaven;
The cruel Year not fully paſt,
Ætatis, FIFTY-SEVEN.

VII.

So on the Tops of *Lebanon*,
Tall Cedars felt the Sword,
To grace by Care of *Solomon*,
The *Temple* of the Lord.

VIII.

A Tomb, amidſt the Learned, may
The Weſtern-Abbey give!
Like Theirs, his Aſhes muſt decay;
Like Theirs, his Fame ſhall live.

IX. Cloſe

IX.

Cloſe, Carver, by ſome well-cut Books,
Let a *thin* BUSTO tell;
In ſpite of plump and pamper'd Looks,
How *ſcantly* Senſe can dwell!

X.

No Epitaph, of tedious Length,
Shou'd over-charge the Stone;
Since *loftieſt Verſe* wou'd loſe its Strength,
In mentioning *his Own*.

XI.

At once! and not Verboſely tame,
Some brave *Laconic*-Pen
Shou'd ſmartly touch his ample Name;
In form of ——— O RARE BEN!

ON THE DEATH OF *Mr.* PRIOR.

O! Had my Tongue but Language to expreſs,
The heavy Burthen of my Soul's Diſtreſs!
My Numbers charming, as Thy Strains ſhou'd flow,
A comely Mourning, and a decent Woe.

IMMORTAL Bard! If thou canſt deign to ſee,
A Thing ſo wretched, and ſo low as me:
Howe'er thy Eyes o'er beauteous Proſpects roam,
And Angels Songs ſalute Thee to thy Home;
O! to thy Friend below, be once more Kind,
And grant theſe Strains may thy Acceptance find.

BUT ſhou'd theſe fail, thou ſhalt for ever ſtand
Immortaliz'd, by thy Own deathleſs Hand:
Thy *Alma*, and thy *Solomon*, ſhall Shine,
With equal Glory, to a future Line;

Succeeding

Succeeding Ages, as they read them o'er,
Shall praiſe the Poet, and his Loſs deplore.
Amazing Beauties thro' the Work unfold,
And practiſe what their great Forefather told.

IF O! my Friend, kind Heav'n would hear my Pray
And raiſe me, ſinking, from this deep Deſpair;
Before I fall, and reach the loneſome Grave,
Let me a Portion of thy Spirit have,
That when the Springs of weary Life decay,
And frighted Nature wings her Courſe away:
The bounteous Pow'rs may to my Soul aſſign
A Reſt, a Fame, and a Reward, like Thine.

CHARLES BROWNE

On ſeeing Mr. PRIOR'S *Monument*

MEAN Artifice! to gild precarious Fame!
A PRIOR bears a STATUE in his NAME.
True Merit does to heights unlabour'd climb,
And mocks the Ruſt of Age and Waſte of Time.

Thus did APELLES' Hand *Death*'s Razure *brave*,
And ſhare the *Immortality* it *gave*:
VENUS and AMMON in *his* Colours ſhown,
Tranſmit the *Painter*'s Glory with her *Own*.

CHA. BECKINGHAM

ON

On the Publication of Two Poſthumous PIECES of Mr. PRIOR, *viz.* I. *The* TURTLE *and* SPARROW, *a Tale.* II. DOWN-HALL, *a Ballad.*

LET Tears no more lament the Dead in vain,
For ſee! Our *eaſy* PRIOR lives again.
Theſe genuine Lines the gentle Bard reveal,
And paint that *Nature* he alone cou'd feel,
With tender Accents touch the ſoftning Soul,
Or gaily Mock the *Philoſophic-Fool.*

When TURTURELLA tells her piteous Moan,
Who does not make the *Mourner's* Grief his *own*?
How raviſhingly ſweet the Numbers move,
And breathe the dying Agonies of Love!
Such ſympathizing Tenderneſs impart,
They melt the *Reader's* to a *Lover's* Heart.

But while th' inimitable Bard diſplays
The wanton SPARROW in gallanter Lays,
The *Marriage-State* is Imag'd to the Life,
The *Careleſs* Husband and the *Peeviſh* Wife;
The Troubles of the *Fetlock'd-Couple* ſhew,
And either Sex is open'd to the View.

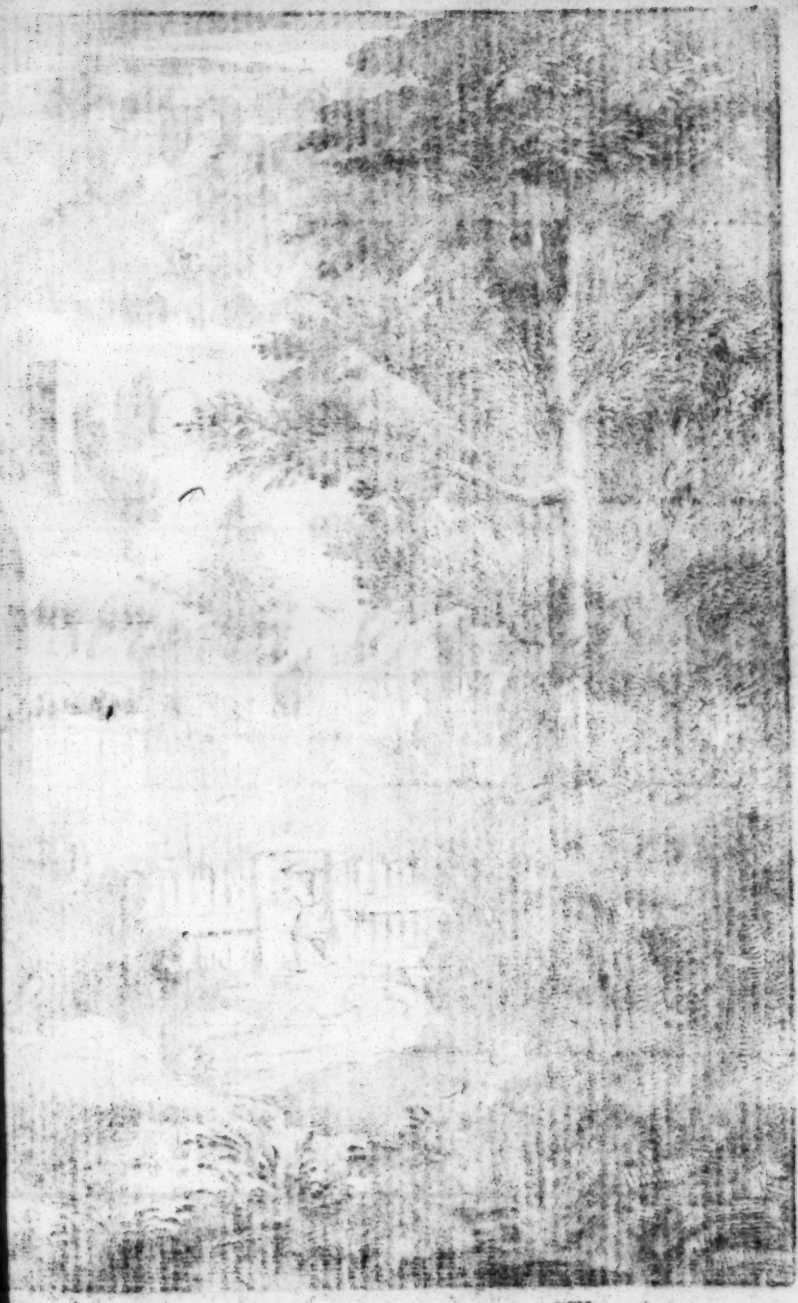
Next, in *Down-Hall* we find his Hum'rous Vein,
(Tho' *Eſſex* marſhy Hundreds are the Scene)

A Place unheard of, 'till by PRIOR nam'd,
Now MORLEY and *Down-hall* alike are fam'd.

Thus Sung delightful MAT—— but Sings no more,
Long Since lamented on the loneſom Shore;
Penſive for Him in vain my Voice eſſays,
To court THALIA to her *Poet*'s praiſe:
Like TURTURELLA ſhe neglects her Charms,
Deſpairing of another PRIOR's Arms:
Alike their Tenderneſs, alike their Woe,
For what COLUMBO was, is PRIOR now:
Time's Period paſt——He ſhall for Ever live,
And like theſe Labours by his Death revive.

London, *July* 14, 1725.

W. PATTISON.



the Turtle *and* Sparrow

POEMS
ON
Several Occaſions.

THE
TURTLE *and* SPARROW.
AN
ELEGIAC TALE*.

BEHIND an unfrequented Glade,
Where *Yew* and *Myrtle* mix their Shade,
A Widow *Turtle* penſive ſat,
And wept her murder'd *Lover*'s Fate.

* *This Piece was written upon the ſincere Affection ſhewn by her moſt ſacred Majeſty Queen* ANNE *for the Loſs of her Royal Conſort Prince* GEORGE, 1708, *who is figured under* COLUMBO, *the faithful Mate of* TURTURELLA.

The *Sparrow* chanc'd that Way to walk,
(A *Bird* that loves to chirp and talk)
Before He did the *Turtle* greet,
She anſwer'd him as ſhe thought meet.
Sparrows and *Turtles*, by the bye,
Can Think as well as *You* or *I:*
But how they did their Thoughts expreſs,
The Margin ſhews by *T* and *S*.

T. My Hopes are loſt, my Joys are fled,
Alas! I weep *Columbo* dead:
Come, all ye winged Lovers, come,
Drop *Pinks* and *Daiſies* on his Tomb:
Sing, *Philomel*, his Fun'ral Verſe,
Ye pious *Redbreaſts*, deck his Herſe:
Fair *Swans*, extend your Dying Throats,
Columbo's Death requires your Notes:
For Him, my Friend, for Him I moan,
My dear Columbo, *dead and gone.*

Stretch'd on the Bier *Columbo* lies,
Pale are his Cheeks, and clos'd his Eyes;
Thoſe Cheeks, where Beauty ſmiling lay;
Thoſe Eyes, where Love was us'd to play;
Ah cruel Fate, alas! how ſoon
That Beauty and thoſe Joys are flown!

Columbo is no more, ye Floods,
Bear the ſad Sound to diſtant Woods;

The Sound let Echo's Voice reſtore,
And ſay, *Columbo* is no more.
Ye Floods, ye Woods, ye Echoes, moan
My dear Columbo, *dead and gone.*

The *Dryads* all forſook the Wood,
And mournful *Naiads* round me ſtood,
The tripping *Fawns* and *Fairies* came,
All conſcious of our mutual Flame,
To ſigh for him, with me to moan
My dear Columbo, *dead and gone.*

VENUS diſdain'd not to appear,
To lend my Grief a Friendly Ear;
But what avails her Kindneſs now?
She ne'er ſhall hear my *Second Vow*:
The *Loves* that round their Mother flew,
Did in her Face her Sorrows view.
Their drooping Wings they penſive hung,
Their Arrows broke, their Bows unſtrung;
They heard attentive what I ſaid,
And wept with me, *Columbo* dead:
For Him I ſigh, for Him I moan,
My dear Columbo, *dead and gone.*

'Tis Ours to Weep, great VENUS ſaid,
'Tis *JOVE*'s alone to be Obey'd:
Nor Birds, nor Goddeſſes can move
The juſt Beheſts of Fatal *JOVE*;

I ſaw thy Mate with ſad Regret,
And curs'd the *Fowler's* cruel Net:
Ah, dear *Columbo*, how he fell,
Whom *Turturella* lov'd ſo well!
I ſaw him bleeding on the Ground,
The Sight tore up my ancient Wound;
And whilſt you wept, alas, I cry'd,
COLUMBO and ADONIS Dy'd.

Weep, all ye Streams, ye Mountains, groan;
I mourn Columbo, *dead and gone;*
Still let my tender Grief complain,
Nor Day, nor Night that Grief reſtrain,
I ſaid, and VENUS ſtill reply'd,
COLUMBO and ADONIS Dy'd.

S. Poor *Turturella*, hard thy Caſe,
And juſt thy Tears, alas, alas!

T. And haſt thou lov'd, and canſt thou hear
With piteous Heart a Lover's Care?
Come then, with Me thy Sorrows join,
And eaſe My Woes by telling Thine:
For Thou, poor Bird, perhaps may'ſt moan
Some Paſſerella *dead and gone.*

S. Dame *Turtle*, this runs ſoft in Rhime,
But neither ſuits the Place nor Time;
The *Fowler's* Hand, whoſe cruel Care
For dear *Columbo* ſet the Snare,

The

The Snare again for Thee may ſet;
Two Birds may periſh in One Net.
Thou ſhou'd'ſt avoid this cruel Field,
And Sorrow ſhou'd to Prudence yield.
'Tis ſad to Die.

T. It may be ſo;
'Tis ſadder yet, to Live in Woe.

S. When Widows uſe their canting Strain,
They ſeem reſolv'd to wed again.

T. When Wid'wers wou'd this Truth diſprove,
They never taſted real Love.

S. Love is ſoft Joy and gentle Strife,
His Efforts all depend on Life:
When he has thrown Two Golden Darts,
And ſtruck the Lovers mutual Hearts;
Of his black Shafts let Death ſend One,
Alas! the pleaſing Game is done,
Ill is the poor Survivor Sped,
A Corps feels mighty cold in Bed.
VENUS ſaid right, nor Tears can move,
Nor Plaints revoke the Will of *JOVE*.

All muſt obey the gen'ral Doom,
Down from ALCIDES to *Tom Thumb*.
Grim PLUTO will not be withſtood
By Force or Craft. *Tall Robinhood*,

As well as *Little John*, is dead.
(You ſee how deeply I am read)
With *Fate*'s lean *Tipſtaff* none can dodge,
He'll find you out where'er you lodge.
AJAX to ſhun his gen'ral Pow'r,
In vain abſconded in a *Flow'r*.
An idle Scene TYTHONUS acted,
When to a *Graſshopper* contracted:
Death ſtruck them in thoſe Shapes again,
As once he did when they were Men.

For Reptiles periſh, Plants decay;
Fleſh is but Graſs, Graſs turns to Hay;
And Hay to Dung, and Dung to Clay.

Thus Heads extremely nice diſcover,
That Folks may Die, ſome Ten times over;
But oft by too refin'd a Touch,
To prove Things plain, they prove too much.
Whate'er PYTHAGORAS may ſay,
(For each, you know, will have his Way)
With great Submiſſion I pronounce,
That People Die no more than Once:
But Once is ſure, and Death is Common
To *Bird* and *Man*, including *Woman*,
From the Spread-*Eagle* to the *Wren*,
Alas! no Mortal Fowl knows when;
All that wear Feathers firſt or laſt,
Muſt one Day perch on CHARON's Maſt;

Muſt lie beneath the *Cypreſs* Shade,
Where STRADA's *Nightingale* was laid;
Thoſe Fowl who ſeem Alive to ſit,
Aſſembled by *Dan* CHAUCER's Wit,
In Proſe have ſlept Three Hundred Years,
Exempt from worldly Hopes and Fears,
And, laid in State upon their Herſe,
Are truly but embalm'd in Verſe;
As ſure as LESBIA's *Sparrow* I,
Thou, ſure as PRIOR's *Dove*, muſt Die:
And ne'er again from *Lethe*'s Streams
Return to *Adda*, or to *Thames*.

T. I therefore weep *Columbo* dead,
My Hopes bereav'd, my Pleaſures fled;
I therefore muſt for ever moan
My dear Columbo, *dead and gone.*

S. Columbo never ſees your Tears,
Your Cries *Columbo* never hears;
A Wall of *Braſs*, and one of *Lead*,
Divide the Living from the Dead.
Repell'd by this, the gather'd Rain
Of Tears beats back to Earth again,
In t'other the Collected Sound
Of Groans, when once receiv'd, is drown'd.
'Tis therefore vain one Hour to grieve
What Time it ſelf can ne'er retrieve.
By Nature ſoft, I know, a *Dove*
Can never live without her *Love*;

Then quit this Flame, and light another;
Dame, I adviſe you like a Brother.

T. What, *I* to make a *ſecond Choice?*
In other Nuptials to rejoice?

S. Why not my Bird?

T. No, *Sparrow,* no,
Let me indulge my pleaſing Woe:
Thus ſighing, cooing, eaſe my Pain,
But never wiſh, nor love, again:
Diſtreſs'd for ever let me moan
My dear Columbo, *dead and gone.*

S. Our winged Friends thro' all the Grove
Contemn thy mad Exceſs of Love:
I tell thee, Dame, the t'other Day
I met a *Parrot* and a *Jay,*
Who mock'd thee in their mimic Tone,
And wept Columbo, *dead and gone.*

T. Whate'er the *Jay* or *Parrot* ſaid,
My Hopes are loſt, my Joys are fled;
And I for ever muſt deplore
Columbo, *dead and gone.*——— *S. Encore!*
For Shame forſake this *BION*-ſtile,
We'll talk an Hour, and walk a Mile.
Does it with Senſe or Health agree,
To ſit thus moping on a Tree?

To

To throw away a Widow's Life,
When you again may be a Wife.

Come on, I'll tell you my Amours;
Who knows but they may infl'ence Yours;
Example draws, when *Precept* fails,
And *Sermons* are leſs read than *Tales*.

T. Sparrow, I take thee for my Friend,
As ſuch will hear thee: I deſcend;
Hop on and talk; but, honeſt Bird,
Take care that no immodeſt Word
May venture to offend my Ear.

S. Too Saint-like *Turtle*, never fear,
By Method Things are beſt diſcuſs'd,
Begin we then with *Wife* the *firſt*:
A handſom, ſenſeleſs, auk'ard Fool,
Who wou'd not Yield, and cou'd not Rule:
Her Actions did her Charms diſgrace,
And ſtill her Tongue talk'd off her Face:
Count me the Leaves on yonder Tree,
So many diff'rent Wills had ſhe,
And like the Leaves, as Chance inclin'd,
Thoſe Wills were chang'd with ev'ry Wind:
She courted the *Beau-Monde* To-night,
L'Aſſemblée, her ſupreme Delight;
The next ſhe ſat immur'd, unſeen,
And in full Health enjoy'd the Spleen.
She cenſur'd *that*, ſhe alter'd *this*,
And with great Care ſet all amiſs;

She now cou'd chide, now laugh, now cry,
Now ſing, now pout, All *God knows why:*
Short was her Reign, ſhe Cough'd and Dy'd,
Proceed we to my *Second* Bride;
Well Born ſhe was, genteelly Bred,
And Buxom both at Board and Bed;
Glad to oblige, and pleas'd to pleaſe,
And, as TOM SOUTHERN wiſely ſays,
No other Fault *had ſhe in* Life,
But only *that ſhe was my* WIFE *.
O *Widow-Turtle!* ev'ry She,
(So *Nature*'s Pleaſures does Decree)
Appears a Goddeſs 'till enjoy'd,
But *Birds*, and *Men*, and *Gods* are cloy'd.
Was HERCULES One Woman's *Man?*
Or JOVE for ever LÆDA's *Swan?*
Ah! Madam, ceaſe to be miſtaken,
Few marry'd Fowl peck *Dunmow*-Bacon.
Variety alone gives Joy,
The ſweeteſt Meats the ſooneſt cloy:
What *Sparrow*, Dame? what *Dove* alive?
Tho' VENUS ſhou'd the Char'ot drive,
But wou'd accuſe the Harneſs Weight,
If always Coupled to *One* Mate;
And often wiſh the Fetter broke.
'Tis Freedom but to Change the Yoke.

T. Impious, to wiſh to Wed again,
Ere Death diſſolv'd the former Chain.

S. Spare

* *See The* Wife's Excuſe. *A Comedy.*

S. Spare your Remark, and hear the reſt,
She brought me Sons, but JOVE be bleſt,
She Dy'd in Child-Bed on the Neſt.
Well, reſt her Bones, quoth I, ſhe's gone:
But muſt I therefore lie alone?
What, am I to her Mem'ry ty'd?
Muſt I not Live, becauſe ſhe Dy'd?
And thus I *Logically* ſaid,
('Tis good to have a Reas'ning Head)
Is this my WIFE? *Probatur*, not;
For Death diſſolv'd the Marriage-Knot:
She was, *Concedo*, during Life;
But, is a Piece of *Clay*, a WIFE?
Again, if not a *Wife*, d'ye ſee,
Why then no Kin at all to me:
And he who gen'ral Tears can ſhed
For Folks that happen to be Dead,
May e'en with equal Juſtice mourn
For thoſe who never yet were Born.

T. Thoſe Points indeed you quaintly prove,
But *Logic* is no Friend to *Love*.

S. My Children then were juſt pen-feather'd:
Some little Corn for them I gather'd,
And ſent them to my Spouſe's Mother,
So left that Brood to get another.
And as old HARRY Whilome ſaid,
Reflecting on ANNE BOLEYN Dead,

Cocksbones,

Cocksbones, I now again do ſtand
The jolly'ſt Batchelor i'th' Land.

T. Ah me! my Joys, my Hopes are fled;
My *firſt*, my *only Love* is Dead.
With endleſs Grief let me bemoan
Columbo's Loſs.

S. Let me go on.
As yet my Fortune was but narrow,
I woo'd my Couſin *Philly Sparrow*,
O'th' Elder Houſe of *Chirping-End*,
From whence the Younger Branch deſcend;
Well ſeated in a Field of *Peaſe*
She liv'd, extremely at her Eaſe:
But when the *Honey-Moon* was paſt,
The foll'wing Nights were ſoon o'ercaſt,
She kept her own, could plead the *Law*,
And Quarrel for a *Barley-Straw*;
Both, you may judge, became leſs kind,
As more we knew each other's Mind:
She ſoon grew *ſullen*, I, *hard-hearted*,
We ſcolded, hated, fought, and parted.
To *LONDON*, bleſſed Town, I went,
She Boarded at a Farm in *Kent*:
A *Magpye* from the Country fled,
And kindly told me ſhe was Dead:
I prun'd my Feathers, cock'd my Tail,
And ſet my Heart again to Sale.

My

My *Fourth*, a mere Coquet, or ſuch
I thought her, nor avails it much,
If true or falſe; our Troubles ſpring,
More from the Fancy, than the Thing.
Two ſtaring Horns, I often ſaid,
But ill become a *Sparrow*'s Head;
But then to ſet that Ballance even,
Your Cuckold-*Sparrow* goes to Heaven.
The Thing you fear, ſuppoſe it done,
If you inquire, you make it known.
Whilſt at the Root your Horns are ſore,
The more you ſcratch, they ach the more.
But turn the Tables and reflect,
All may not be, that you ſuſpect:
By the Mind's Eye, the Horns we mean,
Are only in Ideas ſeen;
'Tis from the Inſide o' the Head
Their Branches ſhoot, their Antlers ſpread;
Fruitful Suſpicions often bear 'em,
You feel 'em from the Time you fear 'em.
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! that Echo'd Word,
Offends the Ear of Vulgar Bird;
But thoſe of finer Taſte have found
There's nothing in't beſide the Sound.
Preferment always waits on Horns,
And Houſhold Peace the Gift adorns:
This Way, or That, let Factions tend,
The Spark is ſtill the Cuckold's Friend;
This Way, or That, let Madam roam,
Well pleas'd and quiet ſhe comes home.

Now

Now weigh the Pleaſure with the Pain,
The *plus* and *minus*, Loſs and Gain,
And what *La Fontaine* laughing ſays,
Is ſerious Truth, in ſuch a Caſe;
Who ſlights the Evil, finds it leaſt;
And who does Nothing, does the beſt.
I never ſtrove to rule the Roaſt,
She ne'er refus'd to pledge my Toaſt:
In Viſits if we chanc'd to meet,
I ſeem'd obliging, ſhe diſcreet;
We neither much careſs'd nor ſtrove,
But good Diſſembling paſs'd for Love.

T. Whate'er of *Light* our Eye may know,
'Tis only *Light* it-ſelf can ſhow:
Whate'er of *Love* our Heart can feel,
'Tis mutual *Love* alone can tell.

S. My pretty, am'rous, fooliſh Bird,
A Moment's Patience; in one Word,
The *Three kind Siſters* broke the Chain,
She Dy'd, I mourn'd, and woo'd again.

T. Let me with juſter Grief deplore
My dear *Columbo*, now no more;
Let me with conſtant Tears bewail ——

S. Your Sorrow does but ſpoil my Tale.
My *Fifth*, ſhe prov'd a jealous Wife,
Lord ſhield us all from ſuch a Life!

'Twas

'Twas Doubt, Complaint, Reply, Chit-Chat,
'Twas *This*, To-day; To-morrow, *That*.
Sometimes, forſooth, upon the Brook
I kept a *Miſs*; an honeſt *Rook*
Told it a *Snipe*, who told a *Stear*,
Who told it *thoſe*, who told it *her*.

One Day a *Linnet* and a *Lark*
Had met me ſtrolling in the Dark;
The next, a *Woodcock* and an *Owl*
Quick-ſighted, grave, and ſober Fowl,
Wou'd on their Corp'ral Oath alledge
I kiſs'd a *Hen* behind the Hedge.
Well, Madam *Turtle*, to be brief,
(Repeating but renews our Grief)
As once ſhe watch'd me from a Rail,
Poor Soul! her Footing chanc'd to fail,
And down ſhe fell, and broke her Hip,
The *Fever* came, and then the *Pip*:
Death did the only Cure apply;
She was at quiet, ſo was I.

T. Cou'd Love unmov'd theſe Changes view?
His Sorrows, as his Joys are true.

S. My deareſt *Dove*, One wiſe Man ſays,
Alluding to our preſent Caſe,
We're here To-day, and gone To-morrow:
Then what avails ſuperſi'ous Sorrow!

Another full as wiſe as he,
Adds; that *a Marry'd Man may ſee*
Two happy Hours; and which are they?
The *Firſt* and *Laſt*, perhaps *you'll* ſay;
'Tis true, when blythe ſhe *goes* to Bed,
And when ſhe peaceably *lies* Dead;
Women 'twixt Sheets *are beſt*, *'tis ſaid*,
Be they of Holland *or of* Lead.

Now cur'd of HYMEN's Hopes and Fears,
Aud ſliding down the Vale of Years,
I hope'd to fix my future Reſt,
And took a *Widow* to my Neſt.
Ah *Turtle!* had ſhe been like Thee,
Sober, yet gentle; wiſe, yet free;
But ſhe was peeviſh, noiſy, bold,
A Witch ingrafted on a Scold:
JOVE in PANDORA's *Box* confin'd
A *Hundred* Ills to vex Mankind;
To vex one Bird, in her *Bandore*
He hid at leaſt a *Hundred* more:
And ſoon as Time that Veil withdrew,
The Plagues o'er all the Pariſh flew;
Her Stock of borrow'd Tears grew dry,
And Native Tempeſts arm'd her Eye,
Black Clouds around her Forehead hung,
And Thunder rattled on her Tongue.
We, *Young* or *Old*, or *Cock* or *Hen*,
All liv'd in ÆOLUS's Den;

The neareſt her, the more accurſt,
Ill far'd her Friends, her Husband worſt.
But *JOVE* amidſt his Anger ſpares,
Remarks our Faults, but hears our Pray'rs.
In ſhort, ſhe Dy'd. Why then ſhe's Dead,
Quoth I, and once again I'll wed.
Wou'd Heav'n this Mourning Year was paſt,
One may have better Luck at laſt.
Matters at worſt are ſure to mend,
The *DEVIL's Wife* was but a *Fiend.*

T. Thy Tale has rais'd a *Turtle's* Spleen,
Uxorious Inmate, Bird obſcene,
Dar'ſt thou defile theſe Sacred Groves,
Theſe ſilent Seats of faithful Loves?
Be gone, with flagging Wings ſit down
On ſome old *Pent-houſe* near the Town;
In *Brewers-Stables* peck thy Grain,
Then waſh it down with puddled Rain:
And hear thy dirty Offspring Squall
From Bottles on a Suburb-Wall.
Where Thou haſt been, return again,
Vile *Bird!* Thou haſt convers'd with *Men*;
Notions like theſe, from *Men* are given,
Thoſe *vileſt* Creatures under Heaven.

To *Cities* and to *Courts* repair,
Flatt'ry and *Falſhood* flouriſh there:
There, all thy wretched Arts employ,
Where *Riches* triumph over *Joy*;

Where

Where *Paſſions* do with *Int'reſt* Barter,
And HYMEN holds, by *Mammon's* Charter;
Where *Truth*, by *Point of Law*, is *Parry'd*,
And *Knaves* and *Prudes* are SIX Times *Marry'd*.

DOWN-HALL;

DOWN · HALL

DOWN-HALL;

A

BALLAD.

To the Tune of King JOHN *and the* Abbot *of* CANTERBURY.

Written in the Year, MDCCXV.

I Sing not Old JASON, who Travell'd thro' *Greece*,
To kiſs the fair *Maids*, and poſſeſs the rich *Fleece*;
Nor Sing I ÆNEAS, who, led by his Mother,
Got rid of *One* WIFE, and went far for *Another*,
Derry down, down, hey derry down,

Nor

Nor Him who thro' *Aſia* and *Europe* did roam,
ULYSSES by Name, who ne'er cry'd to go home;
But rather deſir'd to ſee Cities and Men,
Than return to his Farms, and Converſe with old PEN.

Hang HOMER and VIRGIL; their meaning to ſeek
A Man muſt have pok'd in the *Latin* and *Greek*;
Thoſe who Love our Own Tongue, we have Reaſon to hope,
Have read them Tranſlated by DRYDEN and POPE.

But I Sing Exploits, that have lately been done
By Two *Britiſh* HEROES, call'd MATTHEW and JOHN:*
And how they rid Friendly from fine *London*-Town,
Fair *Eſſex* to ſee, and a Place they call *DOWN*.

Now ere they went out, you may rightly ſuppoſe,
How much they Diſcours'd, both in *Prudence* and *Proſe*:
For before this great *Journey* was throughly concerted,
Full often they met; and as often they parted,

And thus *Matthew* ſaid, look you here, my Friend *John*
I fairly have Travell'd Years Thirty and One;
And tho' I ſtill carry'd my *Soveraign*'s Warrants,
I only have gone upon other *Folks* Errands.

* Matthew Prior, *Eſq*; *and* John Morley *of* Halſtead *in* Eſſex, *Eſq*; *Bred a Butcher (but was accounted one of the greateſt Land-Jobbers in* England*) and in Honour of his Profeſſion, annually killed a* Hog, *in the Publick Market, and took a Groat for it. He died* 1732.

And

And now in this *Journey* of Life, I wou'd have
A Place where to Bait, 'twixt the *Court* and the *Grave*;
Where joyful to Live, not unwilling to Die——
Gadzooks, I have juſt ſuch a Place in my Eye.

There are Gardens ſo Stately, and Arbours ſo Thick,
A *Portal* of Stone, and a *Fabric* of Brick.
The Matter next Week ſhall be all in your Pow'r;
But the Money, *Gadzooks*, muſt be paid in an Hour.

For Things in this World, muſt by Law be made certain,
We Both muſt repair unto OLIVER MARTIN;
For he is a *Lawyer* of worthy Renown.
I'll bring You to ſee; he muſt fix you at *DOWN*.

Quoth MATTHEW, I know, that from *Berwick* to *Dover*
You've Sold all our Premiſes over and over.
And now if your Buyers and Sellers agree,
You may throw all our Acres into the *South-Sea*.

But a word to the Purpoſe; To-morrow, dear Friend,
We'll ſee, what To-night you ſo highly commend.
And if with a Garden and Houſe I am bleſt;
Let the *Devil* and *Conings by** go with the reſt.

Then anſwer'd Squire MORLEY, pray get a *Calaſh*,
That in *Summer* may Burn, and in *Winter* may Splaſh;
I love Dirt and Duſt; and 'tis always my Pleaſure,
To take with me much of the Soil that I Meaſure.

* *Lord* Conings by *with whom he had differed.*

But

But *Matthew* thought better: For *Matthew* thought right
And hired a *Chariot* ſo trim and ſo tight,
That Extremes both of *Winter* and *Summer* might paſs;
For one *Window* was *Canvas*, the other was *Glaſs*.

Draw up, quoth Friend *Matthew*; pull down, quoth Friend
We ſhall be both Hotter and Colder anon. [*John*
Thus Talking and Scolding, they forward did Speed;
And RALPHO pac'd by, under NEWMAN the *Swede*.

Into an Old Inn did this Equipage roll,
At a Town they call *Hodſdon*, the Sign of the *Bull*,
Near a *Nymph* with an Urn, that divides the High-way,
And into a Puddle throws *Mother of* TEA.

Come here, my ſweet Landlady, pray how d' ye do?
Where is '*Siſley* ſo cleanly, and *Prudence* and *Sue*?
And where is the *Widow* that dwelt here below?
And the *Hoſtler* that Sung about Eight Years ago?

And where is your *Siſter* ſo mild and ſo dear?
Whoſe Voice to her *Maids* like a Trumpet was clear:
By my Troth, *She replies*, you grow *Younger*, I think:
And pray, Sir, what Wine does the Gentleman drink?

Why now let me Die, Sir, or live upon Truſt,
If I know to which Queſtion to anſwer you firſt.
Why Things ſince I ſaw you, moſt ſtrangely have vary'd,
And the *Hoſtler* is Hang'd, and the *Widow* is Marry'd.

And

And *Prue* left a Child for the Pariſh to Nurſe;
And *'Siſley* went off with a Gentleman's Purſe;
And as to my *Siſter* ſo mild and ſo dear,
She has lain in the Church-yard full many a Year.

Well, Peace to her Aſhes; what ſignifies Grief:
She Roaſted red *Veal*, and ſhe Powder'd lean *Beef*:
Full nicely ſhe knew to Cook-up a fine Diſh;
For tough was her *Pullets*, and tender her *Fiſh*.

For that matter, Sir, be ye Squire, Knight, or Lord,
I'll give you whate'er a good Inn can afford:
I ſhou'd look on myſelf as unhappily Sped,
Did I yield to a Siſter, or Living, or Dead.

Of *Mutton*, a delicate Neck and a Breaſt,
Shall Swim in the *Water* in which they were Dreſt:
And becauſe You great Folks are with Rarities taken,
Addle-*Eggs* ſhall be next Courſe, toſt up with rank *Bacon*.

Then Supper was Serv'd, and the Sheets they were laid;
And MORLEY moſt lovingly whiſper'd the *Maid*.
The *Maid*! was She handſom? why truly ſo, ſo:
But what MORLEY whiſper'd, we never ſhall know.

Then up roſe theſe *Heroes* as brisk as the *Sun*,
And their *Horſes* like his, were prepared to Run.
Now when in the Morning MATT ask'd for the Score,
JOHN kindly had paid it the Ev'ning before.

Their

Their Breakfaſt ſo warm to be ſure they did Eat:
A Cuſtom in Travellers, mighty Diſcreet,
And thus with great Friendſhip and glee they went on
To find out the Place you ſhall hear of anon,
call'd DOWN, *down, hey derry down.*

But what did they talk of from Morning 'till Noon?
Why, of *Spots* in the *Sun*, and the *Man* in the *Moon:*
Of the CZAR's gentle Temper, the *Stocks* in the *City*,
The wiſe Men of *Greece*, and the *Secret-Committee.*

So to HARLOW they came; and Hey, where are You all?
Show Us into the Parlour, and mind when I call:
Why, your *Maids* have no motion, your *Men* have no life;
Well *Maſter*, I hear you have bury'd your *Wife.*

Come this very inſtant, take care to provide
Tea, *Sugar*, and *Toaſt*, and a *Horſe*, and a *Guide.*
Are the *Harriſons* here, both the Old and the Young?
And where ſtands fair DOWN, the Delight of my Song?

O Squire, to the Grief of my Heart I may ſay,
I have Bury'd Two *Wives* ſince you Travell'd this way;
And the *Harriſons* both may be preſently here;
And *DOWN* ſtands, I think, where it ſtood the laſt Year.

Then JOAN brought the *Tea-pot*, and CALEB the *Toaſt*;
And the *Wine* was froth'd out by the Hand of mine Hoſt:
But we clear'd our *Extempore* Banquet ſo faſt,
That the *Harriſons* both were forgot in the haſte.

Now hey for *Down-Hall*; for the Guide he was got;
The *Chariot* was mounted; the Horſes did trot;
The Guide he did bring us a Dozen Mile round:
But O! all in vain; for no *Down* cou'd be found.

O! thou *Popiſh* Guide, thou haſt led us aſtray.
Says he; how the Devil ſhou'd I know the way?
I never yet travell'd this Road in my Life:
But *Down* lies on the left, I was told by my *Wife*.

Thy *Wife*, anſwer'd MATTHEW, when ſhe went abroad,
Ne'er told Thee of half the bye-ways ſhe had trod:
Perhaps She met Friends, and brought Pence to Thy Houſe,
But Thou ſhalt go home without ever a Souſe.

What is this Thing, MORLEY, and how cnn you mean it?
We have loſt our Eſtate here, before we have ſeen it.
Have Patience, ſoft, MORLEY in anger reply'd:
To find out our way, let us ſend off our Guide.

O here I ſpy *Down*: caſt your Eye to the *Weſt*,
Where a *Wind-Mill* ſo ſtately ſtands plainly Confeſt.
On the *Weſt*, reply'd MATTHEW, no *Wind-Mill* I find:
As well Thou may'ſt tell me, I ſee the *Weſt-Wind*.

Now pardon me, MORLEY, *the Wind-Mill* I ſpy,
But faithful ACHATES, no Houſe is there nigh.
Look again, ſays mild MORLEY, *Gadzooks* you are blind:
The *Mill* ſtands before; and the *Houſe* lies behind.

O now a low ruin'd White *Shed* I diſcern,
Until'd and unglaz'd; I believe 'tis a *Barn.*
A *Barn?* why you rave: 'Tis a *Houſe* for a Squire,
A Juſtice of Peace, or a Knight of our Shire.

A Houſe ſhou'd be built, or with *Brick*, or with *Stone.*
Why, 'tis *Plaiſter* and *Lath*; and I think, that's all One.
And ſuch as it is, it has ſtood with great Fame,
Been called a *HALL*, and has given its Name
To DOWN, *down, hey derry down.*

O MORLEY, O MORLEY, if that be a *Hall*;
The Fame with the Building will ſuddenly fall——
With your Friend JEMMY GIBBS about Buildings agree,
My Buſineſs is Land; and it matters not me.

I wiſh you cou'd tell, what a Duce your Head ails:
I ſhew'd you *Down-Hall*; did you look for *Verſailles?*
Then take Houſe and Farm, as JOHN BALLET will let you;
For Better, for Worſe, as I took my Dame BETTY.

And now, Sir, a Word to the Wiſe is enough;
You'll make very little of all your Old Stuff:
And to build at your Age, by my Troth, you grow ſimple;
Are you Young and Rich, like the *Maſter* of *Wimple?* *

* *The Earl of* Oxford.

If

If You have theſe Whims of Apartments and Gardens,
From Twice Fifty Acres you'll ne'er ſee five Farthings:
And in Yours I ſhall find the true Gentleman's Fate;
Ere you finiſh your Houſe, you'll have ſpent your Eſtate.

Now let Us touch Thumbs, and be Friends ere we part.
Here, JOHN, is my Thumb; and here, MAT, is my Heart,
To *Halſtead* I ſpeed; and You go back to Town.
Thus ends the *Firſt Part* of the *Ballad* of *DOWN.*

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

AN EPISTLE TO FLEETWOOD SHEPHARD, *Eſq;*

Written *Anno*, 1689.

WHEN crouding Folks, with ſtrange ill Faces,
Were making Legs, and begging Places,
And ſome with *Patents*, ſome with *Merit*,
Tir'd out my good Lord *Dorſet*'s Spirit:
Sneaking I ſtood, amongſt the Crew,
Deſiring much to ſpeak with you.
I waited while the Clock ſtruck *Thrice*,
And *Footman* brought out fifty Lies;
'Till *Patience* vext, and *Legs* grown weary,
I thought it was in vain to tarry:

But did opine, it might be better,
By Penny-Poſt to ſend a Letter:
Now, if you miſs of this *Epiſtle*,
I'm balk'd again, and may go whiſtle.
My Buſineſs, Sir, you'll quickly gueſs,
Is to deſire ſome little Place;
And fair Pretenſions I have for't,
Much Need, and very ſmall Deſert.
Whene'er I writ to you, I wanted;
I always begg'd, you always granted.
Now, as you took me up when little,
Gave me my Learning, and my Vittle:
Ask'd for me, *from my Lord* *, things fitting,
Kind as I'ad been your own begetting,
Confirm what formerly you've given
Nor leave me now at Six and Sevens,
As *Sunderland* has left *Mun Stephens*.

No Family that takes a Whelp,
When firſt he laps, and ſcarce can yelp,
Neglects, or turns him out of Gate,
When He's grown up to Dog's Eſtate:
Nor Pariſh if they once adopt
The ſpurious Brats by Strolers dropt,
Leave 'em when grown up Luſty Fellows,
To the wide World, that is the *Gallows:*
No, thank 'em for their Love, that's worſe,
Than if they'ad throtled 'em at Nurſe.

* *Earl of* Dorſet.

My Uncle, reſt his Soul, when Living,
Might have contriv'd me ways of Thriving *;
Taught me with *Cider* to repleniſh
My Vats, or ebbing Tide of *Rheniſh*.
So when for *Hock* I drew Prickt *White-wine*,
Swear 't had the Flavour, and was right *Wine*:
Or ſent me with Ten Pounds to *Furni-*
val's Inn, to ſome good Rogue-Attorney;
Where now, by forging Deeds, and cheating,
I 'ad found ſome handſom ways of getting.

All this, You made me quit to follow
That ſneaking Whey-fac'd God *Apollo*;
Sent me among a Fidling Crew
Of Folks, I'ad never ſeen nor knew,
Calliope, and God knows who.
To add no more Invectives to it,
You ſpoil'd a Youth to make a Poet.
In common Juſtice, Sir, there's no Man
That makes the Whore, but keeps the Woman.
Among all honeſt Chriſtian People,
Whoe'er breaks Limbs, maintains the Cripple.

The Sum of all I have to ſay,
Is, that you'd put me in ſome Way,
And your *Petitioner* ſhall pray ———

* *His Uncle was a Vintner.*

There's

There's One thing more, I had almoſt ſlipt,
But that may do as well in *Poſtſcript*;
My Friend *Charles Montague*'s preferr'd,
Nor wou'd I have it long obſerv'd,
That *One* MOUSE Eats, while t'OTHER's Starv'd. *

Ad Virum doctiſſimum, & Amicum, Dominum SAMUELEM SHAW, *dum Theſes de* Ictero *pro Gradu Doctoris defenderet.*

PHœbe potens Sævis Morbis vel lædere Gentes,
Læſas ſolerti vel relevare Manu,
Aſpice tu Decus hoc noſtrum, placiduſque fatere
Indomitus quantum proſit in Arte Labor:
Non Ictrûm poſthac Peſtemve minaberis Orbi,
Fortius hic Juvenis dum Medicamen habet:
Mitte dehinc Iras, & Nato Carmina dona;
Neglectum Telum dejice, ſume Lyram.

Matthæus Prior, A.M. & Colleg.
4 Junii 1692. Divi Ioann. Cantab. Socius.

* *Mr.* Montague, *afterwards Earl of* Halifax, *gained ſo much Reputation by* Tranſverſing *Mr.* Dryden's HIND *and* PANTHER, *to the Story of the* City Mouſe *and* Country Mouſe, *that he was called* MOUSE Montague. *But here Mr.* Prior *claims an equal Share in the Performance.*

IMITATED by Mr. COOKE.

To my Learned Friend

SAMUEL SHAW,

AT

Taking his DOCTOR's *Degree*, and Defending a *Theſis* on the JAUNDICE.

O! *PHOEBUS*, Deity, whoſe pow'rful Hand
Can ſpread Diſeaſes thro' the joyful Land,
Alike all pow'rful to relieve the Pain,
And bid the groaning Nations ſmile again;
When SHAW, our Pride, you ſee, Confeſs you find
In Him what Art can do with Labour join'd;
No more the World the *Jaundice* Threats ſhall fear,
While he, the Youth, our Remedy, is near:
Suppreſs thy Rage, with Verſe thy Son inſpire,
The Dart neglected to aſſume the Lyre.

THE

THE REMEDY, Worſe than the *DISEASE.*

I.

I Sent for RADCLIFFE, was ſo ill,
That other Doctors gave me over,
He felt my Pulſe, preſcribed His *Pill*,
And I was likely to recover.

II.

But when the *Wit* began to wheeze,
And *Wine* had warm'd the *Politician*,
Cur'd Yeſterday of my Diſeaſe,
I died laſt Night of my *Phyſician*.

ON

Biſhop ATTERBURY's

Burying His Grace

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

DUKE of *Buckinghamſhire*, 1721.

I *Have no Hopes,* the *Duke* he ſays, and Dies;
In ſure and certain Hopes —— the *Prelate* cries:
Of Theſe *Two* learned *Peers*, I pr'ythee ſay, Man,
Who is the *lying Knave*, the *Prieſt* or *Layman?*
The *Duke* he ſtands an *Infidel* Confeſt,
He's our dear Brother quoth the Lordly *Prieſt.*
The *Duke*, tho' *Knave*; ſtill *Brother dear* he cries,
And, who can ſay, the Rev'rend *Prelate* lies?

AN ODE,

In Imitation of the *Second* ODE of the *Third* BOOK of HORACE.

Written *Anno*, 1692.

I.

HOW long, deluded *Albion*, wilt Thou lie *
In the Lethargic Sleep, the ſad Repoſe,
By which thy cloſe, thy conſtant Enemy,
Has ſoftly lull'd Thee to Thy Woes?

* *Anguſtam, amici, Pauperiem pati*
Robuſtus acri Militiâ Puer
Condiſcat; & Parthos feroces
Vexet eques metuendus haſtâ:

Or

Or Wake, degen'rate Iſle, or ceaſe to own
What Thy Old Kings in *Gallic* Camps have done;
The Spoils They brought Thee back, the Crowns They won;
WILLIAM (ſo Fate requires) again is Arm'd;
Thy Father to the Field is gone:
Again *MARIA* weeps Her abſent Lord
For Thy Repoſe content to Rule alone.
Are Thy Enervate Sons not yet alarm'd?
When *WILLIAM* Fights, dare they look tamely on,
So ſlow to get their Ancient Fame Reſtor'd,
As nor to melt at Beauty's Tears, nor follow Valour's Sword?

II.

See the repenting Iſle awakes,
Her vicious Chains the gen'rous Goddeſs breaks:
The Fogs around Her Temples are diſpell'd;
Abroad She looks, and ſees Arm'd *Belgia* ſtand
Prepar'd to meet their common Lord's Command;
Her Lions roaring by Her Side, Her Arrows in her Hand;
And bluſhing to have been ſo long withheld;
Weeps off Her Crime, and haſtens to the Field:
* Henceforth Her Youth ſhall be inur'd to bear
Hazardous Toil and Active War:
To march beneath the Dog-Star's raging Heat;
Patient of Summer's Drought, and Martial Sweat;

* *Vitàmque ſub dio, & trepidis agat*
In rebus.

And only grieve in Winter Camps to find,
Its Days too ſhort for Labours they deſign'd:
All Night beneath hard heavy Arms to watch;
All Day to mount the Trench, to ſtorm the Breach,
And all the rugged Paths to tread,
Where *WILLIAM*, and his Virtue lead.

III.

‡ Silence is the Soul of War;
Delib'rate Counſel muſt prepare
The mighty Work, which Valour muſt complete:
Thus *WILLIAM* reſcues, thus preſerves the State;
Thus teaches Us to think and dare;
As whilſt his Cannon juſt prepar'd to breathe
Avenging Anger, and ſwift Death;
In the try'd Mettle the cloſe Dangers glow,
And now, too late, the dying Foe
Perceives the Flame, yet cannot ward the Blow;
So whilſt in *WILLIAM*'s Breaſt ripe Counſels lie,
Secret and ſure as brooding Fate,
No more of His Deſign appears,
Than what awakens *Gallia*'s Fears;
And (though Guilt's Eye can ſharply penetrate)
Diſtracted *Lewis* can deſcry
Only a long unmeaſur'd Ruin nigh.

‡ *Eſt & fideli tuta ſilentio*
Merces; &c.

IV.

On *Norman* Coaſts, and Banks of frighted *Seine*,
Lo! the impending Storms begin:
Britannia ſafely through her Maſter's Sea;
Ploughs up her Victorious Way.
The *French* SALMONEUS throws his Bolts in vain,
Whilſt the true Thunderer aſſerts the Main:
'Tis done! to Shelves and Rocks his Fleets retire,
Swift Victory in vengeful Flames
Burns down the Pride of their Preſumptuous Names;
They run to Shipwrack to avoid our Fire,
And the torn Veſſels that regain their Coaſt
Are but ſad Marks to ſhew the reſt are loſt:
All this the Mild, the Beauteous, *Queen* has done,
And *WILLIAM*'s *ſofter-Half* ſhakes *Lewis*' Throne.
MARIA does the Sea command,
Whilſt *Gallia* flies her Husband's Arm by Land,
So, the *Sun* abſent, with full Sway the *Moon*
Governs the Iſles, and rules the Waves alone;
So *Juno* thunders when her *Jove* is gone.
Iô Britannia! looſe thy Ocean's Chains,
Whilſt *Ruſſel* ſtrikes the Blow Thy *Queen* ordains:
Thus Reſcu'd, thus Rever'd, for ever ſtand,
And bleſs the Counſel, and reward the Hand,
Iô Britannia! thy *MARIA* Reigns.

V. From

V.

From *MARY*'s Conqueſts, and the Reſcu'd Main *,
Let *France* look forth to *Sambre*'s armed Shore,
And boaſt her Joy for *WILLIAM*'s Death no more.
He lives, let *France* confeſs, the Victor lives:
Her Triumphs for his Death were vain,
And ſpoke her Terror of his Life too plain.
The mighty Years begin, the Day draws nigh,
In which that ONE ‡ of *Lewis*' MANY Wives,
Who by the baleful Force of guilty Charms,
Has long enthrall'd Him in Her wither'd Arms,
Shall o'er the Plains from diſtant Tow'rs on high,
Caſt around her mournful Eye,
And with Prophetic Sorrow cry:
Why does my ruin'd Lord retard his Flight?
Why does Deſpair provoke his Age to fight?
As well the Wolf may venture to engage
The angry Lion's gen'rous Rage;
The rav'nous Vulture, and the Bird of Night,
As ſafely tempt the ſtooping Eagle's Flight,

* ——— *Illum ex mœnibus hoſticis.*
Matrona bellantis tyranni
Proſpiciens, & adulta virgo,
Suſpiret: Eheu! ne rudis agminum
Sponſus laceſſat regius aſperum
Tactu leonem, quem cruenta
Per medias rapit Ira Cædes.

‡ *Madam* Maintenon.

As

As *Lewis* to unequal Arms defy
Yon' *Hero*, crown'd with blooming Victory,
Juſt triumphing o'er Rebel-Rage reſtrain'd,
And yet unbreath'd from Battles gain'd.
See! all yon' duſty Field's quite cover'd o'er
With hoſtile Troops, and ORANGE at their Head,
ORANGE deſtin'd to complete
The great Deſigns of labouring Fate,
ORANGE, the Name that Tyrants dread:
He comes, our ruin'd Empire is no more,
Down, like the *Perſian*, goes the *Gallic* Throne,
Darius flies, Young *Ammon* urges on.

VI.

Now from the dubious Battle's mingled Heat,
Let Fear look back, and ſtretch her haſty Wing *;
Impatient to ſecure a baſe Retreat:
Let the pale Coward leave his wounded King,
For the vile Privilege to breathe,
To live with Shame in dread of glorious Death?
In vain: for Fate has ſwifter Wings than Fear,
She follows hard, and ſtrikes him in the Rear,
Dying and Mad the Traitor bites the Ground,
His Back transfix'd with a diſhoneſt Wound;

* *Dulce & decorum eſt pro patriâ mori.*
Mors & fugacem perſequitur Virum,
Nec parcit imbellis juventæ
Poplitibus, timidoque tergo.

Whilſt through the fierceſt Troops, and thickeſt Preſs,
Virtue carries on Succeſs;
Whilſt equal Heav'n guards the diſtinguiſh'd Brave,
And Armies cannot hurt whom Angels ſave.

VII.

Virtue to Verſe immortal Luſtre gives,
Each by the other's mutual Friendſhip lives;
Æneas ſuffer'd, and *Achilles* fought,
The *Hero*'s Acts enlarg'd the *Poet*'s Thought,
Or *Virgil*'s Majeſty, and *Homer*'s Rage
Had ne'er like laſting Nature vanquiſh'd Age;
Whilſt *Lewis* then his riſing Terror drowns
With Drums Alarms, and Trumpets Sounds;
Whilſt hid in arm'd Retreats and guarded Towns,
From Danger as from Honour far,
He bribes cloſe Murder againſt open War:
In vain you *Gallic* Muſes ſtrive
With labour'd Verſe to keep his Fame alive,
Your mouldring Monuments in vain you raiſe
On the weak Baſis of the Tyrant's Praiſe:
Your Songs are ſold, your Numbers are profane,
'Tis Incenſe to an Idol given,
Meat offer'd to *Prometheus*' Man
That had no Soul from Heav'n.
Againſt his Will you chain your frighted King
On rapid *Rhine*'s divided Bed;
And Mock your *Hero*, whilſt ye Sing
The Wounds for which he never bled;

Falſhood

Falſhood does poiſon on your Praiſe diffuſe,
And *Lewis'* Fear gives Death to *Boileau's* Muſe.

VIII.

On its own Worth True Majeſty is rear'd *,
And Virtue is her own Reward,
With ſolid Beams and native Glory bright,
She neither Darkneſs dreads, nor covets Light;
True to Her-ſelf, and fix'd to inborn Laws,
Nor ſunk by Spite, nor lifted by Applauſe,
She from Her ſettled Orb looks calmly down,
On Life or Death, a Priſon, or a Crown.
When bound in double Chains poor *Belgia* lay,
To foreign Arms, and inward Strife a Prey,
Whilſt One Good Man buoy'd up Her ſinking State,
A Virtue labour'd againſt Fate;
When Fortune baſely with Ambition join'd,
And all was conquer'd but the Patriot's Mind;
When Storms let looſe, and raging Seas,
Juſt ready the torn Veſſel to o'erwhelm,
Forc'd not the faithful Pilot from his Helm,
Nor all the *Siren* Songs of future Peace,
And dazling Proſpect of a promis'd Crown,
Could lure his ſtubborn Virtue down;

* *Virtus, repulſæ neſcia ſordidæ,*
Intaminatis fulget honoribus;
Nec ſumit aut ponit ſecures
Arbitrio popularis auræ.

But againſt Charms, and Threats, and Hell, He ſtood,
To that which was ſeverely good;
Then, had no Trophies juſtify'd his Fame,
No Poet bleſt his Song with *NASSAU*'s Name,
Virtue alone did all that Honour bring,
And Heaven as plainly pointed out *The KING*,
As when He at the Altar ſtood
In all his Types and Robes of Pow'r,
Whilſt at His Feet religious *Britain* bow'd,
And own'd him next to what we there adore.

IX.

Say, joyful *Maeze*, and *Boyne*'s victorious Flood,
(For each has mixt his Waves with Royal Blood)
When *WILLIAM*'s Armies paſt, did He retire,
Or view from far the Battle's diſtant Fire?
Cou'd He believe his Perſon was too dear?
Or uſe His Greatneſs to conceal His Fear?
Cou'd Pray'rs or Sighs the dauntleſs *Hero* move?
Arm'd with Heav'n's Juſtice, and His People's Love,
Thro' the firſt Waves He wing'd His vent'rous Way,
And on the adverſe Shore aroſe,
(Ten thouſand flying Deaths in vain oppoſe)
Like the great Ruler of the Day,
With Strength and Swiftneſs mounting from the Seas;
Like Him all Day He toil'd but long in Night,
The God has eas'd His weary'd Light,
Ere Vengeance left the ſtubborn Foes,
Or *WILLIAM*'s Labour's found Repoſe?

But When

When His Troops falter'd, ſtept not He between?
Reſtor'd the dubious Fight again,
Mark'd out the Coward that durſt fly,
And led the fainting Brave to Victory?
Still as ſhe fled Him, did He not o'ertake
Her doubtful courſe, and brought Her Bleeding back?
By his keen Sword did not the boldeſt fall?
Was he not King, Commander, Soldier All———
His Dangers ſuch, as with becoming Dread,
His Subjects yet Unborn ſhall Weep to Read;
And were not thoſe the only Days that e'er
The Pious Prince refus'd to hear
His Friends Advices, or His Subjects Pray'r.

X.

Where'er old *Rhine* his fruitful Water turns,
Or fills his Vaſſals Tributary Urns;
To *Belgia*'s ſav'd Dominions, and the Sea,
Whoſe righted Waves rejoice in *WILLIAM*'s Sway
Is there a Town where Children are not Taught,
Here *Holland* Proſper'd, for here ORANGE Fought,
Through Rapid Waters, and through flying Fire,
Here ruſh'd the Prince, Here made whole *France* retire—
By diff'rent Nations be his Valour bleſt,
In diff'rent Languages confeſt,
And then let *Shannon* Speak the reſt:
Let *Shannon* Speak, how on her wond'ring Shore,
When Conqueſt hov'ring on his Arms did wait,
And only ask'd ſome Lives to Bribe her o'er;

The

The God-like Man, the more than Conqueror,
With high Contempt ſent back the ſpecious Bait.
And Scorning Glory at a Price too great,
With ſo much Pow'r, ſuch Piety did join,
As made a Perfect Virtue ſoar
A Pitch unknown to Man before,
And lifted *Shannon*'s Waves o'er thoſe of *Boyne*.

XI.

Nor do his Subjects only ſhare
The Proſp'rous Fruits of his Indulgent Reign;
His Enemies approve the Pious War,
Which, with their Weapon, takes away their Chain:
More than his Sword his Goodneſs ſtrikes his Foes;
They Bleſs His Arms, and Sigh they muſt oppoſe.
Juſtice and Freedom on his Conqueſts wait,
And 'tis for Man's Delight that He is Great:
Succeeding Times ſhall with long Joy contend,
If He were more a Victor, or a Friend:
So much His Courage and His Mercy ſtrive,
He Wounds to Cure; and Conquers to Forgive.

XII.

Ye *Heroes*, who have Fought your Country's Cauſe,
Redreſs'd Her Injuries or Form'd Her Laws,
To my Advent'rous Song juſt Witneſs bear,
Aſſiſt the Pious Muſe, and hear Her Swear,

That

That 'tis no Poet's Thought, no Flight of Youth,
But ſolid Story, and ſevereſt Truth,
That *WILLIAM* treaſures up a greater Name,
Than any Country, any Age can boaſt:
* And all that Ancient Stock of Fame
He did from His Fore-Fathers take.
He has improv'd, and gives with Int'reſt back;
And in his Conſtellation does unite
Their ſcatter'd Rays of fainter Light:
Above or Envy's laſh, or Fortune's Wheel,
That ſettled Glory ſhall for ever dwell
Above the Rolling Orbs, and common Sky,
Where nothing comes that e'er ſhall Die.

XIII.

Where roves the Muſe? Where thoughtleſs to return?
Is her ſhort-liv'd Veſſel borne,
By potent Winds too ſubject to be toſt?
And in the Sea of *WILLIAM*'s Praiſes loſt?
Nor let her tempt that Deep, nor make the Shore
Where our abandon'd Youth She ſees
Shipwrack'd in Luxury, and loſt in Eaſe;
Whom nor *Britannia*'s Danger can alarm,
Nor *WILLIAM*'s Exemplary Virtue warm:

* *Virtus, recludens immeritis mori*
Cœlum, negatâ tentat iter viâ;
Cœtuſque vulgares & udam
Spernit humum, fugiente pennâ.

Tell

Tell 'em howe'er the *King* can yet Forgive
Their Guilty Sloth, their Homage yet Receive,
And let their wounded Honour live:
But ſure and ſudden be their juſt Remorſe;
Swift be their Virtues Riſe, and ſtrong its Courſe; †
For though for certain Years and deſtin'd Times,
Merit has lain confus'd with Crimes;
Though *Jove* ſeem'd Negligent of human Cares,
Nor Scourg'd our Follies, nor return'd our Pray'rs,
His Juſtice now demands the equal Scales,
Sedition is ſuppreſs'd, and Truth prevails:
Fate its great End by ſlow Degrees attains,
And *Europe* is Redeem'd and *WILLIAM* Reigns.

* ——*Sæpe Dieſpiter*
Neglectus inceſto addidit Integrum.
Rarò antecedentem ſceleſtum
Deſeruit Pede pœna claudo.

VERSES

VERSES

Spoke to the

LADY *Henrietta-Cavendiſh-Holles Harley,*

In the LIBRARY of

St. *John's* COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

November the 9*th*, *Anno* 1719.

MADAM,

SINCE *ANNA* viſited the Muſes-Seat,
(Around her Tomb let weeping Angels wait)
Hail THOU, the Brighteſt of thy Sex, and Beſt,
Moſt gracious Neighbour* and moſt welcome Gueſt.
Not HARLEY's Self to *Cam* and *Iſis* dear,
In Virtues and in Arts great OXFORD's Heir,
Not HE ſuch preſent Honours ſhall receive,
As to his CONSORT We aſpire to give.

* *The Seat of this noble Family is at* Wimpole *in* Cambridgeſhire.

Writings

Writings of Men our Thoughts to Day neglects,
To pay due Homage to the Softer-Sex:
Plato and *Tully* we forbear to read,
And their great Foll'wers whom this Houſe has bred,
To ſtudy Leſſons from Thy Morals given,
And ſhining Characters, impreſs'd by Heaven.
Science in Books no longer We purſue,
Minerva's Self in HARRIET's Face we view;
For when with Beauty we can Virtue join,
We paint the Semblance of a Form Divine.
Their pious Incenſe let our Neighbours bring,
To the kind Mem'ry of ſome bounteous *King*,

With grateful Hand, due Altars let them raiſe,
To ſome good *Knight*'s or holy *Prelate*'s Praiſe; *
We tune our Voices to a nobler Theme,
Your Eyes we bleſs, your Praiſes we proclaim,
Saint *John*'s was founded in a WOMAN's Name.
Enjoin'd by Statute, to the Fair We bow;
In Spite of Time, We keep our ancient Vow;
What *Margaret Tudor* was, is *Harriet Harley* now.

* *Sir* Thomas White *was the Founder of St.* John's *College*, Oxon; *and their greateſt Benefactor, next to Him, was Archbiſhop* Laud.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

ORPHAN.

Repreſented by ſome of the *Weſtminſter* Scholars, at *Hickford*'s Dancing-Room in *Panton-Street* near *Leiceſter-Fields*, the Second of *February*, 1720.

Spoken by the Lord *DUPLIN*, who acted *CORDELIO*.‡

WHAT! wou'd my humble Comrades have me ſay
Gentle Spectators, pray excuſe the Play?
Such Work by Hireling Actors ſhou'd be done,
Whom you may Clap or Hiſs for half a Crown:
Our gen'rous Scenes for Friendſhip We repeat;
And if we don't Delight; at leaſt we Treat.

‡ *The* Page *in the* ORPHAN.

Our

Ours is the Damage, if We chance to blunder,
We may be ask'd *whoſe* PATENT *We act under?*

How ſhall We gain you *Alamode de France?*
We hir'd this Room; but none of Us can Dance
In cutting Capers We ſhall never pleaſe:
Our Learning does not lie below our Knees.

Shall We procure You Symphony and Sound?
Then You muſt Each ſubſcribe *Two hundred Pound,*
There We ſhou'd fail too, as to Point of Voice:
Miſtake Us not; *We're no* ITALIAN *Boys:*
True BRITONS Born; from *Weſtminſter* We come;
And only ſpeak the Style of ancient ROME.
We wou'd Deſerve, not poorly beg Applauſe;
And ſtand or fall by *Freind's* and *Busby's* Laws.

For the *Diſtreſs'd* Your Pity We implore:
If once refus'd, We'll trouble You no more,
But leave our *Orphan* ſqualling at your Door.

THE CONVERSATION. A TALE.

IT always has been thought diſcreet,
To know the Company You meet;
And ſure there may be ſecret Danger,
In talking much before a Stranger.
Agreed: What then? Then drink your Ale.
I'll pledge You, and repeat my Tale.

No Matter where the Scene is fixt:
The Perſons were but odly mixt;
When Sober DAMON thus began:
(And DAMON is a clever Man)
I now grow Old; but ſtill, from Youth,
Have held for *Modeſty* and *Truth*.
The Men who by theſe Sea-marks ſteer,
In Life's great Voyage never Err:
Upon this Point I dare defy
The World: I pauſe for a Reply.

Sir, Either is a good Aſſiſtant:
Said One who ſat a little diſtant:
Truth decks our *Speeches* and our *Books*;
And *Modeſty* adorns our *Looks:*
But farther Progreſs we muſt take,
Not only born to *Look* and *Speak:*
The Man muſt *Act.* The STAGYRITE
Says thus, and ſays extremely right:
Strict Juſtice is the Sov'raign Guide,
That o'er our Actions ſhou'd preſide:
This Queen of Virtues is confeſt,
To regulate and bind the reſt.
Thrice Happy, if you can but find
Her equal Balance poize your Mind:
All d ff'rent Graces ſoon will enter,
Like Lines concurrent to their Center.

'Twas thus, in ſhort, theſe *Two* went on,
With *Yea* and *Nay*, and *Pro* and *Con*,
Thro' many Points divinely Dark,
And WATERLAND aſſaulting CLARKE;
'Till, in Theology half loſt,
DAMON took up The *Evening-Poſt*;
Confounded SPAIN compos'd the NORTH,
And deep in Politicks held forth.

Methinks we're in the like Condition,
As at the TREATY of PARTITION:
That Stroke, for all King WILLIAM's Care,
Begat another tedious War.

MATTHEW, who knew the *whole Intrigue*,
Ne'er much approv'd that *Myſtic League:*
In the vile UTRECHT TREATY too,
Poor Man, he found enough to do.
Sometimes to me he did apply;
But down-right Dunſtable was I,
And told him, *where* they were *miſtaken*,
And counſell'd him to *ſave his Bacon:*
But (paſs his *Politicks* and *Proſe*)
I never herded with his Foes;
Nay, in his *Verſes*, as a Friend,
I ſtill found Something to commend:
Sir, I excus'd his NUT-BROWN-MAID;
Whate'er ſeverer Criticks ſaid:
Too far, I own, the Girl was try'd:
The Women All were on my Side.
For ALMA I return'd him Thanks:
I lik'd her with her little Pranks:
Indeed, poor SOLOMON in Rhime,
Was much too Grave to be Sublime.

PINDAR and DAMON ſcorn Tranſition:
So on he ran a new Diviſion;
'Till out of Breath he turn'd to ſpit:
(Chance often helps us more than Wit)
T'other that lucky Moment took,
Juſt nick'd the Time, broke in, and ſpoke.

Of all the Gifts the Gods afford,
(If we may take old TULLY's Word)

The

The greateſt is a Friend; whoſe Love
Knows how to Praiſe, and when Reprove:
From ſuch a Treaſure never part,
But hang the Jewel on your Heart:
And, pray, Sir (it delights me) tell;
You know this Author mighty well——
Know him! d'ye queſtion it? Ods fiſh!
Sir, does a Beggar know his Diſh?
I lov'd him, as I told you, I
Advis'd him——— Here a Stander-by
Twitch'd DAMON gently by the Cloke,
And thus, unwilling, Silence broke;
DAMON, *'tis time we ſhou'd retire:*
The Man you talk with is MAT. PRIOR.

PATRON thro' Life, and from thy Birth my Friend;
DORSET, to Thee, this Fable let me ſend:
With DAMON's Lightneſs weigh thy ſolid Worth:
The Foil is known to ſet the Diamond forth:
Let the feign'd Tale this real Moral give,
How *many* DAMONS, how *few* DORSETS live.

July, 1721.

COLIN'S MISTAKES.

Written in Imitation of SPENSER's Style.

Me ludit Amabilis
Inſaniæ. Hor.

I.

FAST by the Banks of *Cam* was *Colin* bred:
(Ye *Nymphs*, for ever guard that ſacred Stream;)
To *Wimpole*'s woody Shade his Way he ſped:
(Flouriſh thoſe Woods, the *Muſes* endleſs Theme.)
As whilom *Colin* ancient Books had read
Lays *Greek* and *Roman* wou'd he oft rehearſe,
And much he lov'd, and much by Heart he ſaid,
What Father *Spenſer* ſung in *Britiſh* Verſe.
Who reads that Bard, deſires like him to write,
Still fearful of Succeſs, ſtill tempted by Delight.

II. Soon

II.

Soon as *Aurora* had unbarr'd the Morn,
And Light diſcover'd Nature's chearful Face;
The ſounding Clarion, and the ſprightly Horn
Call'd the blythe Huntſman to the diſtant Chace.
Eſcſoons they iſſue forth, a goodly Band;
The deep-mouth'd *Hounds* with Thunder rend the Air,
The fiery *Courſers* ſtrike the riſing Sand;
Far thro' the Thicket flies the frighted *Deer*;
Harley the Honour of the Day ſupports;
His Preſence glads the Wood; his Orders guide the Sports.

III.

On a fair *Palfrey* well equip't did ſit
An *Amazonian*-Dame; a ſcarlet Veſt
For active Horſemanſhip adaptly fit
Inclos'd her dainty Limbs; a plumed Creſt
Wav'd o'er her Head; obedient by her Side
Her Friends and Servants rode; with artful Hand
Full well knew ſhe the *Steed* to turn and guide:
The willing *Steed* receiv'd her ſoft Command:
Courage and Sweetneſs in her Face were ſeated;
On her all Eyes were bent, and all good Wiſhes waited.

IV.

This ſeeing, *Colin* thus his *Muſe* beſpake:
For alltydes was the *Muſe* to *Colin* nigh,
Ah me too nigh! Or, *Clio*, I miſtake;
Or that bright Form that pleaſeth ſo mine Eye,
Is *Jove*'s fair Daughter *Pallas*, gracious Queen
Of lib'ral Arts; with Wonder and Delight
In *Homer*'s Verſe we read her; well I ween,
That em'lous of his *Grecian* Maſter's Flight,
Dan *Spenſer* makes the fav'rite Goddeſs known;
When in her graceful Look fair *Britomart* is ſhown.

V.

At Noon as *Colin* to the Caſtle came;
Ope'd were the Gates, and right prepar'd the Feaſt,
Appears at Table rich yclad a Dame,
The Lord's Delight, the Wonder of the Gueſt.
With Pearl and Jewels was ſhe ſumptuous deckt,
As well became her Dignity and Place;
But the Beholders mought her Gems neglect,
To fix their Eyes on her more lovely Face,
Serene with Glory, and with Softneſs bright:
O Beauty ſent from Heav'n, to cheer the mortal Sight!

VI. Lib'ral

VI.

Lib'ral *Munificence* behind her ſtood;
And decent *State* obey'd her high Command;
And *Charity* diffuſe of native Good
At once portrayes her Mind, and guides her Hand.
As to each Gueſt ſome Fruits ſhe deign'd to lift,
And Silence with obliging Parley broke;
How gracious ſeem'd to each th' imparted Gift;
But how more gracious what the Giver ſpoke?
Such Eaſe, ſuch Freedom did her Deed attend,
That ev'ry Gueſt rejoic'd, exalted to a Friend.

VII.

Quoth *Colin*; *Clio*, if my feeble Senſe
Can well diſtinguiſh yon illuſtrious Dame,
Who nobly doth ſuch gentle Gifts diſpenſe;
In *Latian* Numbers *Juno* is her Name,
Great Goddeſs, who with Peace and Plenty crown'd,
To all that under Sky breathe vital Air
Diffuſeth Bliſs, and through the World around
Pours wealthy Eaſe, and ſcatters joyous Chear;
Certes of her in ſemblant Guiſe I read;
Where *Spenſer* decks his Lays with *Gloriana*'s Deed.

VIII.

VIII.

As *Colin* mus'd at Ev'ning near the Wood;
A Nymph undreſs'd, beſeemeth, by him paſt,
Down to her Feet her ſilken Garment flow'd:
A Ribbon bound and ſhap'd her ſlender Waiſt:
A Veil dependent from her comely Head,
And beauteous Plenty of ambroſial Hair,
O'er her fair Breaſt and lovely Shoulders ſpread,
Behind fell looſe, and wanton'd with the Air.
The ſmiling *Zephyrs* call'd their am'rous Brothers:
They kiſs'd the waving Lawn, and wafted it to others.

IX.

Daiſies and Violets roſe, where'er ſhe trod;
As *Flora* kind her Roots and Buds had ſorted:
And led by *Hymen*, Wedlock's myſtic God;
Ten thouſand *Loves* around the Nymph diſported.
Quoth *Colin*; now I ken the Goddeſs bright,
Whom Poets ſing: All human Hearts enthrall'd,
Obey her Pow'r; her Kindneſs the Delight
Of Gods and Men; great *Venus* ſhe is call'd,
When *Mantuan* VIRGIL doth her Charms rehearſe;
Belphebe is her Name, in gentle *Edmund*'s Verſe.

X. Heard

X.

Heard this the *Muſe*, and with a Smile reply'd,
Which ſhew'd ſoft Anger mixt with friendly Love;
Twin Siſters ſtill were Ignorance and Pride;
Can we know Right, 'till Error we remove?
But, *Colin*, well I wiſt, will never learn:
Who ſlights his Guide ſhall deviate from his Way:
Me to have ask'd what thou cou'dſt not diſcern,
To Thee pertain'd; to Me the thing to ſay.
What Heav'nly Will from Human Eye conceals,
How can the Bard aread, unleſs the Muſe reveals?

XI.

Nor *Pallas* Thou, nor *Britomart* haſt ſeen;
When ſoon at Morn the flying Deer was chac'd:
Nor *Jove*'s great Wife, nor *Spenſer*'s Fairy Queen
At Noontyde dealt the Honors of the Feaſt:
Nor *Venus*, nor *Belphebe* didſt thou ſpy,
The Evening's Glory, and the Grove's Delight.
Henceforth, if ask'd, inſtructed right, reply,
That all the Day to knowing Mortals Sight
Bright *Ca'ndiſh-Holles-Harley* ſtood confeſt,
As various Hour advis'd, in various Habit dreſt.

To the Right Honourable the

COUNTESS DOWAGER

OF

DEVONSHIRE,

ON A

PIECE of *WISSEN*'s;

Wherein were all her GRANDSONS Painted.

WISSEN and *Nature* held a long Conteſt,
If *She* Created, or *He* Painted beſt;
With pleaſing Thought the wond'rous Combat grew;
She, ſtill form'd *fairer*; *He*, ſtill *liker* drew.

In theſe *Sev'n* Brethren, they contended laſt,
With Art increas'd, their utmoſt Skill they try'd,
And *Both* well pleas'd, they had *Themſelves* ſurpaſs'd,
The *Goddeſs* triumph'd, and the *Painter* dy'd.

That

That *Both*, their Skill to this vaſt Height did raiſe
Be *Ours* the Wonder, and be *Yours* the Praiſe:
For here, as in ſome Glaſs, is well deſcry'd
Only *your ſelf* thus *often* multiply'd.
When *Heav'n* had *You* and Gracious *Anna** made,
What more exalted Beauty cou'd it add?
Having no nobler Images in Store,
It but kept up to theſe, nor cou'd do more
Than copy well, what it well fram'd before.
If in dear *Burghley*'s gen'rous Face we ſee
Obliging Truth, and handſome Honeſty;
With all that World of Charms, which ſoon will move
Rev'rence in Men, and in the Fair-Ones Love:
His ev'ry Grace, his fair Deſcent aſſures,
He has his Mother's *Beauty*, *She* has *Yours*,
If ev'ry *Cecil*'s Face had ev'ry Charm,
That Thought can fancy, or that Heav'n can form;
Their Beauties all become your Beauty's Due,
They are all Fair, becauſe they're all like *You*.
If ev'ry *Ca'ndiſh* great and charming Look,
From You that *Air*, from You the *Charms* they took.
In their each *Limb*, your *Image* is expreſt,
But on their *Brow* firm *Courage* ſtands confeſt;
There, their great Father by a ſtrong Increaſe,
Adds *Strength* to Beauty, and compleats the Piece,
Thus ſtill your *Beauty*, in your *Sons*, we view,
WISSEN *Sev'n*-Times *One* great Perfection drew,
Whoever *ſat*, the Picture ſtill is *You*.

* *Eldeſt Daughter of the* COUNTESS.

So

So when the Parent-*Sun* with genial Beams,
Has Animated many goodly *Gems*;
He ſees himſelf improv'd, while ev'ry *Stone*,
With a reſembling Light, reflects a *Sun*.

So when great *Rhea* many *Births* had giv'n,
Such as might govern Earth, and people Heav'n;
Her Glory grew diffus'd, and fuller known,
She ſaw the *Deity* in every *Son*:
And to what *God* ſoe'er *Men* Altars rais'd,
Hon'ring the *Off-ſpring*, they the *Mother* prais'd.

In ſhort-liv'd Charms let others place their Joys
Which Sickneſs blaſts, and certain Age deſtroys:
Your *ſtronger Beauty*, Time can ne'er deface,
'Tis ſtill renew'd, and ſtamp'd in all *your Race*.

Ah! *Wiſſen*, had thy *Art* been ſo refin'd,
As with their *Beauty*, to have drawn their *Mind*
Thro' circling Years thy Labours wou'd ſurvive,
And living Rules to faireſt Virtue give,
To Men unborn, and Ages yet to live;
'Twould ſtill be Wonderful, and ſtill be New,
Againſt what Time, or Spite, or Fate cou'd do,
'Till *Thine* confus'd with *Nature*'s Pieces lie,
And *Cavendiſh*'s Name, and *Cecil*'s Honour Die.

The Female PHAETON.

I.

THUS *Kitty** Beautiful and Young,
And wild as Colt untam'd;
Beſpoke the FAIR from whence ſhe ſprung,
With little Rage inflam'd.

II.

Inflam'd with Rage at ſad Reſtraint,
Which wiſe *Mamma* ordain'd;
And ſorely vext to play the Saint,
Whilſt Wit and Beauty reign'd.

III.

Shall I thumb Holy Books, confin'd,
With *Abigails* forſaken?
Kitty's for other Things deſign'd,
Or I am much miſtaken,

* *Dutcheſs of* Queensberry.

IV. Muſt

IV.

Muſt Lady *Finney* friſk about,
And viſit with her Couſins?
At Balls muſt *She* make all the Rout,
And bring home Hearts by Dozens?

V.

What has ſhe *Better*, pray, than I?
What *hidden Charms* to boaſt,
That all Mankind for her ſhou'd die,
Whilſt I am ſcarce a Toaſt?

VI.

Deareſt *Mamma*, for once let me
Unchain'd, my Fortune try;
I'll have my *Earl*, as well as *She*, †
Or know the Reaſon why.

VII.

I'll ſoon with *Finney*'s Pride quit ſcore;
Make all her Lovers *fall*;
They'll grieve I was not *loos'd* before,
She, I was *loos'd* at all.

† *The Earl of* Eſſex *married Her. She died in* France, 17[illegible]

VIII. Fondne[illegible]

VIII.

Fondneſs prevail'd, *Mamma* gave way;
Kitty, at Heart's Deſire.
Obtain'd the Chariot for a Day,
And *ſet the World on Fire.*

The Judgment of VENUS.

I.

WHEN *Kneller's* Works of various Grace,
Were to fair VENUS ſhown,
The Goddeſs ſpy'd in ev'ry Face
Some Features of her own.

II.

Juſt ſo, (and pointing with her Hand)
So ſhone, ſays ſhe my Eyes,*
When from *Two Goddeſſes* I gain'd
An *Apple* for a *Prize.*

* *Lady* RANELAUGH.

III. When

III.

When in the Glaſs, and River too,
My Face I lately view'd,
Such was I, if the Glaſs be true,
If true, the Cryſtal Flood.

IV.

In Colours of This glorious kind ‡
Apelles painted Me;
My Hair thus flowing with the Wind,
Sprung from my *Native Sea.*

V,

Like this diſorder'd, wild, forlorn, *
Big with Ten Thouſand Fears,
Thee, my *Adonis*, did I mourn,
Ev'n Beautiful in Tears.

VI.

But viewing *Myra* plac'd apart,
I fear, ſays ſhe, I fear,
Apelles, that Sir *Godfrey*'s Art
Has far ſurpaſs'd Thine here.

‡ *Lady* SALISBURY. * *Lady* JANE DOUGLAS *Siſter to the Duke of* DOUGLAS.

VII.

t I, a Goddeſs of the Skies,
By *Myra* am undone,
nd muſt reſign to *her* the *Prize*,
The *Apple*, which I won:

VIII.

ut ſoon as ſhe had *Myra* ſeen
Majeſtically Fair,
he ſparkling Eye, the Look ſerene,
The gay and eaſy Air.

IX.

ith fiery Emulation fill'd,
The wond'ring Goddeſs cry'd,
pelles muſt to *Kneller* yield.
Or *Venus* muſt to *HYDE*.

TO CLOE.

I.

WHILST *I* am ſcorch'd with *Hot* Deſire,
In vain *Cold* Friendſhip *you* return;
Your Drops of Pity on *my* Fire,
Alas! but make it *fiercer* burn.

II.

Ah! wou'd you have the *Flame* ſuppreſt
That *kills* the Heart it *heats* too faſt,
Take *half* my Paſſion to your *Breaſt*,
The *reſt* in *mine* ſhall *ever* laſt.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH,

For HIMSELF,

Spoken *EXTEMPORE.*

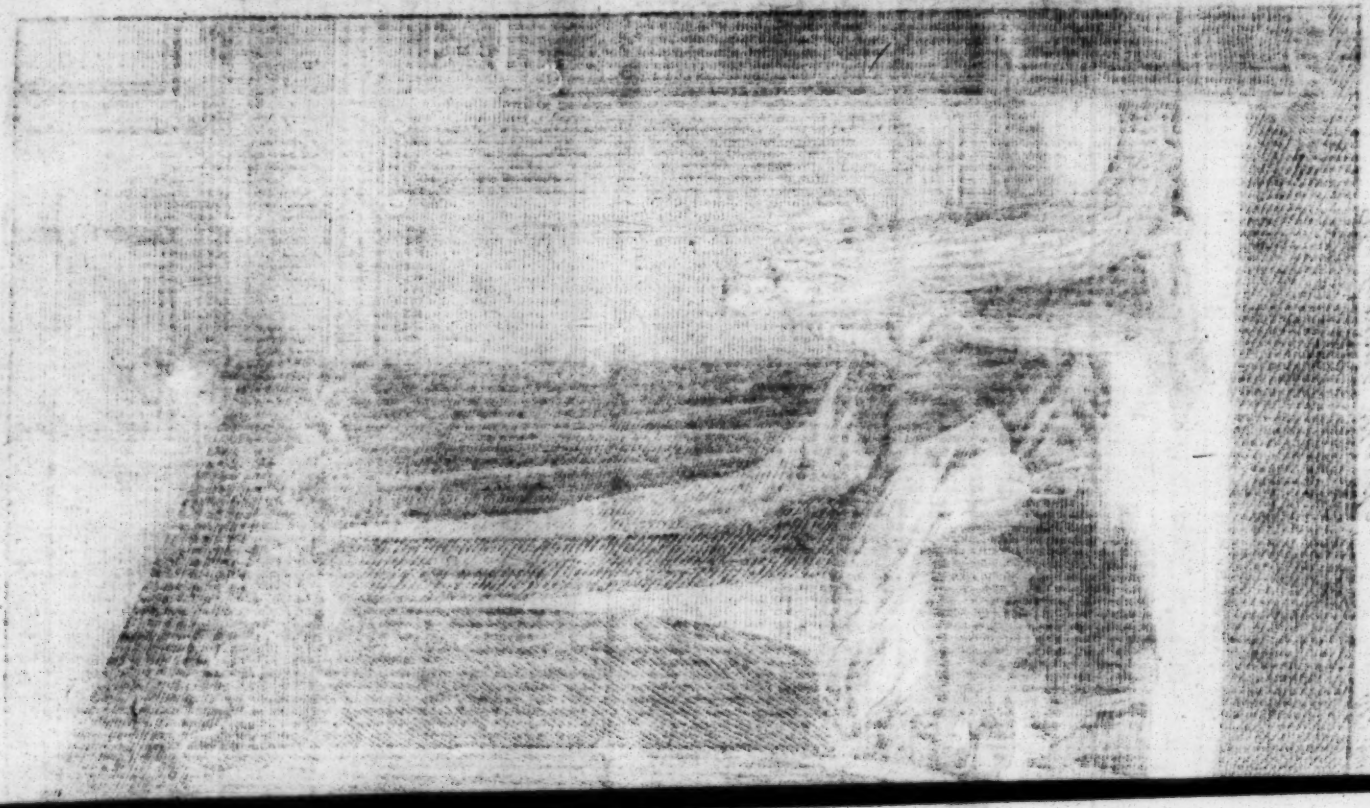
NOBLES, and HERALDS by your leave,
Here * lie the Bones of MATTHEW PRIOR;
The Son of ADAM, and of EVE,
Let BOURBON, or NASSAU, go higher.

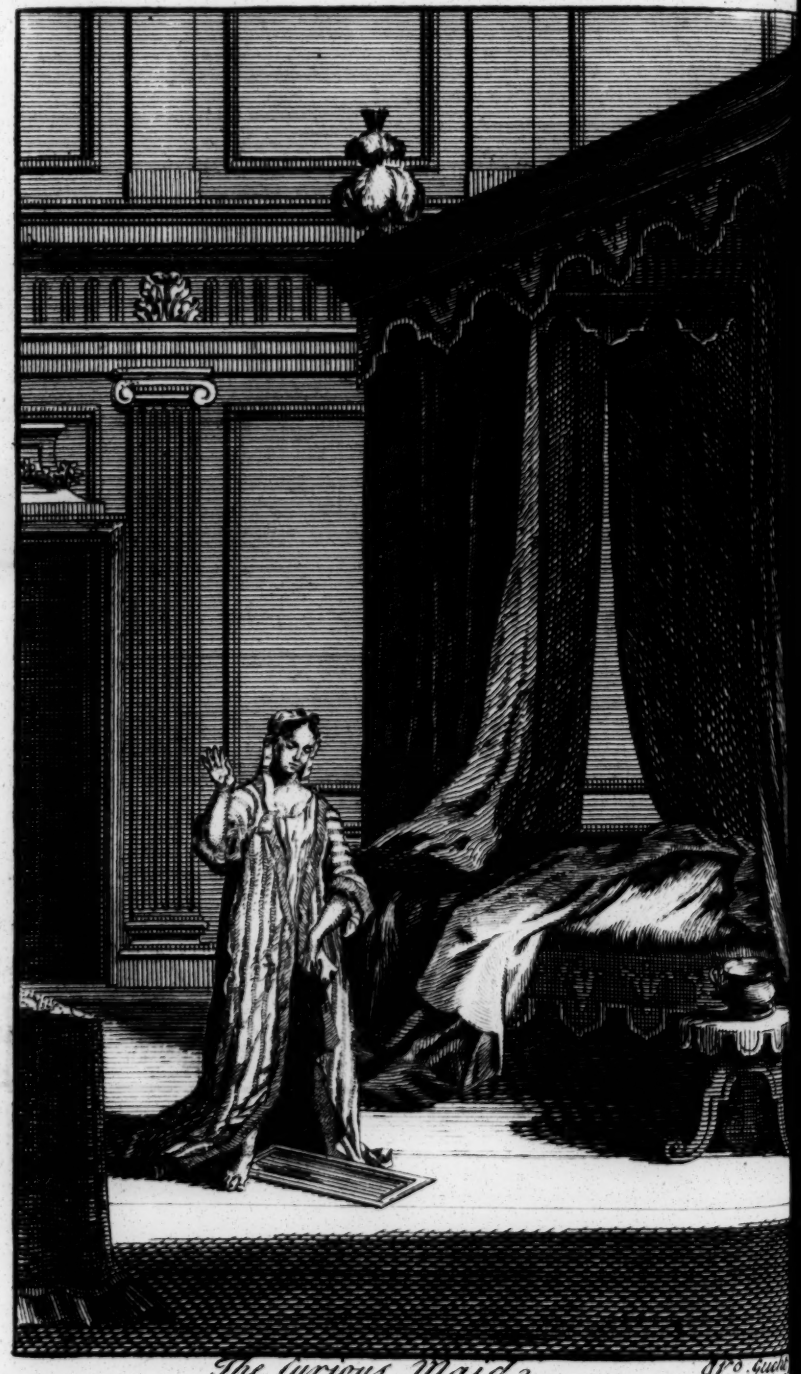
* *Alluding to* Weſtminſter-Abbey.

ORIGINAL POEMS

BY

SEVERAL HANDS.





The Curious Maid.

THE CURIOUS MAID: A TALE.

An Imitation of Mr. PRIOR.

By HILDEBRAND JACOB, *Esq;*

Obſtupuit ; ſteteruntque Comæ.

BEAUTY's a gaudy *Sign*, no more,
To tempt the Gazer to the Door;
Within the *Entertainment* lies,
Far off remov'd from vulgar Eyes.

Thus CLOE, beautiful, and gay,
As on her Bed the *Wanton* lay,
Hardly awake from Dreaming o'er
Her Conqueſts of the Day before.

And what's this *hidden Charm?* (ſhe cry'd)
And ſpurn'd th'embracing Clothes aſide
From Limbs of ſuch a Shape, and Hue,
As TITIAN's Pencil never drew,
Reſolv'd the *Dark-Abode* to trace,
Of Female Honour, or Diſgrace;
Where Virtue finds her Task too hard,
And often ſlumbers on the Guard.

Th' Attempt ſhe makes, and *buckles* to
With all her Might; but 'twou'd not do:
Still, as ſhe *bent*, the *Part*-requir'd,
As conſcious of its Shame, *retir'd.*

What's to be done? We're all a-ground!
Some other Method muſt be found ——
Water NARCISSUS' *Face* cou'd ſhow,
And why not CLOE's Charms *below?*
Big with this Project, ſhe applies.
The JORDAN to her Virgin Thighs;
But the dull *Lake* her Wiſh denies.

What Luck is here? We're foil'd again?
The DEVIL's *in the Dice*, that's plain!

No *Chymiſt* e'er was ſo perplex'd;
No jilted *Coxcomb* half ſo vex'd;
No *Bard*, whoſe gentler Muſe excels
At *Tunbridge*, *Bath*, or *Epſom-Wells*,
Ordain'd, by PHOEBUS' ſpecial Grace,
To ſing the Beauties of the Place,
E'er pump'd, and chaf'd to that Degree,
To tagg his fav'rite Simile.

Thus Folks are often at a Stand,
When Remedies are near at Hand!
For lo! the *Glaſs* — ay, *That*, indeed!
'Tis *Ten* to *One* we now *ſucceed!*
To this Relief ſhe flies amain,
And ſtraddles o'er the *ſhining-Plain*,
The *ſhining-Plain* reflects at large
All DAMON's Wiſh and CLOE's Charge.
The *Curious* MAID in deep Surprize,
On the *Grim-Feature* fix'd her Eyes:
(Far leſs amaz'd ÆNEAS ſtood,
When by *Avernus'* ſacred Flood,
He ſaw *Hell's Portal fring'd with Wood.*)

And is this ALL, is this (ſhe cry'd)
MAN's great *Deſire*, and WOMAN's *Pride*;
The *Spring* whence *flows* the *Lover's* Pain,
The *Ocean* where 'tis *loſt* again,
By *Fate* for ever doom'd to prove
The *Nurſery* and *Grave* of *Love?*

No

O THOU of *dire* and *horrid* Mien,
And always better *felt* than *ſeen!*
Fit Rapture for the gloomy *Night*,
O, never more approach the *Light!*
Like other MYST'RIES Men *adore*,
Be HID *to be* REVER'D *the more!*

THE

THE SILENT FLUTE: OR, THE MEMBERS SPEECH TO THEIR *SOVERAIGN.*

Henceforth Italian *Concerts muſt be mute,*
No Inſtrument is like the SILENT FLUTE.

O THOU, deſign'd by Nature to controul,
And in the Centre plac'd to guide the Whole,
What Praiſe to ſuit thy Merit ſhall we bring,
Or how, Great Limb, thy nervous Glory ſing?

From Thee our nobler Talents we derive,
Courage to act, and Cunning to contrive.
With Thee we flouriſh, and with Thee we *fall*,
Of Health thou ſure Prognoſtick to us all.

When Chance or Vigour does expoſe thy Face,
Tho' *Prudes* may frown, and gravely quit the Place,
Soft *Maids*, with giddy Eyes, thy Luſtre ſee,
Dazzled, like Slaves, at Eaſtern Majeſty;
They ſmile, and bluſh, and peep, and fly, and turn,
And in the pleaſing Conflict chide, and burn;
No *Steel* like Thee their Paleneſs can relieve;
E'en *Widows* by thy Aid forget to grieve.

What, tho' with Blood thy Conqueſts oft are ſtain'd?
To either Party's Joy they ſtill are gain'd;
Nor doſt thou *ſwell*, vain-glorious, with Succeſs;
But after Action ſtill retir'd, and *leſs*,
The *Hero* and the *Sage* at once confeſs.

That thou art juſt, thy very Foes agree,
Partial to no Condition or Degree,
Nor e'er conſult the Fair One's Pedigree;
But viſit both the Wealthy and the Poor,
And *knock* like equal Death, at ev'ry Door.

Honour, that ſullen Guardian Pow'r, who dwells
In unfrequented Caves and barren Cells,

Howe'er reſolv'd, her *folding Gate* unlocks,
Unable to reſiſt thy mighty Shocks:
Yet ſome pretend Thou art a Paradox.
Tho' blind, yet bold; tho' dumb, You teach to ſpeak,
Strong without Bones; and thro' your Triumph *weak*.

But Nature on thy Vigour ſtill relies,
And for her fading Labours hopes Supplies.
On boldly then, Your youthful Heat employ,
And ſtrenuouſly force Your Way to Joy;
Yet all Exceſſes, as pernicious, ſhun,
Nor ſtrain the Tenth laborious *Heat* to *run*,
By curs'd Ambition led, or fond Intreaties won:
So long with *Matrons* will you find Reſpect,
Maintain your *Crimſon Bluſh*, and Form erect.

Pleas'd, We'll purſue, where'er You lead the Way,
And Your dear Laws implicitly obey;
By Day, by Night, thro' Heats, thro' Winter's Snow,
Fatigue and Danger ſcorn'd, We'll boldly go,
Not coldly asking why, when You command;
For You in Reaſon's Place, triumphant *ſtand*.
Long in ſuperior Glory may'ſt Thou thrive,
And may we ne'er thy active Power ſurvive!
Scorn'd ſhall We be, when Thou can'ſt charm no more,
And ſlighted by the Sex we pleas'd before.
Strong as Thou art, thy ſtubborn Neck muſt yield,
One Day reluctant, thou muſt quit the Field;
Then ſhall the *Nymphs* thy *drooping Head* deride,
Tho' now the *Maidens* Dream, and *Matrons* Pride.

Hence, gloomy Thought, while yet our Monarch reigns,
And the quick Torrent boils within our Veins;
And thou, Great Chief, the gloomy Thought forgive,
Nor ſhrink with ſudden Grief; but *riſe*, and live!
Thee to ſome fond expecting *Nymph* we'll bear,
And Beds of Roſes for thy Bliſs prepare.

May no Alarms your ſofter Hours annoy;
Still in ſweet Peace repeat the kindly Joy.
May no Diſguſt e'er leſſen your Deſire;
No *Flatus* raiſe Thee with deceitful Fire;
No Spells, from ſlighted *Maids*, your Courage foil,
While on yourſelf you ſhamefully recoil,
Or vainly for th' *important Minute* toil,
And ſtill dear Wanderer, may'ſt thou be free
From the infected Rover's Infamy!
Dire Plague! Which Heav'n has long reſerv'd in Store,
To damp the envy'd Joy, too great before.
But if the Pow'rs this perfect Bliſs deny,
And needs muſt puniſh your Inconſtancy,
Rather when old, and loaded with Renown,
A *Priapiſm* all your Labours crown,
And may you prove the *D——do* of the Town.

ALLU

ALLUSION TO *HORACE*, ODE XXX. BOOK I.

CÆLIA this Night has promis'd I,
(And bound it with, *Or may I die*)
Shall then be eas'd of all my Pains,
And taſte the Sweets of Lovers Chains;
The Bed, ſhe tells me, is prepar'd,
The Candle out, the Door unbar'd,

* Lovely Goddeſs, Queen of Love,
Ruler of the Gods Above,
For one ſoft Moment leave thy Sky,
Neglected once let *Paphos* lie,
And here, with all thy Graces fly:
Contemn the bawling Harlot's Pray'r,
And ſnuff up nobler Incenſe here.

* *O Venus, regina Gnidi, Paphique,*
Sperne dilectam Cypron, &c.

Let

Let Love, in all his fierce Deſires,
His raging, never-dying Fires,
Enter the lovely Form, and there,
Make Pleaſure his peculiar Care;
In naked conqu'ring Charms array'd,
Let all the Graces lend their Aid,
And Youth, and ſoft Perſuaſion meet,
To make the joyful Scene complete.

The Goddeſs hears, and now ſhe's there,
I ſee and feel her ev'ry where;
See how the charming *Calia* lies,
With heaving Breaſts, extended Thighs,
And ſtrong-deſiring, ſparkling Eyes;
Declaring now, that Love's poſſeſt,
And revels warmly in her Breaſt.

Wanton *Venus*, now inſpire
Thy Servant with unuſual Fire;
Prolong the Night, as when great *Jove*
Was bleſt with his *Alcmena*'s Love;
And let me, Goddeſs, if you can,
Be this Night *ſomething more* than *Man*.

BEDLAM.

——*Peccatur & extra.* Hor.

YOU who, like *Proteus*, in all Shapes appear,
And ev'ry Hue, like the *Camelion*, wear,
Phantaſia, airy Pow'r! in humbler Lays
We ſing your Triumphs, and your Temple raiſe.
There, far from Reaſon, abſolute You reign,
And ſcorn your proud, unequal Rival's Chain:
A thouſand reſtleſs Forms around you ſport,
A thouſand buſy Dreams your Throne ſupport;
Vain Terrors your ſeverer Orders wait,
And gay, deluſive, Hopes attend your State.

In *Britain*, ſtill for ſome new Madneſs fam'd,
When Madmen long had rag'd, and unreſtrain'd,

Near

Near Old *Auguſta*'s Walls, the ſpacious Seat,
The wretched, wand'ring, *Lunatic*'s Retreat,
Aroſe Majeſtic to the Founder's Fame,
And * *Bedlam*, from its Purpoſe, is its Name.

Here ev'ry Error of the lawleſs Mind,
The Monſters of diſtemper'd Thought we find,
Madneſs in all Extremes: erene, and mild;
Where *Euclid*'s Sons† run Regularly wild;
Where patient Chymiſts ſtill their Labour ply;
And where the frantic *Dead* ſupinely lie.

Or loudly Raving; where Ambition reigns,
O'er proſtrate Foes, and wide extending Plains,
With Tyrants of all Kinds, and each Degree
From Pedagogue to Eaſtern Majeſty.

Or the pale Wretch, in one ſad Poſture found,
With fix'd, and hollow Eyes ſurveys the Ground,
For ever dwells on the conſuming Care,
And ev'ry Thing he turns to his Deſpair.
Now tells of adverſe Fate, and fondly dreams
Of troubled Oceans, and contending Streams;
Or weeps, like *Niobe*, and weary ſtrays
O'er falſe, inchanted, Ground, and thorny Ways;
Or threatning Ghoſts, ariſing to his View,
On lonely Sands, and Shores, the Wretch purſue;

* Bedlem, *or* Bethlem, *ſignifies the* Houſe *of* Bread.
† *Mathematicians.*

Or all around a thouſand Furies glare,
And ſhake their fiery Brands, and ſnaky Hair.

For grateful Errors ſome their Reaſon change,
And in the gaudy Fields of Fancy range.
Magnific to their wild delighted Eyes
Peruvian Roofs, and *Parian* Columns riſe;
Beneath their Thrones the *Nile* and *Ganges* meet,
And waft unbounded Riches to their Feet;
Kind *Nymphs* around with gay *Lyæus* dance,
And not one Fear invades the golden Trance,
Happy till envious Art the Bane reſtore,
And ſad returning Reaſon finds 'em poor.
Nor here alone are theſe Deluſions kind,
Nor to our Age, nor to our Clime confin'd:
Athens of old a famous Beggar knew,
Who rich, and happy in Diſtraction grew;
Loud thro' the throng'd * *Piræum* he commands,
The Trade of mighty Nations in his Hands,
Till taught his long neglected Rags to own,
And curſe the ‡ *Hayles*, and *Shadwell* of the Town.

Near theſe the ſage Obſerver of the Skies,
Imp'd with *Icarian* Wings, attempts to riſe,
The World of *Lunar* Nations to ſurpriſe;
Impatient to poſſeſs the diſtant Ground,
And plough the ** *fertile Plains* himſelf has found.

* *A Haven at* Athens. ‡ *Two Phyſicians; the* firſt to Bedlam.

** *Alluding to* Terra Fertilitatis *in the* Lunar *Maps.*

Damn'd

Damn'd-Authors next, the taſtleſs Age deplore;
Many in humble Proſe; in Meeter more.
Theſe, *Phœbus*, did your wholſom Laws diſclaim,
And fondly hop'd with Eaſe to purchaſe Fame.
Here oft in ſweet Confuſion they excel;
Or mighty Deeds in mighty Madneſs tell,
While Seas of Crimſon Gore the Plain o'erſpread,
" *And Heav'n turns pale to ſee us look ſo red.* §
Or Nature's general Wreck they bravely dare,
The whirling Globe from off its Axle tear,
Hurl Worlds at Worlds, eclipſe each heav'nly Spark,
" *While Gods meet Gods, and juſtle in the Dark.* §

With you, bright Queen* of Error, unconfin'd
They ſoar, and leave the Weight of Senſe behind,
Thus on your wanton Wings ſupinely ride,
There moſt ſecure where moſt they want a Guide.
With you, and Art of old, the tuneful Quire
To Heav'n itſelf with Safety could aſpire,
Sing the bleſt State of the Immortal Pow'rs,
Their Loves, their Nectar, and their Golden Bow'rs.
Or elſe deſcending, they the Deep explore,
And thro' the World of Waters find a Shore,
Viſit the *Nereids* Cryſtaline Retreats,
Their Groves of Coral, and their Ouzy Seats.
Or farther, does your reſtleſs Pow'r invite
To Realms of *Chaos*, and eternal Night?

§ LEE *in* Sophonisba. * PHANTASIA.

Tuneful

Tuneful amidſt the horrid Wreck they ſoar,
And celebrate the Elemental War.
Or in a milder Region wou'd they tread?
Behold the quiet Manſion of the Dead!
Silent and fleeting Shades compoſe the Song,
And *Lethe* rolls his lazy Wave along.

Turn, *various* Goddeſs, turn your *beauteous* Face!
We ſing your Triumphs, You your Triumphs grace!
O! cou'd You here, your kindly Aid impart,
And lend your animating Pow'r to Art,
Propitious as when ev'ry Grace you bring
To *Congreve*'s Art, when *Congreve* deigns to ſing,
While Echo pleas'd conveys the Charm around,
And Envy's Self compos'd, devours the Sound!

Yet why, tho' artleſs all, do we delay
Your Sport, inſulting * *Venus*, to diſplay?
Unequal Forms, and Hearts you Here unite;
Or Nature's Laws reverſe in wanton Spite,
While *Coridon* laments his abſent *Swains*,
And ſlighted *Sapho* of her Nymphs complains.

But ſee a love-ſick Maid, with Sighs oppreſt,
Shines with ſuperior Grace amidſt the reſt!
Romantic Tales, in Heaps, compoſe her Bed,
And vaſt *Caſſandra* † props her penſive Head.

* *See* Horace, Ode 33, B. 1.
† *A Romance.*

Sigh

Sigh to her Sighs, and long to ſhare her Pains,
And thus the fond diſtracted Fair complains.

Sprung from a Royal Race of high Renown,
The wandring Heireſs of an Eaſtern Crown
You here behold! a miſerable Maid!
By hapleſs Love to endleſs Care betray'd!
Early my Fame to diſtant Nations flew,
And wondring Crouds from ev'ry Nation drew,
Shining in Arms for *Myra*'s Love they vie,
And many in purſuit of *Myra* die.
Ador'd by All, *One* only I approve,
And Him, and Him alone I vow to love.
But ere the holy Prieſt might join our Hands,
A fatal Task my Royal Sire commands.
Proud of the gen'rous Toil the Hero goes
In queſt of Glory, and our Country's Foes.
Three tedious Moons his Abſence I deplore,
And watch ſollicitous the well-known-Shore,
The Way where then the brave *Orlando* paſs'd,
When theſe o'erflowing Eyes beheld him laſt.
At length I vow, impatient of Delay,
To find my Love, or wander Life away.
Twas in the ſolemn Noon of ſilent Night,
When guided by *Diana*'s doubtful Light,
Along the winding Coaſt I took my Flight.
An Age o'er Plains, o'er Foreſts I'm convey'd,
And Waſtes where yet no human Path is made,

Spells,

Spells, Monſters-Rage, and Tyrant's-Threats endure,
And Pains *Orlando*'s Love alone can cure.
Tell me, ye courteous Knights, whoſe gen'rous Care
Protects the Injur'd, and relieves the Fair,
Tell me what Magic Pow'rs, what *Circe*'s Charms
Detain *Orlando* from his *Myra*'s Arms,
Tell me, O, tell me this, and, O, invade
The Giant's Tow'rs, and free a captive Maid!

Love has a thouſand more fantaſtic Slaves,
And each by Turns a diff'rent Madneſs raves,
Triumphant now, and now again diſtreſs'd,
By Hope elated, or by Fear depreſs'd.

Religion next, and Politicks, combine,
And in one friendly League of *Madneſs* join
The wild Projector, Patriot, and Divine.
Of Schiſms yet untaught, unpractis'd Schemes,
And Credit ſtill to fall, the Frantic Dreams.
Here, *Cynthia*, once a fam'd Coquet, retires,
And burns with Manly Rage, and *Roman* Fires;
Scorns the malicious Art, her Beauty paſt,
And changes Love for Politicks at laſt,
Loud from her Cell the raging *Sibyl* ſcreams
Myſterious Errors, and portentous Dreams;
War, horrid War, and Peace by Turns ſhe ſings,
And *Bedlam* with the Fate of *Europe* rings.
For theſe our ſacred *College* chiefly ſtands,
And half our Lodgings are in Stateſmen's Hands;

Tremendous

Tremendous Croud! with various Rage poſſeſs'd,
And ever more tumultuous than the reſt.

Yet few of all the raving Herd are found
So loud as he who wou'd be thought moſt ſound.
Pity, he cries, a ſad, but wholſom Mind,
A Wretch by falſe, impatient Heirs confin'd!
Bedlam, at leaſt, one Reas'ning Slave contains,
And many yet Without deſerve theſe Chains:
Amidſt his ſhining Hoard *Avaro* wants,
Hoarſe *Stentor* ſings, and bright *Aurelia* paints,
On theſe let *Bedlam*'s juſt Correction fall,
On theſe and on my impious Prodigal!

Not far from hence, and in obſcurer Cells
Spleen with her meagre, faded, People dwells.
A hundred Heads the gloomy Monſter bears,
Each Head by Turns a hundred Faces wears,
Inſpiring all the Train of needleſs Cares.
Phantaſia, you, the deadly *Peſt*, of Yore,
On *Albion*'s Chalky Cliffs to *Eurus* bore:
She ſtill her *Sire* attends, and haunts the cloudy Shore.

Near theſe the *Lunatic*, in fond Deſpair,
Oft to th' inconſtant Moon directs his Pray'r,
Sollicitous obſerves her Nightly Way,
As thro' the Pathleſs Heav'n ſhe ſeems to ſtray,
To her of ſhort-liv'd Intervals complains,
And feels already the approaching Change.

'Twas

'Twas here, amidſt the Croud of gaping Fools,
A celebrated Member of the Schools
Paſs'd gravely on, with ſlow, Majeſtic Pace,
The Pride of *uſeleſs Learning* in his Face.
Tir'd of the noiſy Croud, away, ye rude,
Away, he cry'd, obſtrep'rous Multitude!
Hence! your unſeaſonable Mirth give o'er!
Or learn of me loſt Reaſon to deplore,
Profane, illiterate Herd! who joy to ſee
Man fallen from his native Dignity.
Man! Lordly Creature! for whoſe only Aid
The Earth, and all th' Etherial Lamps were made.
To theſe ſublime his ſtately Front he rears,
And Majeſty in all his Form appears,
And Heaven to that Glorious Form has join'd
A quick, diſcerning, bright, capacious Mind,
And plac'd him next to the *Angelic* Kind.

The ſurly *Lunatic*, whoſe Cell was nigh,
Obſerv'd the canting Pedant ſtalking by,
And thus accoſts him: hiſt, Sir *Gravity!*
When his own Form the Painter wou'd expreſs,
He ſeldom flatters more, or means it leſs.
To me this *Lordly Creature* Man appears
The empty, idle, Sport of Hopes, and Fears,
Flying the Thing he did but now adore,
And now purſuing what he fled before;
Of Nature's more unfiniſh'd Draughts the worſt,
And of all Nature's Wretches moſt accurs'd,

If Flattery and Pride had not conſpir'd
To make his Imperfections ſtill admir'd.
At mighty Things he aims with reſtleſs Strife
Beyond the little Purpoſe of his Life;
Baſe in Oppreſſion, and in Pow'r ſevere;
His Glory Arrogance; his Juſtice, Fear:
For fear of human Nature Laws are made,
For fear of human Puniſhment obey'd.
And his ſublimeſt Knowledge ſeems deſign'd
To prove the narrow Limits of his Mind.
Some whom at leaſt in Silence all revere,
Like Gods, we own, amidſt the Croud appear;
Theſe tho' they muſt admire, they baſely hate,
Or ſtarve the Worth they dare not imitate.
Yet more ungrateful Truths Mankind muſt own,
Was Man but to himſelf ſincerely known;
But from the Dawn of Light they turn away,
And fly like Birds obſcene, the hated Day;
Virtues in human Vanity deviſe,
Which human Weakneſs ne'er can exerciſe,
And ſooth their Wretchedneſs with pompous Lies.
Thus Reaſon is their boaſted Attribute,
The mighty diff'rence 'twixt Man and Brute!
The Flatterer of all, the Guide of none,
And late Reflection of the Wretch undone.
An Armour which in Peace for Pride they bear;
But never of Defence in Time of War.
A Pilot who in Calms alone can guide,
Stem eaſy Currents, and a gentle Tide;

Who, inſolent, and vain, in Safety braves
The ſleeping Tempeſt, and the ſmiling Waves;
But when ſtrong Winds ariſe, and Billows rore,
The idle Boaſter is of Uſe no more,
And the poor Veſſel breaks upon the Shore.

THE DESCRIPTION OF A SHIP *in a* STORM.

I.

WITH flowing Pomp, and beauteous Pride,
The *floating Pile* in Harbour rode,
Proud of her Freight, the ſwelling Tide
Reluctant left the Veſſel's Side,
And kiſs'd it as ſhe flow'd.

II.

The Seas with Eaſtern-Breezes curl'd,
And ſilver'd half the liquid Plain,
Her Anchors weigh'd, her Sails unfurl'd,
Serenely mov'd the *Wooden-World*,
And ſtretch'd along the Main.

III.

Thus whilſt we trace a proſp'rous Scene,
Diſſembled Friendſhip waits on Power;
But early quits the fraudful Mien,
When Fortune is no more ſerene,
And waits but to devour.

IV.

The native Wonders of the Deep,
Preſs to admire the vaſt Machine:
In ſportive Gambols round it leap,
Or elſe at awful Diſtance keep,
In Homage to their Queen.

V.

In vain we fly approaching Ill,
Danger can multiply its Form,
Expos'd we fly like *Jonas* ſtill;
And Heav'n, when 'tis Heav'n's Will
O'ertakes us in a Storm.

VI. The

VI.

The diſtant Surge all foaming white,
Foretells the furious Blaſt;
Dreadful, tho' diſtant, was the Sight,
Confed'rate Winds, and Waves unite,
And menace ev'ry Maſt.

VII.

Winds whiſtling thro' the Shrowds, proclaim
A Fatal Harveſt on the Deck,
Quick in purſuit, as active Flame,
Too ſoon the rolling Ruin came,
And ratify'd the —— Wreck.

VIII.

Thus *Adam* ſhone with new-born Grace,
Inform'd by an Almighty Breath;
Thus the ſame Breath ſweeps off his Race,
Diſorders Nature's beauteous Face,
And teams with inſtant Death.

IX.

Stript of her Pride, the Veſſel rolls,
As if by Sympathy ſhe knew,
The ſecret Anguiſh of our Souls;
With inward deeper Groans, condoles
The Danger of her Crew.

X.

The faithleſs Flood forſook her Keel,
And downward launch'd the lab'ring Hull,
Stun'd, ſhe forgot awhile to reel,
And felt, or almoſt ſeem'd to feel,
A momentary Lull.

XI.

Now what avail'd it to be brave
On liquid Precipices hung,
Suſpended on a breaking Wave?
Beneath Us yawn'd a *Sea-Green-Grave*,
Which ſilenc'd every Tongue.

XII.

Thus in the Jaws of Death we lay,
Nor Light, or Comfort found us there,
Loſt in the Gulph, and Floods of Prey,
No *Sun* to chear Us, nor a *Ray*
Of *Hope*, but in *Deſpair*.

XIII.

The *Seas* encourag'd this *Deſpair*,
While certain Ruin waits on *Land*;
Shou'd we direct our Wiſhes there,
Soon we recal the fatal Prayer,
And wiſh to ſhun the Strand.

XIV.

XIV.

At length a BEING whoſe beheſt,
Reduc'd a *Chaos* into Form,
His Goodneſs and his Power confeſt,
He ſpoke, and, like a GOD, ſuppreſt
Our TROUBLES and the STORM.

STRADA's
NIGHTINGALE.

IMITATED

By Mr. PATTISON.

AS PHOEBUS darted forth a milder Ray,
And lengthning Shades confeſs'd the ſhortning Day;
To *Tyber's* Banks repair'd an am'rous Swain,
The Love and Envy of the Neighb'ring Plain,
To cool his Heat, he ſought the breezy Grove,
To cool his Heat, but more the Heat of Love;

To ſooth his Cares on a ſoft *Lute* he play'd,
But the ſoft *Lute* reviv'd the lovely *Maid*:
Conſpiring *Elms* their Umbrage ſhed around,
Wav'd with applauſe, and liſten'd to the Sound.

When *Philomela*, gentle Bird of Love,
Poor, pretty, harmleſs *Siren* of the Grove,
Enchanted, heard the Shepherd as he play'd,
And ſtole attentive to the tuneful Shade;
Perch'd o'er his Head the *Sylvan* Charmer ſate,
With Envy burning, and with Pride elate.
Ambitiouſly ſhe lent a liſtning Ear,
Fix'd by the Melody, ſhe Dy'd to hear.

Each Note, each flowing Accent of the Song
She ſooth'd, and ſweeten'd with her ſofter Tongue;

Gently refin'd each imitated Strain,
And with his Muſic charms the raviſh'd Swain.

The raviſh'd Swain admir'd the juſt Replies,
Awhile he thinks ſoft Echoes round him riſe;
But when he found his little Rival near,
Imbibing Muſic both at Eye and Ear;
With a ſublimer Touch he ſwept the *Lute*,
The daring Prelude to the ſweet Diſpute;
The dauntleſs Charmer heard the bold Defy,
And warbling anſwer'd with a gay Reply.

Now tendreſt Thoughts the gentle Swain inſpire,
And with a Dying Softneſs tune the Lyre,
Echo, the Muſic of the vernal Woods,
And ſoft remurmur to the falling Floods;
Thus ſweet he plays, but ſweetly plays in vain;
For *Philomela* ſings a ſofter Strain;
With gentler Art She modulates each Note,
And breathes more melting Muſic from her Throat.

Much he admir'd the Magic of her Tongue,
But more to find his *Lute* and *Art* outdone!
And now to loftier Airs he tunes the Strings,
And now to loftier Airs his Echo ſings,
Tho' loud as Thunder, ſwift as Sun-beams float,
She reach'd the ſwelling, caught the flying Note;
In trembling Treble, now in ſolemn Baſe,
She ſhow'd how Nature cou'd his Art deface.

Amaz'd, at length with Rage the Shepherd burn'd,
His Admiration into Anger turn'd;
Inflam'd, with emulating Pride he ſtood,
And thus defy'd the Charmer of the Wood.

And wilt Thou ſtill my Muſic imitate?
Then ſee Thy Folly, and Thy Task is great:
For know, more pow'rful Lays remain unſung,
Lays far Superior to that mimic Tongue.

If not, this *Lute*, this vanquiſh'd *Lute*, I ſwear,
Shall never more delight the liſtning Ear;

But broke in ſcatter'd Fragments, ſtrew the Plain,
And mourn the Glories which it cou'd not gain.

He ſaid, and glowing with a jealous Fire,
With a diſdainful Air he ſtruck the Lyre;
Quick to the Touch the Tides of Muſic flow,
Swell into Strength, or melt away in Woe:
Now raiſe the ſhriller Trumpet's clanging Jar,
Now rouze the Thunders of the tuneful War;
Now ſoft'ning Sounds, and ſadly pleaſing Strains
Breathe out the Lover's Joys, and Lover's Pains.

He Sung; and ſat attentive now to hear,
His little Rival's Fame-contending Air.

But now, too late! her noble Folly found,
Sad *Philomela* ſtood ſubdu'd by Sound;
Tho' vanquiſh'd, yet with gen'rous Ardour fill'd,
Ignobly ſtill ſhe ſcorn'd to quit the Field:
Each emulated Strain, each laboun'd Note,
Trills on her Tongue, and trembles thro' her Throat.
But ſlowly faint, her penſive Accents flow,
Weaken'd with Grief, and overcharg'd with Woe:
Again ſhe Tunes her Voice, again ſhe Sings,
Strains ev'ry Nerve, and quivers on her Wings,
In vain! her ſinking Spirits fade away,
And in a tuneful Agony decay;
Dying ſhe fell, and as the Strains expire,
Breath'd out her Soul in Anguiſh on the Lyre:

Diſſolv'd

Diſſolv'd in Tranſports, ſhe reſign'd her Breath,
And gain'd a living Conqueſt by her Death.

THE COURT *of* VENUS.

From *CLAUDIAN.*

By the SAME.

WHere the fair *Paphian* Goddeſs keeps her Court;
Where the Loves wanton and the Graces ſport;
A tow'ring Mountain lifts its lofty brow,
And bends with Pleaſure on the Plains below;
O'er diſtant blue retiring Hills ſurveys;
Its ſhadow floating in *Ionian* Seas;
The Top impervious all Acceſs denies,
Tires the faint Foot, and dims the dizzy Eyes:
No fierce inclement *Winter* ſhivers here,
No blaſting Seaſons nip the bloomy Year,
No ſmoaking Miſts, nor foggy Damps ariſe,
Hang o'er the Hills, or ſail along the Skies;
But an untainted *Æther* ſmiles ſerene,
And ſheds its Influence on the ſhining Scene;

Eternal Sweets the wafting Breezes bring,
And breathe around an everlaſting Spring.

The pleaſurable Mountains by Degrees,
Sink in a Level, to ſalute your Eyes:
Where Joy, ſucceeding Joy, for ever New,
For ever riſing to the raviſh'd View.
The wond'ring Sight with ſweet Amuſement leads
Thro' golden Groves, and ever-living Meads.

Theſe were the Gifts, his Gratitude to prove,
VULCAN beſtow'd upon the *Queen* of *Love*;
For theſe, the *Queen* of *Love* reſign'd her Charms,
And over-fold the Heaven in her Arms.

Here a ſoft Grove its cooling Shade affords,
Fann'd by the Muſic of the vocal Birds;
To this the *Sylvan* Choriſters reſort,
Hop on the Boughs, or to the Breezes ſport:
The *Queen* of *Love* amid the tuneful Throng,
With graceful Smiles rewards each fav'rite Song;
Elect the worthy Tenant of the Grove,
And dedicates Him to the *God* of *Love*.

Embow'ring Trees the mingled Shade compoſe;
That imitates the Fair, for whom it grows;
With complicating *Poplars*, *Poplars* twine,
With ſpreading *Alders*, ſpreading *Alders* join:
Majeſtic *Elms* with bending Foliage flow,
Float in green Waves, and fan the Shades below,

The

The Shades below the cooling Gale receive,
And riſing with the cooling Gale revive.

Two diff'rent Rivers murmur thro' the Grove,
Two fatal Contrarieties in *Love!*
This ſweet, as mutual Joys in youthful Veins,
That bitter, as a dying Lover's Pains;
Conſcious, the Streams each other ſeem to ſhun,
But in *Meanders* loſt, too ſoon are One:
Dipt in theſe fabled Waves, *Love*'s fatal Dart
Stings the diſtracted Soul to ſooth the Heart:
To theſe his Shafts their double Power owe,
Soft pleaſing Joys, and ſad conſuming woe.

Rang'd on the Banks, the little Loves reſort,
Plight fancy'd Oaths, and bend their Bows in ſport;
Thoſe tender Nymphs produc'd a blooming Race,
And left their Virgin Image on their Face;
The ruddy Cheeks their Parents Charms proclaim
Alike their Habit, and their Look the ſame.
O'er all theſe Troops preſides the *God* of *Love*,
A *God* whom all the *Gods* revere Above;
Sprung from the *Mother*, and the *Queen* of *Charms*,
He ſhines diſtinguiſh'd in ſuperior Arms;
His potent Pow'r ev'n *Deities* controls,
And awes the Thunderer that awes the Poles;
On Earth he triumphs o'er a Monarch's Cares,
And blaſts the Laurel which the Lightning ſpares:
In Woods and Groves th' inferior Archers reign,
Contented with the Conqueſts of the Plain,

Cloſe in the Streams, in fatal Pomp array'd,
Love's wild romantic Equipage is laid;
Here lawleſs Liberty for ever roves,
For ever Riots in exceſs of Loves;
Inflam'd with Wine, diſtracted Rage appears,
But ſoon diſſolves in ſelf-accuſing Tears;
Here, warming Whiſpers propagate Replies,
Sweet melting Murmurs, ſoft conſenting Sighs;
With all the Eloquence that Hearts confeſs,
With all the Harmony that Eyes expreſs:
There young Deſires, their taſted Joys purſue,
Pleas'd with the paſt, and panting for the new;
While ſtrange Chimeras on a ſudden riſe,
Shift the falſe Scene, and intercept their Eyes;
Tormenting Jealouſies, uneaſy Cares,
Diſſembling Hopes, imaginary Fears;
Accuſing Crimes of ill-requited Love,
And breaking Vows re-echo thro' the Grove:
Full in the midſt, with nice-becoming Grace,
Stood Youth, too conſcious of his comely Face,
Proud of his nervous Strength, and vig'rous Veins,
With Pain his Blood the luſcious Tide contains;
With haughty Smiles he mocks declining Age,
His ſtarv'd Enjoyments, and diſſembled Rage:
The wither'd Wretch avoids him with remorſe,
And ſickens at the thought of what he was.
Proud o'er the Groves, a glitt'ring Dome aſcends,
Rich with the Labours of *Vulcanian* Hands;

Thro'

Thro' the green Ranks the darting Luſtre ſtreams;
And the Shades kindle with reflecting Gleams;
This Maſter-piece of Skill the *Lemnian* God
On his fair Spouſe a worthy Gift beſtow'd:
Immortal Monuments of Art ſupport
The vaſt Foundations of each ample Court;
On Di'mond-Pillars, Di'mond-Pillars riſe,
At once invade, and emulate the Skies;
Perlucid Cryſtal clarifies each Stone,
And by excluding, makes a double Sun;
In Oval-ſteps the riſing Topaz roll'd,
Reflected blazes on the valving Gold;
Each Stone conſpires its emulating Rays,
Glitter the Beryls, and the Rubies blaze.
Carv'd Saphirs meet in undulating Flame,
And drink the lucid Amber's fainter Stream.

Here ſpacious Greens, refreſhing Areas riſe
And with a milder Scene refreſh the Eyes;
Thro' *Caſſia* Groves ambroſial Breezes breathe;
And ſteal the aromatic Sweets beneath;
There, ſoft inferior Shades of *Myrtles* grow,
And *Lilies* bluſhing as the *Roſes* glow;
Diſſolv'd with Joy the trickling *Balm* runs o'er,
And the ſweet Tears diſtil at ev'ry Pore.

But now his Journey paſs'd, the *God* of *Love*,
With eager Joy approach'd his native Grove;
And now he re-aſſumes a ſolemn Pace,
He moves with Majeſty, and looks with Grace.

It

It happen'd then with future Joys elate,
His Goddeſs-Mother at her Toilet ſat;
On either ſide th' *Idalian* Siſters ſtand,
Proud of the ſmiling Goddeſs's Command;
Theſe ſcatter Odours o'er the fragrant Fair,
Thoſe ſpread the mazy Tendrils of her Hair.
Some exerciſe the fine correcting Comb,
Smooth the ſoft curls, and call the ſtraglers home:
The comely Fav'rites by a nice Deſign,
They leave to ſport, and wanton in the Wind;
The comely Fav'rites with adorning Grace,
Wave on the Breeze, and flow upon her Face,
With cooling Airs create an eaſy Pride,
And but increaſe the Charms they ſtrive to hide;
No Glaſſes here, deluding Lights ſupply,
The brilliant Di'mond guides the judging Eye:
For as the Goddeſs moves, new Mirrours riſe,
And catch augmenting Splendors from her Eyes;
As to the multiplying Stones ſhe turns,
On all ſhe dances, and on all ſhe burns.

But lo! a ſudden Scene of Glory fires
Her riſing Soul, and breathes more gay deſires;
Her Son's reflected Image ſhe ſurveys,
With trembling Joy ſhe turns to prove the Rays;
But turning conſcious of her only Son,
Into the bloomy Boy's Embraces run;
Receives him panting at unfolding Charms,
And hugs the little Darling in her Arms.

SONG.

SONG.

I.

DEAR *Cloe*, while thus beyond Meaſure,
You treat me with Doubts and Diſdain,
You rob all your Youth of its Pleaſure,
And hoard up an Old-Age of Pain.

II.

Your Maxim, that *Love is ſtill founded,*
On Charms that will quickly decay;
You'll find to be very ill-grounded,
When once you its Dictates obey.

III.

The Paſſion from Beauty firſt drawn,
Your Kindneſs wou'd vaſtly improve;
Your Sighs and your Smiles are the Dawn,
Fruition's the Sun-ſhine of Love.

IV. And

IV.

And tho' the bright Beams of your Eyes,
  Shou'd be clouded (that now are ſo gay)
And Darkneſs poſſeſs all the Skies,
  We ne'er can forget that 'twas Day.

V.

Old *Dobſon* with *Joan* by his Side,
  You've often regarded with Wonder;
He's dropſical, She is ſore-ey'd,
  Yet are ever uneaſy aſunder.

VI.

No Beauty or Wit they poſſeſs,
  Their ſeveral Failings to ſmother;
Then what are the Charms can you gueſs,
  That makes 'em ſo fond of each other?

VII.

Together they totter about,
  Or ſit in the Sun, at their Door;
And at Night, if old *Dobſon*'s Pot's out,
  His *Joan* will not ſmoke a Whiff more.

VIII.

The pleaſing Remembrance of Youth,
Th' Endearments That Youth did beſtow,
The Thoughts of paſt Pleaſures and Truth,
The beſt of our Bleſſings below.

IX.

A *Friendſhip* inſenſibly grows,
From Reviews of ſuch *Raptures* as theſe;
The *Current* of Fondneſs ſtill flows,
That decrepid Old-Age cannot *freeze*.

Horace's

HORACE's *INTEGER VITÆ*, &c.

IMITATED

(Or, rather, *Burleſqu'd.*)

I.

THE Man that is Drunk, is Void of all Care;
He needs neither *Parthian* Quiver, or Spear,
The *Moor*'s poiſon'd Dart he ſcorns for to wield,
His Bottle alone is his Weapon and Shield.

II.

Undaunted he goes among Bullies and Whores,
Demoliſhes Windows, and breaks open Doors,
He revels all Night, is afraid of no Evil,
And boldly defies both the Proctor and Devil.

III. As

III.

As late I rode out with my Skin full of Wine,
Encumbered neither with Care nor with Coin;
I boldly confronted a horrible Dun,
Affrighted, as ſoon as he ſaw me, he run.

IV.

No Monſter cou'd put you to half ſo much Fear,
Shou'd he in *Apulia*'s Foreſt appear;
In *Africa*'s Deſart, there never was ſeen,
A Monſter ſo hated, by Gods and by Men.

V.

Come place me, ye *Deities*, under the Line,
Where grows not a Tree, nor a Plant, but the Vine;
O'er hot burning Sands I will ſwelter and ſweat,
Bare-footed, with nothing to keep off the Heat.

VI.

Or place me where Sun-ſhine is ne'er to be found,
Where the Earth is with Winter eternally bound;
Even there I wou'd nought but my Bottle require,
My Bottle ſhou'd warm me, and fill me with Fire.

VII.

My Tutor may *Job* me, and lay me down Rules,
Who minds 'em but Damn'd Philoſophical Fools;
For when I am Old and can no more Drink,
'Tis time enough then for to ſit down and Think.

VIII.

'Twas thus *Alexander* was tutor'd in vain,
For he thought *Ariſtotle* an Aſs for his Pain;
His Sorrows he us'd in full Bumpers to drown,
And when he was *Drunk*, then the *World was his own*.

IX.

This World is a Tavern with Liquor well ſtor'd,
And into't I came to be Drunk as a Lord;
My Life is the Reckning which freely I'll pay,
And when I'm Dead-Drunk, then I'll ſtagger away.

THE STORY OF *Orpheus* and *Eurydice.*

From the Fourth GEORGIC of *VIRGIL.*

By SAMUEL HUMPHREYS, Eſq;

SUCH Words the *Prophet*'s * Indignation raiſe,
His Eyes flaſh awful with an azure Blaze;
He grinds his Teeth, and with a ſullen Glare,
Begins the Fate's dread Secrets to declare.

* PROTEUS The

The Gods on all thy hated Labours frown,
Thy Crimes have call'd the raging Vengeance down.
Young ORPHEUS wretched, tho' unjuſtly ſo,
Moves Heaven to load Thee with a Length of Woe,
His WIFE's ſad Fate has rais'd Thee ſuch a Foe.
When from thy bold Purſuit, with bluſhing Dread,
Swift, o'er the River's winding Bank ſhe fled;
She ne'er beheld in her unhappy Speed,
A burning Serpent in the Herbage hid.
She died! and all the Dryads mourn'd around,
O'er all the conſcious Hills their Sorrows ſound;
Ev'n ſavage *Thrace* a tender Grief adorn'd,
And RHODOPE thro' all his Mountains mourn'd.
Barbarian Climes confeſs'd a gen'rous Woe,
And *Heber*'s plaintive Streams forgot to flow.
His matchleſs Lyre was all the Youth's Relief,
His laſt ſoft Effort to elude his Grief.
Thee, lovely Spouſe! thee, fated to deplore,
He mourn'd melodious on the deſart Shore;
Thee, when the Day-ſpring dawn'd, with tuneful Tongue,
Thee when Night gloom'd, he ſolitary ſung.
But now his Love an awful Proof intends,
To Hell's deteſted Shades the Youth deſcends;
To the dull Grove where Night for ever reigns;
To Ghoſts inſenſible of human Pains,
To Hell's tremendous King, he boldly goes,
Led by the Ardour of his reſtleſs Woes.
His wondrous Lyre charm'd *Erebus* around,
And rais'd ſoft Raptures with the magic Sound:

The

The gliding Ghoſts and Forms of living Shade,
Around him croud, and gladden'd as he play'd:
Not in ſuch Numbers, from the clouded Sky,
The feather'd Nation to the Woodland fly,
When from the ſable Night and Storms above,
They ſeek the Shelter of the grateful Grove.
Parents in venerable Forms appear,
And laurel'd Heroes frown'd in Shapes of Air;
Bright Virgins too, in ſofter Shadows move,
And Youths ſnatch'd early from their Bloom above;
Whoſe wand'ring Flight the *Stygian* Streams control,
Nine Times the mirey Waters round them roll:
But o'er the Gloom the tuneful Rapture ſpread,
And charm'd the Caverns of the ſilent Dead.
The Furies too with fond Attention gaz'd,
And their diſhevel'd Snakes no longer blaz'd;
The dreadful Throats of *Cerberus* were ſtill,
And gentle Breezes ſtop'd *Ixion*'s Wheel.
And now, the Perils of his Paſſage paſs'd,
With pleaſing Speed, he leaves the diſmal Waſte,
His Wife, the dear Companion of his Way,
His Footſteps follow'd to the Verge of Day,
With this Command, relenting at his Prayer,
The Queen of Hell reſtor'd the willing Fair.
When, ah! his tender Joys too ſoon renew,
(A ſlender Crime,) if Ghoſts Forgiveneſs knew:
Near the mild Confines of returning Day,
On the laſt Bounds of his unfiniſh'd Way;
Thoughtleſs alas! unable to forbear,
He ſtop'd, he turn'd, he gaz'd upon his Fair:

Here

Here all his Labours loſt their rich Reward,
His Vows were broke with Hell's tyrannic Lord;
A Noiſe of War roll'd ominous around,
And *Acheron* thrice echo'd to the Sound:
My Spouſe, ſhe cry'd, what angry God's Decree,
Divides thy dear *Eurydice* and Thee!
The Fates remand me to the ſilent Shades,
The Sleep of Death my ſwimming Eyes invades;
Farewel! the Glooms of Night around me low'r,
Eurydice, alas! is Thine no more!
At this ſhe skims reluctant, from his Sight,
As Vapours vaniſh in the Fields of Night;
Now doom'd to wander on the dreary Shore,
Her Eyes beheld the hapleſs Youth no more;
Whilſt he in vain the hollow Gloom invades,
And impotently claſps the empty Shades:
Ah! what perſuaſive Strains ſhall he invent,
What lovely Woe to make the Ghoſts relent;
Slow o'er the ſable Element ſhe ſails,
Nor all the Muſic of his Lyre avails.
Nine long revolving Months, as Bards relate,
Near cold *Strymona*'s chilling Waves he ſat,
Beneath a Mountain's bending Brow he ſung,
And the ſoft Sound thro' all the Caverns rung;
The liſt'ning Tygers at his Strains were ſtill,
And Groves deſcended from the ſhaggy Hill.

Thus in a Poplar Shade, with mournful Song,
Sad *Philomel* laments her ſtolen Young;

When

When ſome unpitying Swain her Neſt has view'd,
And ſeiz'd unfeather'd, the defenceleſs Brood:
Perch'd on a Bough, the tuneful Songſtreſs ſits,
And nightly her melodious Woe repeats;
Whilſt the ſoft Murmurs of the melting Sound,
Swell thro' the Thickets and the Grots around.

No blooming Virgins could his Pangs remove,
Or ſooth his Sorrows with a ſecond Love;
He fled Society, and rang'd alone,
'Midſt the cold Horrors of the frozen Zone;
Where the bleak North forbids the Streams to flow,
And Rocks riſe hoary with eternal Snow:
His loſt *Eurydice* prolongs his Pain,
Stern *Proſerpine*'s fair Gift beſtow'd in vain!
Their ſlighted Charms, the *Thracian* Dames reſent,
Unanimous on dire Revenge they're bent;
'Midſt their Night-Orgies to the God of Wine,
The raging Crew perform their black Deſign;
Implacable the helpleſs Swain they ſlew,
And his torn Limbs around the Meadows threw:
When ſever'd from the lovely Trunk, at laſt,
His gaſping Head in *Heber*'s Waves they caſt;
As the cold Stream it ſtain'd with ebbing Blood,
And ghaſtly roll'd along the purple Flood;
Thro' Death's pale Hue, on ev'ry Feature hung,
Eurydice ſtill dwelt upon his Tongue:
In the laſt Pang of fainting Life he cry'd,
Unfortunate *Eurydice*! and Died!

When

VERTUMNUS.

AN

EPISTLE

TO

Mr. JACOB BOBART, *Botany-Profeſſor* to the Univerſity of *Oxford*, and Keeper of the *Phyſic-Garden*, 1713.

By Dr. EVANS.

THANK Heav'n, at laſt, our Wars are o'er;
We're very *Wiſe*, and very *Poor*:
All our Campaigns, at Once, are done;
We've *Ended*, where we juſt *Begun*,

In

In Perfect *PEACE:* Long may it laſt!
And Pay for all the *Taxes* paſt:
Refill th' *Exchequer*, chace our Fears,
And dry up all the Ladies Tears
For Husbands, Sons, and Lovers Loſt;
In Duels ſome, in Battles moſt.

Riſe, Riſe, ye *Britons*, Thankful Riſe!
Extol your *EMPRESS* to the Skies;
Crown Her with Laurels ever Green,
With Olives fair inwove between:
Her Courage drew the Conqu'ring Sword;
Her Wiſdom Baniſh'd-*PEACE* reſtor'd.

Long, wond'rous *ANNA!* may'ſt Thou live,
T' enjoy thoſe Bleſſings which You Give:
To Guard Thy Friends, Confound Thy Foes,
And Fix the Church, and State's Repoſe:
And late, for *PEACE* to *Britain* giv'n,
Be Crown'd with Endleſs *PEACE* in Heav'n.

Farewel ye Camps, and Sieges dire!
With all your Cannons, Smoke and Fire:
Ye Victories and Trophies vain!
A certain Loſs, uncertain Gain:
Ye Squadrons and Battalions brave!
Who firſt your Foes, then Friends enſlave:
Ye Gallant Leaders! who delight,
For Glory leſs, than Gold, to Fight:

Ye public Patriots! plac'd on High,
To Sell thoſe Votes, which firſt ye Buy:
And Bards, whoſe mercenary Lays,
Such Heroes, and ſuch Stateſmen Praiſe.

An Honeſt Muſe, alike diſclaims
Such Authors and their impious Themes:
And with a more becoming Grace,
Her Song impartial does Addreſs,
BOBART to Thee; the Muſe's Friend:
BOBART! the Promis'd Song attend.

And where no difference appears
Betwixt the Subject, and the Verſe;
But He who Praiſes, and is Prais'd,
On Equal Eminence are rais'd:
No Flatteries thence are to be fear'd,
Nor Hopes encourag'd of Reward.

Such is our Caſe: — I Honour Thee
For Something, Thou for Something Me;
Sincerely Both: Our Thoughts the ſame;
Of Courtiers, Fortune, and of Fame:
Alike, (in Pity to Mankind)
To *PEACE*, to Heavenly *PEACE*, inclin'd.

To *PEACE*, my Friend! that Thou and I,
(No Colours flutt'ring in the Sky;
With frightful Faces, glitt'ring Arms,
Bellona's military Charms;)

May undiſturb'd, and ſtudious rove,
O'er ev'ry Lawn, thro' ev'ry Grove.

See various Nature, in each Field
Her Flow'rs, and Fruits luxuriant yield;
While the Bright God of Day preſides,
Aloft, and all the Seaſon guides;
Jocund to run his Annual Courſe,
With never-tiring Speed and Force.

With Golden Hair, the God of Day,
Wings from the Eaſt, his fervid Way:
The Stars, applauding as he flies,
To ſee him ſtretch, along the Skies:
To ſee him roll his fiery Race,
Athwart the vaſt Æthereal Space;
Unbind the Froſts, diſſolve the Snows,
As round the Radiant Belt he goes.

Mild *Zephyrus*, the Graces leads,
To revel o'er the fragrant Meads;
The Mountains ſhout, the Foreſts ring,
While *Flora* decks the Purple Spring:
The *Hours* (attendant all the while)
On *Zephyrus*, and *Flora* ſmile:
The Vallies laugh, the Rivers play,
In Honour of the God of Day.

The Birds that fan the liquid Air,
To Tune their little Throats prepare;

The Joyous Birds of ev'ry Shade,
For Loit'ring, Love, and Muſic made:
Their Voices raiſe on ev'ry Spray,
To Welcome in, the God of Day.

The Vegetable Earth beneath,
Bids all her Plants his Praiſes breathe:
Clouds of freſh Fragrance upwards riſe,
To cheer his Progreſs thro' the Skies;
And Heav'n and Earth, and Air unite,
To Celebrate his Heat, and Light.

That Light and Heat, which on our World,
From his gay Chariot-Wheels is hurl'd;
And ev'ry Morn does Roſy riſe,
To glad our dampy, darkſom Skies:
Which once deſerted by his Light,
Wou'd languiſh in eternal Night.

But *GARD'NING* were of all a Toil,
That on our Hopes the leaſt wou'd Smile;
Shou'd the Kind God of Day forbear
T'exhale the Rains, foment the Air:
Or, in an angry Mood, decline,
With his prolific Beams to ſhine.

Ev'n *THOU!* tho' that's thy meaneſt Praiſe,
Nor Fruits, nor Flow'rs, cou'dſt hope to raiſe;
(Howe'er thou may'ſt in Order place,
Of Both, the Latter, Earlier Race;

In

In Glaſſes, or in Sheds confin'd,
To ſhield them from the Wintry Wind;
Or, in the Spring, with skilful Care,
Place 'em his Influence beſt to ſhare;)
Did not the *SUN*, their Genial Sire,
The Vegetative Soul inſpire:
Inſtruct the ſenſeleſs aukward Root,
And teach the Fibres how to ſhoot:
Command the taper Stalk to rear
His flow'ring Head, to grace the Year;
To ſhed Ambroſial Odours round,
And paint, with choiceſt Dyes, the Ground.

THOU, next to Him, art truly Great;
On Earth his Mighty Delegate;
The Vegetable World to guide,
And o'er all *BOTANY* preſide:
To ſee, that ev'ry dewy Morn,
Succeſſive Plants the Earth adorn:
That *Flow'rs*, thro' ev'ry Month be found,
Conſtant to keep their gaudy Round:
That *Flow'rs*, in ſpite of Froſt and Snow,
Throughout the Year, perpetual Blow:
That *Trees*, in ſpite of Winds are ſeen,
Array'd in Everlaſting Green.

Nor with a Care, beneath thy Skill,
Doſt *THOU* that vaſt Employment fill.

Hail, Horticulture's Sapient *KING!*
Receive the Homage which we bring:
While at thy Feet, with Reverence low,
All *Botaniſts* and *Floriſts* Bow;
Their Knowledge, Practice, All reſign:
Short, infinitely Short of *Thine.*

For *THOU*, not ſatisfy'd to know,
The *Plants* that in *Three* Nations Blow;
(Their Names, their Seaſons, native Place;
heir Culture, Qualities and Race)
Or *Europe*'s more extended Plains;
Sylvanus', *Flora*'s wide Domains.

Nothing in *Afric*, *Aſia*, ſhoots
From Seeds, from Layers, Grafts, or Roots;
At both the *Indies*, both the *Poles*,
Whate'er the Sea, or Ocean rolls;
Of the *Botanic*, Herbal Kind,
Lies open to Thy ſearching Mind.

Nobleſt Ambition of thy Soul!
Which Limits, but in vain Controul:
Let others, meanly ſatisfy'd
With Partial Knowledge, ſooth their Pride:
While *Thou*, with Thy prodigious Store,
But ſhew'ſt thy Modeſty the more.

Thou Venerable *Patriarch* Wiſe,
Inſtruct us in thy Myſteries:

From

From Thee, the *Gods* no Knowledge hide,
No Knowledge have to Thee deny'd:
The *Rural Gods* of Hills or Plains;
Where *Faunus*, or *Feronia* Reigns.

Then tell us, as Thou beſt doſt know,
Where perfect Happineſs does grow.

What *Herbs*, our Bodies will ſuſtain
Secure from Sickneſs, and from Pain:
What *Plants*, protect us from the Rage
Of blighting Time, and blaſting Age;
Which *Shrubs*, of all the flow'ry Field,
Moſt Aromatic Odours yield.

Shew us the *Trees* by Nature ſpread,
To form the Cooleſt Noon-tide Shade;
When our firſt Anceſtors were ſeen,
Out-ſtretch'd upon the Graſſy Green:
Nor any Food, or Cov'ring ſought,
But what from *Trees* and *Woods* they got.

Who after various Ages ſpent
In Eaſe, Abundance, and Content,
Knew not what Wars, or Sickneſs meant;
But chearful, when the Fates requir'd,
Quick to th' *Elyſian* Fields retir'd.

Recount the Precepts they obſerv'd;
How from their Rules, they never ſwerv'd:

Such, as *Alcinous* of Old,
To his Belov'd *Pheacians* told;
Or thoſe *Apollo* firſt did teach
His * Son, the *Epidaurian* Leach. ||

Long ere the *Romans* us'd to Dine,
Beneath their Planes manur'd with Wine:
On *Tyrian* Couches, Thoughtleſs lay,
And Drank, and Laugh'd, and Kiſs'd away
Each ſultry, circling, Summer's Day:
On poliſh'd Ivory Beds reclin'd;
Caſt Care and Sorrow to the Wind:
And ſcorning Nature's Temp'rate Rules,
Like Madmen Liv'd, and Dy'd like Fools:

Teach us, Thou Learn'd, Judicious Sage!
The Manners of a Wiſer Age.

To Thee, was giv'n by *Jove* to Keep
Thoſe Grottoes, where the Muſes Sleep:
To plant the Foreſts, where they Sing,
Faſt by the Cool *Caſtalian* Spring:
With Myrtles their Pavilions raiſe;
Soft, intermix'd with *Delian* Bays:
And when they wake, at Earlieſt Day;
To ſtrew, with ſweeteſt Flow'rs, their Way.

Tranſcendent Honour! here Below,
The Muſes and their Haunts to know.

ANNA!

* *Æſculapius.* || Phyſician. *verb. ant.*

ANNA! Look down on *Iſis* Tow'rs;
Be Gracious to the Muſe's Bow'rs:
And now Thy Toils of War are done;
ANNA! Protect *Apollo*'s Throne:
'Twas He, the Dart unerring threw;
Python, the Snaky Monſter ſlew.

The *Muſe's Bow'rs*, by All admir'd,
But thoſe Fanatic Rage has fir'd:
Or Atheiſt-Fools, who Freedom boaſt;
Themſelves to Slav'ry fetter'd moſt.
Stern *Mars* may Thunder, *Momus* Rail;
But Wiſdom's Goddeſs will prevail.

On *Iſis*' Banks, Retirement ſweet!
Tritonian Pallas holds her Seat.

Minerva's Gardens are Thy Care;
BOBART! the *Virgin Pow'r* revere:
Thy Hoary Head with *Vervain* bound,
The Myſtic Grove Thrice compaſs round;
The Waters of *Luſtration* pour,
And Thrice the Allies, Walks, explore:
Leſt ſome Preſumptuous Wretch intrude,
With impious Steel to wound the Wood:
Or, with raſh Arm, Profanely dare
To ſhake the Trees, the Leaves to bare,
And violate their Sacred Hair:
Or by worſe Sacrilege betray'd,
The Bloſſoms, Fruits, or Flow'rs invade,

Ye Strangers! Guard your heedleſs Feet,
Leſt from the Herbs, their Dews ye beat;
Coſmetic Dews, (by Virgins Fair,
Exhal'd in *May*, with Early Care;)
Will to their Eyes freſh Luſtre give,
And make their Charms for ever live.

Minerva's Gardens are Thy Care;
JACOB, the Goddeſs-Maid revere.

All *Plants* which *Europe*'s Fields contain,
For Health, for Pleaſure, or for Pain:
(From the tall Cedar, which does riſe
With Conic Pride, and mates the Skies;
Down to the humbleſt Shrub that crawls
On Earth, or juſt aſcends our Walls;)
Her Squares of Horticulture yield:
By *DANBY** Planted, *BOBART* Till'd.

Delightful ſcientific Shade!
For Knowledge, as for Pleaſure made.

'Twas Gen'rous *DANBY* firſt incloſ'd
The Waſte, and in Parterres diſpoſ'd;
Transform'd the Faſhion of the Ground,
And Fenc'd it with a Rocky Mound;

* *The Right Honourable* THOMAS *Duke of* LEEDS, *Lord-Treaſurer to King* CHARLES II.

The

The Figure diſproportion'd chang'd,
Trees, Shrubs, and Plants in Order rang'd;
Stock'd it, with ſuch exceſſive Store,
Only the ſpacious Earth has more:
At His Command the Plat was choſe,
And *Eden* from the *Chaos* roſe:
Confuſion in a Moment fled,
And Roſes bluſh'd where Thiſtles bred.

The *Portico* next, High he rear'd,
By Builders now ſo much rever'd;
(Which like ſome Ruſtic Beauty ſhows,
Who all her Charms to Nature owes;
Yet fires the Heart, and warms the Head,
No leſs than thoſe in Cities bred;
Our Wonder equally does raiſe
With them, as well deſerves our Praiſe.)

The Work of *Jones*'s Maſter-Hand:
Jones, the *Vitruvius* of our Land;
He drew the Plan, the Fabric fix'd,
With equal Strength, and Beauty mix'd:
With perfect Symmetry deſign'd;
Conſummate, like the Donor's Mind.

Illuſtrious *DANBY!* Splendid Peer!
Look downwards from thy Radiant Sphere,
The Muſe's Thanks propitious hear.

When

When *Albion* will thy Nobles now,
Such Bounty to *Minerva* ſhow?
With true Patrician Renown,
In Honour of the Church and Crown,
Grace, with ſuch Gifts, the Muſe's Town?

There, where Old *Cherwell* gently leads
His humid Train, along the Meads;
And courts fair *Iſis*, but in vain,
Who laughs at all his am'rous Pain;
Away the ſcornful *Naiad* turns,
For Younger *Tamus*, *Iſis* burns.

Cloſe to thoſe Tow'rs, * ſo much renown'd
For Slav'ry loſt, and Freedom found:
Where thy Brave Sons! in hapleſs Days,
Wainfleet: To thy Immortal Praiſe!
Their Rights Municipal maintain'd
Submiſs, nor their Allegiance ſtain'd:
To Loyalty and Conſcience true;
Gave *Caſar*, and *Themſelves* their Due.

Cloſe to thoſe Tow'rs, by *Jove's* Command,
The Gardens of *Minerva* ſtand.

There 'tis we ſee Thee, *BOBART*, tend
Thy fav'rite Greens; from Harms defend
Exotic Plants, which finely Bred
In ſofter Soils, Thy Succour need;

* *Magdalen* College.

Whoſe

Whoſe Birth far diſtant Countries claim,
Sent here in Honour to Thy Name.

To Thee the Strangers trembling fly,
For Shelter from our barb'rous Sky,
And murd'ring Winds, that frequent blow,
With cruel Drifts of Rain or Snow;
And dreadful Ills, both Fall and Spring,
On alien Vegetables bring.

Nor art Thou leſs inclin'd to ſave,
Than they Thy gen'rous Aid to crave:
But with like Pleaſure and Reſpect,
Thy darling Tribe Thou doſt Protect:
Leſſen their Fears, their Hopes dilate,
And ſave their fragrant Souls from Fate:
While they ſecure in Health and Peace,
Their Covert, and their Guardian bleſs.

This makes Thee riſe at break of Day,
Thy doubtful Nurs'ry to ſurvey:
At Noon to count Thy Flock with Care,
And in their Joys and Sorrows ſhare:
(By each Extream unhappy made,
Of too much Sun, or too much Shade:)
Be ready to attend their Cry,
And all their little Wants ſupply:
By Day ſevereſt 'Sentry keep,
By Night ſit by 'em as they ſleep:

With endleſs Pain, and endleſs Pleaſure,
As Miſers guard their hoarded Treaſure.

'Till ſoft *Favonius* fans the Flow'rs,
Breathes balmy Dews, drops fruitful Show'rs:
Favonius ſoft, who ſweetly blows,
The Tulip paints, perfumes the Roſe;
And with the gentle *Twins* at Play,
Brings in th' *Elyſian* Month of *May*.

Then boldly from their Lodge, You bring
Your Gueſts, to deck our gloomy Spring.

Thrice happy *Foreigners!* to find
From *Iſlanders*, ſuch Treatment kind:
Not only undiſturb'd to Live,
But by Thy Goodneſs, *BOBART*, Thrive:
Grow ſtrong, increaſe, their Verdure hold,
As dwelling in their native Mold.

The reſt, who will no Culture know,
But ceaſeleſs Curſe our Rains and Snow;
A ſickly, ſullen, fretful Race;
The Gard'ner's, and his Art's diſgrace:
Whom *BOBART*'s Self in vain does ſtrive,
With all his Skill to keep alive:
Which from beneath th' *Æquator* come,
In *India*'s ſultry Foreſts bloom.

Of

Of theſe, at leaſt, ſince Nature more,
Denies t'increaſe thy Living Store,
Their Barks, or Roots, their Flow'rs, or Leaves,
Thy *Hortus Siccus* * ſtill receives:
In Twenty Volumes, Work immenſe!
By Thee compil'd at vaſt Expence;
With utmoſt Diligence amaſs'd,
And ſhall as many Ages laſt.

And now, methinks, my Genius ſees
My Friend, amidſt his Plants and Trees;
Full in the Center there he ſtands,
Incircl'd with his verdant Bands;
Who all around Obſequious wait,
To know his Pleaſure, and their Fate:
His Royal Orders to receive,
To grow, decay, to die or live:
That not the proudeſt Kings can boaſt,
A greater or more duteous Hoſt.

THOU, all That Pow'r doſt truly know,
Which They but dream of here Below;
Thy abſolute Deſpotic Reign,
Inviolably doſt maintain:
Nor, with ill-govern'd Wrath, affright
Thy People, or inſult their Right:
(But as Thy Might, in Greatneſs grows,
Thy Mercy, in Proportion flows:)

* *i.e. A Collection of* Plants, *preſerv'd in Paper Books.*

Nor

Nor they Undutiful deny,
What's due to Lawful Majeſty.
Safe in Thy Court from all the Cares,
Domeſtic Treaſons, Foreign Wars,
Which Monarchs, and their Crowns perplex,
Whom Factions ſtill, or Fav'rites vex.

But *THOU*, on Thy *Botanic* Throne,
Sit'ſt Fearleſs, Uncontroul'd, Alone:
Thy Realms in Tumults ne'er involv'd,
Or Riſing, are as ſoon diſſolv'd:
Free from the Miſchiefs, and the Strife,
Of a Falſe Friend, or Fury Wife:
And if a rebel Slave, or Son,
Audacious by Indulgence grown,
Preſumes above his Mates to riſe,
And their dull Loyalty deſpiſe;
THOU, Awful Sultan! with a Look,
Can'ſt all his Arrogance rebuke;
And darting one Imperial Frown,
Hurl the bold Traytor headlong down:
His Breth'ren trembling at his Fate,
Thy dread Commands with Rev'rence wait:
Thy wond'rous Pow'r, and Juſtice own,
And learn t'aſſert a tott'ring Throne.

Thus Kings, who are in Empire wiſe,
Rebellions, early, ſhou'd Chaſtiſe;
And give their Clemency no Time,
Betwixt th' Offender, and the Crime,

With fatal Eloquence to plead,
Which does more Rebels only breed.

BOBART, to Kings Thy Rules commend,
For Thou to Monarchs art a Friend.

Thus, Sov'raign *PLANTER!* I have Paid
The Debt, the promis'd Preſent made:
Do *THOU*, what's written for Thy Sake
With Freedom, with like Freedom, take:
Take the juſt *Praiſe* Thy *Friend* does give,
And in my *Verſe* for ever *Live*.

——— ——— *Tibi candida Naïs*
Pallentes violas & ſumma papavera carpens,
Narciſſum, & florem jungit bene olentis anethi.
Virg. *Ecl.* 2.

Written by Dr. EVANS *in a Blank-Leaf of Dr.* TRAPP's *Blank-Verſe-Tranſlation of* VIRGIL.

Read the *Commandments*, TRAPP, Tranſlate no further,
For *there* 'tis written, *Thou ſhalt do* No *Murther*.

CANNONS.

Inſcrib'd to his GRACE the

DUKE of *CHANDOS.*

By *SAMUEL HUMPHREYS*, Eſq;

Par domus eſt Cælo, ſed minor eſt Domino.
Martial.

Written in the Year 1728.

WHILST You, my Lord, acquire a deathleſs Name,
And ſhine unrival'd in the Rolls of Fame;
Whilſt your great Conduct is a Nation's boaſt,
And they beſt pleaſe Mankind who praiſe You moſt;
Whilſt Heav'n to You its choſen Bliſs extends,
And Grandeur, duteous, on your Days attends;

Appear

Appear, great Prince, propitious to the Lays
That join with Millions to proclaim your Praiſe.
O! may I proſper in the Theme I love,
And fortunately ſing what You approve:
Mankind will favour my ſincere Deſigns,
And *Cannons* riſe applauded in the Lines.

Envy, that ſullen Foe to human Bliſs,
Parent of Rage, and Raviſher of Peace,
Had long triumphant rul'd o'er many a Land,
And gain'd low Homage to her ſtern Command:
And oft, alas! in *Albion*'s mighty State,
The pale *Implacable* had fix'd her Seat.
Miſchiefs and Woe ſurround her ghaſtly Throne,
The grieving Murmur, and the hollow Groan;
Deſpair, that drives the Wretched to the Tomb;
And Deaths relentleſs to a youthful Bloom.
Her Tranſports riſe at human Pains and Fears,
At falling Families, and guiltleſs Tears.
Gay Pleaſure, and the gentle Voice of Joy,
And ſoft Proſperity, her Peace deſtroy.
Harmonious Love her ſharpeſt Rage ſupplies,
And proſper'd Merit blaſts her baleful Eyes.
The Scenes of Miſery and waſting Woe,
Are all the Happineſs the Fiend can know.

Long had ſhe thus enjoy'd her dire Repoſe,
Her Sway extended, and her Triumphs roſe;
When now approach, the long-devoted Hour,
That Heav'n decreed to cruſh her lawleſs Pow'r.

To view her Empire in the *Britiſh* Land,
And gain new Vaſſals to her proud Command;
With Ruin to regale her hateful Sight,
The Fury haſten'd her pernicious Flight:
With fatal Speed as ſhe purſu'd her Way,
Pleas'd with the Proſpect of her impious Sway,
The riſing Sun, affrighted as ſhe flew,
The radiant Glories of the Morn withdrew;
Around his Orb, a Veil of Shade ſhe caſt;
And injur'd Nature ſtartled as ſhe paſt;
The Streams ran Sable thro' their winding Beds,
And dying Plants bow'd down their wither'd Heads;
Malignant Steams invade the blooming Field,
Their fragrant Lives the languid Lilies yield;
Th' unwilling Groves reſign their lovely Green,
And blaſted Landſcapes fill the barren Scene.

Whilſt thus the Fiend purſues her waſteful Flight,
Unnumber'd Triumphs charm her eager Sight.
Frequent in ſad Variety appear
Painful Magnificence, and golden Care.
Where-e'er ſhe march'd, the mournful Proſpects ſhow
Pompous Diſtreſs, and Palaces of Woe.

Impell'd by Fate, at length the Fury flew
Where *Edgworth*'s Vales appear'd in blooming View;
Amaz'd ſhe ſaw, whate'er could charm the Eyes
In one ſoft Proſpect beautifully riſe:
Here all the Graces made their gay Retreat,
Pleas'd with the Verdure of a Scene ſo ſweet:

The Streams ſwell'd gently with the breathing Gales,
And murm'ring glitter'd thro' the ſunny Vales:
Here ſporting Flocks in painted Meadows play'd;
And Linnets warbled in the woodland Shade;
Whilſt new-born *Flora*, in her bright Array,
Smil'd in the Sunſhine, and perfum'd the Day.

Envy, aſtoniſh'd at a Scene ſo fair,
Ceas'd her long Voyage thro' the Waſtes of Air.
With fierce malignant Rage ſhe gaz'd around;
And thought ſhe hover'd o'er enchanted Ground.
Her black Infection now no more prevails,
Loſt in the Fragrance of the balmy Gales.
Saw'd as from Heav'n, ſhe found her Power decay,
And ſaw the Vales inviolably gay.
So *Satan*, when he loſt the Realms of Bliſs,
And vow'd to ruin our grand Parent's Peace;
So the dire Progreſs of his fatal Spite,
Sped through the Chaos in a Storm of Night:
But when he gain'd the golden Bounds of Day,
And view'd each Glory with a grim Survey,
The bright Creation rais'd his hateful Care,
And Paradiſe promoted his Deſpair.

Such Pangs of Rage the tortur'd Fury fill'd,
Wond'ring he view'd, and curs'd what ſhe beheld;
The fear'd ſome heav'nly Guardian govern'd there,
And made the Beauties of the Place his Care.
The Agonies of Wrath ſhe gaz'd around;
And ſoon, the Cauſes that oppreſs'd her, found.

Where

Where the ſtretch'd Plains their lovely Bloom diſcloſe,
A ſtately Pile majeſtically roſe.
Her wond'ring Eyes beheld in every Part
A Blaze of Grandeur and the Force of Art.
Magnificent o'er all the Fabric ſhin'd
The rich Profuſion of a Royal Mind.
Stretch'd like a Sea, beneath his grand Survey
The verdant Level of the Meadows lay.
He, Monarch like, his awful State maintains,
Swells o'er the Landſcape, and commands the Plains:
His Pomp the Proſpect all around refines,
And ev'ry Object with his Luſtre ſhines:
In each bright View a ſofter Bloom is ſeen,
Brooks ſeem more limpid, and the Groves more green.
So the bright Sun from his Æthereal Way,
Adorns each Object with the glorious Day;
Mountains and Vales a ſhining Scene unfold,
And the wide Proſpect ſeems to riſe in Gold.

Now round the noble Pile the Fury flew,
And fir'd her Anger with the wond'rous View.
Rich Strokes of Grandeur all around her ſhine,
A chaſte Magnificence, and juſt Deſign.
She ſaw Perfection reign in ev'ry Part;
And own'd the Palace had exhauſted Art.

Or, when ſhe next a ſofter Scene purſues,
And the green Progreſs of a Viſto views,
Where the fond Eye a verdant Pleaſure gains,
And Thickets open thro' a Length of Plains;

Envy reluctant, feels a ſtrange Delight,
Such Beauties mingle to refreſh the Sight.
In the mid-View, a Baſon's ample Round
Contains an Ocean in its noble Bound;
Whilſt *Stanmore*, proud to ſend the vaſt Supply,
Drains the long Ridge of all his Mountains dry.

The Gardens next her vengeful Eyes engage,
And almoſt tempt her to renounce her Rage.
The faireſt Seat of Pleaſure ſhe ſurveys,
That Art could finiſh, or that Coſt could raiſe.
Here, gay Parterres diſcloſe their fragrant Bloom;
There, Thickets form a venerable Gloom:
Here, Statues breathing from the Artiſt's Hand,
An awful Troop majeſtically ſtand:
Such Forms the Eyes of Nature might deceive;
So well the poliſh'd Marble ſeems to live.
No Scene with more Profuſion can impart
The Sweets of Nature, with the Charms of Art.
Here, winding Channels roll their coſtly Rills,
Drawn from their Sources in the diſtant Hills;
And there a Lake, where talleſt Barks might ſail,
Fills the wide Boſom of a proud Canal:
The wand'ring Treaſures hoſpitably flow,
To evr'y Plant their liquid Life beſtow;
Keep the fair Proſpect redolent and gay,
Through all the Fervours of the glowing Day;
And check each ſultry Seaſon that invades
The verdant Solitudes, and cooling Shades.

When

When *Titan*'s Ray a burning Vengeance ſheds,
And drinks deep Rivers from their oozy Beds;
When *Jove* no more deſcends in grateful Rains,
To gaſping Furrows, and the wither'd Plains,
Dry Deſolation waſtes the fading Field,
And duſty Groves their blaſted Honours yield;
Plants, Herbs and Flowers in one ſad Scene appear,
The mingled Ruins of the ſcorching Year.
But *Cannons* never mourns the raging Heats,
Nor yields the Verdure of his green Retreats:
His treaſur'd Floods in ſtately Currents run,
And ſcorn the Dog-ſtar, and the Noon-day Sun;
To Bowers and Groves a fragrant Freſhneſs give,
And bid the vegetable Nation live.

When *Chandos* has the matchleſs Work deſign'd,
And form'd the Plan of Wonders in his Mind,
No Climate can defeat his mighty Soul,
No Time diſcourage, and no Task controul.
Where *Cannons* now auguſtly rears his Pile,
Was once a *Scythian* Scene, and deſart Soil:
It lay rebellious to the Hand of Art;
Nor Dews, nor Sunſhine, could a Grace impart:
Till great *Caernarvon* did the Task aſſume,
And taught at once the barren Glebe to bloom.
The fruitful Labours with a genial Strife
Manur'd the blaſted Acres into Life;
A verdant Carpet cloath'd the pregnant Land,
And Plants roſe willing at his great Command;

The low-ſunk Vallies then were taught to ſwell,
And Hills obſequious to a Level fell.
He form'd the ſudden Shade of riſing Woods;
And taught the Mountains where to roll their Floods.
O'er all the Waſte, a blooming Change prevails,
A Deſart riſing to a grand *Verſailles*.

Thus from rude Chaos, and his Atoms Strife,
Earth roſe to Harmony, and teem'd with Life;
And ſudden from the dark Domain of Night
A Heav'n of Stars emerg'd, immenſely bright.
Amaz'd! the bleſt Spectators view'd around
Creation ſtarting from the black Profound;
And hail'd, with Tranſports of divine Surpriſe,
The Earth new blooming, and the dazling Skies.

Mov'd with the Beauty of a Scene ſo ſweet,
A-while ev'n *Envy* did her Rage forget:
She ſeem'd to wander with a milder Mien,
Through winding Allies of embow'ring Green.
A-while the Fiend conſented to be bleſt;
Nor felt the burning Vipers in her Breaſt:
But unreluctant ſeem'd to entertain
A ſecret Joy ſhe never knew till then:
So well ſuch Wonders could a-while controul
The hateful Anguiſh of her tortur'd Soul.
But this ſoft Paſſion ſhe at length ſuppreſt,
And Rage reviv'd in her malignant Breaſt;
For *Envy* never can be long at Reſt.

The

Whate'er her Thoughts could form, ſhe now deſign'd,
And pale Revenge roſe dreadful in her Mind.
Proud Impotence! what Shame attends the Foe,
When Heav'n and *Chandos* were united ſo?
Fierce as ſhe ſeem'd, on Vengeance vainly bent,
Yet much ſhe doubted of the wiſh'd Event.
Her former Triumphs but inflame her more,
Since here her Pride proves deſtitute of Pow'r.
Thus *Archimedes*, by his wond'rous Art,
Could make huge Towers from their Foundations ſtart,
Remove a Mountain from the loaded Plain,
And heave whole Navies from the crouded Main;
But when, the utmoſt of his Skill to prove,
He proudly wiſh'd the World's whole Weight to move,
He found no Place to act the daring Boaſt,
And the Pow'r fail'd him where he wiſh'd it moſt.
Ah me! ſaid *Envy*, muſt I now behold
My Pow'r, my Glory, and my Peace controul'd?
Whilſt Kings and Empires at my Altars bow,
With Shame I ſuffer from a ſingle Foe.
Could I great *Churchill*'s mighty Name invade,
And blaſt the Laurels on his awful Head?
Save Tyrants from the Terrors of his Sword,
Whilſt half the World its Hero's Loſs deplor'd?
Tho' now he reigns amidſt the bleſt Abodes,
A crown'd Companion of the Demi-Gods;
And Fame, more faithful to the glorious Truſt,
Guards his great Relicks, and adorns his Duſt:
Yet once he yielded to my potent Reign,
When Nations arm'd to daunt his Soul in vain;

Wh

When all the Thunder of the *Gaul* he ſcorn'd,
And *Bourbon*'s Spoils his dreadful Arms adorn'd.
But ah! the Trophies of my former Pow'r
Increaſe my Anguiſh, at this killing Hour.
Aw'd and oppreſs'd by ſome malignant Fate,
I praiſe the Wonders that my Soul ſhould hate:
Or *Chandos* well deſerves his matchleſs Fame,
Or I have loſt my boaſted Art to blame;
So juſt indeed his Praiſes ſeem to prove,
Even I would utter them, could I but love.
How could this Hero find the wond'rous Art,
To make whole Kingdoms his Applauſe impart?
To make even thoſe whom angry Diſcord ſways
Unite, to publiſh his unbounded Praiſe?
In vain Invention to degrade him ſeeks,
Even Calumny grows candid when he ſpeaks.
Ah! let me haſten to ſome ſad Retreat,
Where Solitude has fixt her ſilent Seat;
Where I no more this hateful Scene may know;
But in the Night of Thicket breathe my Woe.
There let me ever entertain my Eyes,
Where ſome fam'd Abby in low Ruin lies;
Where Ivy, ſhrouding what old Time devours,
Winds its pale Arms around the broken Towers;
Where Moſs-cloath'd-Iles a ſolemn length extend,
And mould'ring Arches reverendly bend:
There let me walk o'er many a low-ſunk Tomb,
Whilſt Echoes rattle thro' the holy Gloom:
There whilſt my Sorrows to the Shades I tell,
Midſt the dim Covert of ſome ſacred Cell,

O! might I mortal prove, and yield my Breath
A willing Victim to the Dart of Death!
Then ſhould I ever in Oblivion reſt,
And *Chandos'* Merit would no more moleſt;
No longer ſhould I feel this painful Flame,
Nor mourn my want of Pow'r to wound his Name.
But ah! why thus my Soul do I deceive,
And impotently labour to relieve?
In vain with Solitude, with Shade in vain,
I wiſh to conquer this eternal Pain:
Retreats avail not, for his Fame invades
The wildeſt Solitudes, and deepeſt Shades.
Muſt then my Pangs no Mitigation know?
And ſhall his Conduct ever cruſh me ſo?
Not one kind Inſtance may I e'er expect,
Where humble Merit mourns his cold Neglect?
Ah no! his Bounty to the poliſh'd Arts
Deprives me daily of a thouſand Hearts.
Reward from Him with ſuch Profuſion flows,
He ſeems Himſelf oblig'd when he beſtows;
And bears his Grandeur with ſuch graceful Eaſe,
That he appears pre-eminent, to pleaſe.
Mankind his Merit with ſuch Joy diſplays,
No Place can now protect me from his Praiſe.

Whilſt all deſpairing *Envy* thus expreſt
The riſing Anguiſh of her burning Breaſt,
A lovely Viſion, cloath'd with ſhining white,
Deſcended dazling from the Realms of Light:

Her Looks were mixt with Majeſty ſublime,
And Virgin Beauty in its lovely Prime;
Her heavenly Locks, with Amaranths array'd,
Wav'd o'er her Shoulders with a graceful Shade;
Her Sky-dipt Zone, with glowing Saphires grac'd,
The Snow-white Swelling of her Breaſt embrac'd:
She made all Nature at her Preſence bloom,
And fill'd the Region with a rich Perfume.

But *Envy*, trembling with a wild Surpriſe,
View'd the bright Viſion with malignant Eyes:
She knew *Aſtræa* in her Charms confeſs'd,
And felt a thrilling Horror in her Breaſt;
She tore the Treſſes of her ſnaky Hair,
And look'd more hateful, near a Form ſo fair.

With roſy glowing Looks, the heav'nly Maid
The Odious Spectre for a-while ſurvey'd:
At length her Silence the bright Goddeſs broke,
And thus with beauteous Indignation ſpoke.
O! Monſter foul, rejected and abhorr'd,
By Man below, and Heav'n's immortal Lord!
Durſt thou, preſumptuous, in this Place appear,
Which Heav'n aſſigns to my peculiar Care?
Or think'ſt thou, with thy wonted Arts, to gain
This fair Addition to thy hateful Reign?
In Impotent Attempts thou doſt engage;
Theſe bright Poſſeſſions ſcorn thy feeble Rage.
Could'ſt thou thy Throne in this ſoft Scene diſplay,
Where would'ſt thou find a Subject to obey?

Who can the Merit of great *Chandos* know,
And to that Merit own himſelf a Foe?
As ſoon may Mortals with Averſion ſhun
The grateful Splendor of the golden Sun;
As ſoon the Gloom of endleſs Night approve,
As ſuch pure Virtue they can ceaſe to love.
Behold the Crouds his wond'rous Bounty rais'd;
And then declare if he's unjuſtly prais'd.
Couldſt thou but view his ſecret Succours flow,
To needy Merit, and to modeſt Woe;
But this he will not ſuffer thee to ſee,
For here his Goodneſs even pities thee:
He will not blaſt thee with the fatal Sight;
His private Favours are his beſt Delight.
But thoſe fam'd Acts which to thy Knowledge come,
Are more than capable to ſtrike thee dumb.
That Piety, which his great Conduct joins,
In all the Beauty of Devotion ſhines,
Rais'd by the Practice of ſo pure a Mind,
Religion gains the Homage of Mankind:
Virtue's bright Laws in all their Charms appear;
And Sanctity no longer ſeems ſevere.
In vain thy hateful Preſence here invades
Theſe blooming Walks, and unpolluted Shades.
Retire for ever, by my fixt Command,
From this fair *Eden* of the *Britiſh* Land:
To that renowned Pile approach no more;
All there is Sacred, and defies thy Pow'r.
I'll guard the Glory of its mighty Lord,
Whilſt thou ſhalt pine abandon'd, and abhor'd.

The murm'ring Fury her Command obey'd;
And trembling, fled from the Celeſtial Maid:
Then ſunk to Chaos, where amidſt the Gloom
She mourn'd her fixt irrevocable Doom.

And now the Goddeſs, with a pleaſing Mien,
Enjoys the Beauties of the florid Scene;
Views the ſweet Solitude of waving Woods,
And the clear floating of the cryſtal Floods:
Sees a new Paradiſe around her riſe;
Nor once regrets her Abſence from the Skies.

To grateful Joy reſign'd, the Heav'n-born Maid
The royal Splendor of the Pile ſurvey'd.
Beneficently bright with Smiles ſhe gaz'd;
And each Perfection of the Palace prais'd:
Bleſt the Rewards on ſuch pure Merit plac'd,
And hail'd the Grandeur ſo divinely grac'd.

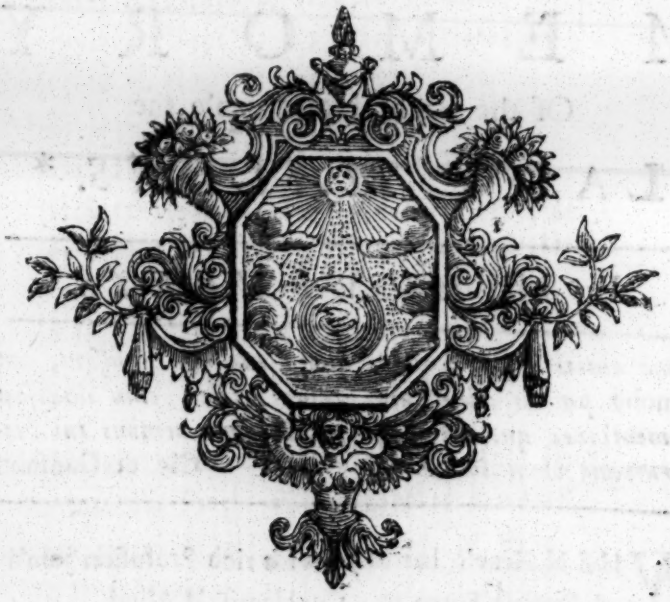
Now the bleſt Power, as thro' the Dome ſhe paſt,
O'er her bright Form concealing Shadows caſt.
Here ſhe beheld the grateful Arts combine,
To make their great Protector's Palace ſhine.
Such breathing Sculpture ſo deludes the Eyes;
Such ſoft Creations from the Pencil riſe;
The golden Roofs around ſo richly glow;
The ſhining Rooms ſuch juſt Proportions ſhow;
The ſtately Columns in ſuch Marble ſwell,
And each bright Proſpect courts the View ſo well;

That fair *Aſtræa* feels a new Surpriſe,
And views each Glory with unſated Eyes.

Nor were her Thoughts to this bright Scene confin'd,
A nobler Proſpect riſes in her Mind:
She view'd thoſe Wonders, as the juſt Reward
Due to the Merit of their matchleſs Lord.
She trac'd his Life benevolently great,
His Virtues brighter than his ſhining State:
She ſaw, when Heav'n to prove its Pow'r deſign'd,
To what Perfection it could raiſe Mankind.
Her Ears had long been open to his Fame;
Such Numbers daily his Deſerts proclaim,
To ſuch pure Heights his juſt Applauſes riſe,
His Fame was now familiar to the Skies.

To view her Image in his Mind expreſs'd,
Celeſtial Tranſports kindled in her Breaſt:
She felt ſuch Pleaſure ſhe poſſeſt of Old,
When moſt ſhe flouriſh'd in the Age of Gold:
The Wrongs ſhe e'er ſuſtain'd from lawleſs Power,
Seem all requited in this happy Hour.
To view her Glory ſo divine at laſt,
Proves a ſweet Solace for each Sorrow paſt.
Thus when the Soul forſakes its dying Clay,
To gain the Manſions of immortal Day,
As ſhe purſues her unretarded Flight,
Above the Steams of Earth, and Shades of Night,
Releas'd for ever from each thorny Woe,
That late diminiſh'd her Delight below,

She looks triumphant on the Bliſs ſhe gains;
And glides aſtoniſh'd o'er the azure Plains:
Surveys the Heav'ns in all their bright Array,
And ſwims in Rapture thro' a Flood of Day.



MALPASIA.

A

POEM,

Sacred to the

MEMORY

Of the Right Honourable the

LADY *MALPAS.**

By Mr. *HUMPHREYS.*

Nunc autem de te loquar, quam non ego amiſſam, aut nobis penitùs ademptam, velim dicere; cum illuceſcat menti meæ quotidiè magis præclariſſima nominis tui tuarumque virtutum Gloria. Cic. de Conſolat.

WHEN Heav'n has once with rich Profuſion join'd
A ſpotleſs Form to an unblemiſh'd Mind,
We fondly hope, tranſported with the View,
That what's ſo lovely, will be laſting too,

And

* *Only Daughter of the Right Honourable Sir* Robert Walpole. *She died at* Aix la Chapelle *in* France, *and her Body in bringing over to be Interred at* Houghton *in* Norfolk, *was unfortunately caſt away, and could not be recovered, in the Year* 1731-2.

And to the Great Creator urge our Prayer,
He long would lend us what he made ſo fair.
If Death ſhould then be privileg'd to gain
The charming Object to his envious Reign,
Diſconſolate, we mourn the blighted Bloom
Too ſoon devoted to the ſilent Tomb.

Such was MALPASIA, to our wond'ring Views,
As brightly perfect, and as tranſient too:
A lovely Specimen to Mortals given,
To intimate how Angels ſhine in Heaven:
Her Soul to them ſo nearly was ally'd,
Their Joys they thought defective till ſhe dy'd.
It ſeem'd injurious to the radiant Throng,
That Earth detain'd their Ornament ſo long;
They wiſh'd her ſummon'd to their bleſt Abodes,
To grace the Chorus of her Kindred Gods;
And Heav'n, that form'd her for a Seraph there,
Soon to her Seat Celeſtial call'd the Fair.

But ah! what Comfort can the Muſe afford,
To eaſe the Pangs of her dejected LORD!
How reconcile him to this Shock of Fate,
His Soul ſo tender, and his Loſs ſo great!
Let ſuch whoſe happy Part it is to prove
The grateful Intercourſe of Mutual Love,
Whoſe Nuptial Treaſures of Delight contain
The ſofteſt Bliſs that Conſtancy can gain,
Let ſuch conceive th' illuſtrious Mourner's Pain.

Heav'n,

Heav'n lately ſeem'd its Labours to employ,
To fix him in a Scene of choſen Joy:
His well weigh'd Merit made his Prince his Friend,
And public Honours did his Days attend.
All that beheld his blooming Glory grow,
Rejoic'd that Virtue was rewarded ſo.
What Deſtitution cou'd his Joys defeat,
When bright MALPASIA did thoſe Joys compleat;
A rich Maturity of Charms ſhe bore,
And ſtill, exhauſtleſs, was producing more:
Like the luxuriant Tree, that gives to view
His golden Fruit, and fragrant Bloſſoms too.
Each ſoft Delight their circling Hours did prove,
Smiles were their Strife; their Emulation, Love.
But Heav'n determin'd that the Youth ſhou'd know
The frail Uncertainty of all below,
Bid pale Mortality perform its Part,
And ſnatch the Charmer from his panting Heart.

In vain the Muſe would whiſper ſome Relief,
To calm the ſtrong Invaſion of his Grief:
What Conſolation from a Muſe can flow,
That feels the Anguiſh of a Social Woe!
When ſo much Virtue is ſo ſoon remov'd,
And none ſucceeds ſo worthy to be lov'd;
When CHARITY, mild Goddeſs, ſeems diſtreſt,
Her Pow'r diſtributive in whom to veſt,
Laments her Incapacity to find
A Subſtitute, like her MALPASIA, kind.

When

When at her Death the Deſolate complain,
They now muſt find their Poverty a Pain;
And weeping Families around deplore
Their Pangs, ſuſpended by her Alms before.
What conſcious Eye can now refuſe a Tear
To ſuch a Death, that coſts Mankind ſo dear?
The Muſe, My LORD, bewails the doleful View,
And pities thouſands whilſt ſhe mourns for You.

Ye grateful Crouds, who can ſo well expreſs
MALPASIA's Bounty in your deep Diſtreſs,
Whoſe dear Benevolence you oft receiv'd,
When, in the Anguiſh of your Souls, ye griev'd;
Implore that God who rais'd you ſuch a Friend,
That he his Comforts to her LORD would lend,
Support his Soul beneath his Sorrow's Weight,
And teach Submiſſion to the Will of Fate:
O! let your Gratitude be thus approv'd,
And bleſs the Man your kind MALPASIA lov'd!

But whilſt this mournful Theme my Lays purſue,
What Godlike Form now riſes to my View?
Affliction near him her ſad Station keeps,
The FRIEND, the PATRIOT, and the FATHER weeps.
With how much Eloquence his Sighs confeſs
The BEST are not exempted from Diſtreſs!
O! may the Guardian of our Glory know
Some Intermiſſion of his flowing Woe!
With thee the Genius of BRITANNIA mourns,
Griev'd for the Hero that her Realms adorns.

Ah!

Ah! let not Sighs thy ſacred Hours invade,
When EUROPE calls for thy important Aid:
Proſperity and Peace obſequious wait
Thy great Diſpatch to each expecting State:
Monarchs their Anguiſh in thy Sorrows ſee,
And half the World muſt be unbleſt with Thee.

Thus the great CICERO, the Pride of ROME,
Like You, lamented o'er his TULLIA's Tomb;
A-while the Stroke of unrelenting Fate
Oppreſt the Guardian of the LATIAN State:
But ſoon as he perceiv'd that his Deſpair
Depriv'd the Public of his Genial Care,
The Patriot's Duty chas'd the Parent's Pain,
And his rich Wiſdom bleſt the World again.

SOEUR JEANNE.

Soeur Jeanne ayant fait un poupon,
Jeûnoit, vivoit en ſainte fille;
Toûjours etoit en oraiſon;
Et toûjours ſes Soeurs à la grille.
Un jour donc l'Abbeſſe leur dit;
Vivez comme Soeur Jeanne vit;
Fuyez le monde & ſa ſequelle.
Toutes reprirent à l'inſtant:
Nous ſerons auſſi ſages qu'elle,
Quand nous en auront fait autant.

Siſter *JANE*, from *FONTAINE*.

JENNY with holy Heat run mad,
A pretty, little, Bye-blow had;
Carnalities her ſeeming hate,
Her Siſters meer Coquets at Grate.
Dame *Abbeſs* bid them *Truth receive*,
Live Girls, as you ſee JENNY *Live*;
Forſake the World, and fly from Evil,
Your precious Souls keep from the Devil.
They in an Inſtant All reply'd,
JENNY is an unerring Guide;
We'll All at *her* DEVOTION *be*,
Whene'er WE *know as much as* SHE.

The

The SAME by Mr. *OZELL.*

SISTER JANE, a Bye-blow had:
Then faſted, liv'd ſedate,
Was always at her Pray'rs and ſad:
Her Siſters at the Grate.

One Day the Abbeſs Counſel gives,
To live as Siſter JENNY lives;
To ſhun the World and Company——
A Siſter ſtraight replies,
When WE *have* DONE *as* MUCH *as* SHE,
WE *too ſhall be as* WISE.

ON MARRIAGE.

By Mr. BUTLER, *Author of* HUDIBRAS.

BY what Authority do Clergy
In ſolemn Riddle ſtrictly charge ye,
Where-e'er you live, in *Pariſh*, or-*Ward*,
To *Have* and *Hold* from this Day forward?
As if the *Parſon* were the *Sentry*,
To *Watch* and *Ward* Love's *narrow Entry*,

Or

Or *Turn-Key* of the *ſacred Padlock*,
That lets you into *lawful Wedlock*:
Who upon *Fits* ſtill of *Erection*,
Muſt to the *Doctor* for *Direction*:
Who always does the Patient Anſwer,
By *Licence*, or by *Public Ban*, Sir.
As if oblig'd to publiſh *Priapiſmus*,
At ev'ry *Eaſter*, *Whitſuntide* and *Chriſtmas*.
Or elſe, the pert *Religious Praters*
Will damn ye All for *Fornicators*.

Is not a juicy Girl more moving,
Who never knew *the Art of Loving?*
And where's the harm of This, dear FANNY?
By Heav'n He lyes, who ſays there's any.

A *Miſtreſs* is a *Wife* in *Common*,
Appropriated yet to no Man:
A *Wife*'s a *Miſs* inclos'd; for Wiving
'S but a Monopoly of S——ving.

A *Fox* had loſt his Tail, and for-all
You are no *Fox*, you know the Moral;
When *Men* engag'd *would once* inſlave *Us*,
We'll keep the Freedom *Nature* gave *Us*.

TO

TO

Mr. *HARCOURT*,*

OCCASIONED

By his Fathering the VERSES to Lady *Catherine Hyde*.§

By Mr. SEWELL.

DEAR *SIM*, by Wits extoll'd, by Wits cry'd down,
Each Way become the *Proverb* of the Town!
To KITTY's Favour with *Succeſs* aſpire,
The *ſecond* Place by *Merit* You acquire,
But HE who wrote the *Verſes*, muſt be *PRIOR*.

* *The Honourable* Simon Harcourt, *Eſq*; *Son of the Lord Chancellor.*

§ *See* page 65, *of this Volume.*

UPON

UPON

Reading Mr. PRIOR's *Poems.*

I.

BEfore APOLLO's Shrine I Pray'd,
That I by Verſe to Fame might riſe:
Read the beſt Poet, PHOEBUS *ſaid,*
And place his Works before your Eyes.

II.

Beſt Poet! — O *great* PHOEBUS *how,*
How may this Pattern-Wit be found?
What Age produc'd the Man, whom Thou
With this high Character haſt crown'd?

III.

Does He among the DEAD *reſide;*
Or dwell with Thoſe who now ſurvive?
Thus *I* — when PHOEBUS quick reply'd,
Go, ask if PRIOR's *ſtill* ALIVE.

HARLET

HARLEY.

AN

EPISTLE,

From the COUNTRY,

To a Friend in the CITY, 1722.

By a Clergyman in *ESSEX.*

FAIN would I, Sir, what You adviſ'd fulfil;
But find my Strength unequal to my Will.
Fain would I Godlike HARLEY's Worth rehearſe,
(Heroic Vertue in Heroic Verſe.)
A Conſtellation of Perfections met
In one great Man which few could ſingly get.
The Scholar, Churchman, Patriot, Husband, Son,
Each ſhining in his Sphere, and *All* in ONE.

But choak'd with Phlegm, I ſtrive to raiſe in vain
My feeble Voice to ſuch a lofty ſtrain.

In

In vain invoke the GOD of *Verſe* and *Day*,
Where daily Fogs obſtruct his Heav'nly Ray.
In vain the *tuneful Siſters* Aid implore,
Now PRIOR's gone, they'll viſit Us no more.
In ſhort; from Scholars, Books, and all remote,
That might improve or raiſe a lively Thought,
I, like my *Fellow-labourer* within
The *Spider*, from my ſelf, my Web muſt ſpin,
A homely Web which could not, were it made,
Become a *Lord*, but in a *Maſquerade*.

I might as well with *Laths* and ſorry *Loam*
Attempt to raiſe my *Lord* a lofty *Dome*;
As out of my poor Stock of Wit to frame
A Poem worth his Reading or his Name.
A Plowman's Journey or a Milkmaid's Fate,
I may perhaps in Doggrel Rhimes relate,
Deſcribe a Rooding-Road, an *Eſſex*-Fen;
But noble Themes require a noble Pen,
A well-read Scholar both in Books and Men.
One whoſe rich Vein with bright Ideas flows,
And, how to uſe them all with Judgment, knows,
Whoſe poliſh'd Lines, in niceſt Order plac'd,
Tho' often read ne'er cloy the niceſt Taſte.

But my poor ſcanty Genius can't afford
A proper Entertainment for my *Lord*.
A ſmall Collection gather'd round the Fields
Of ſimple Images, is all it yields;

Which ſhou'd I dreſs with utmoſt Skill and Care,
I ſhou'd but treat my *Lord* with *Farmer's* Fare.
My Muſe to *Grubſtreet* Dawbing is confin'd
For want of Colours of a better kind;
And ſhou'd I paint with theſe, I ſhould diſgrace,
But not deſcribe great HARLEY's Godlike Face.

Let POPE's harmonious Pen, that lately drew
So well the *Father*, * in the Son *purſue*
The noble Subject. Each deſerves his Lays,
And each affords an endleſs Theme of Praiſe,
He need not ſearch the Monuments of *Greece*
For Tales of Antient Heroes, when he ſees
Two living Heroes worth them All in Theſe.
But my poor feeble Muſe muſt lowly fly,
And leave ſublimer Poets Tracks ſo high.

Beſides whate'er my Genius once cou'd boaſt,
Ere it was ſhipwrack'd on this barren Coaſt,
When in my younger Years I did purſue
Some little Traffic with the World and You,
'Tis loſt and gone: And ruſtic Proſe and Phraſe
Have long ago uſurp'd the Muſes Place.
Long have I liv'd in this forlorn Abode,
An Exile from the learned World abroad,
A Pris'ner in a *Country-Cure* immur'd
The Terms of Years the Siege of *Troy* endur'd;
And in theſe Years my Loſs amounts to more
Than what I gain'd as many Years before.

* See The *Dedication* to *Parnell's* Poems.

So that at beſt I can but now produce
The ſapleſs Product of a blaſted Muſe.
Exert the vain Efforts of Nature curſt,
And ſtunted in the Growth, tho' weak at firſt.
A Fetter'd-wretch may Jingle in his Chain,
And ſo may I, but Jingle Both in vain.

But what is worſe. In *Eſſex* watry Plains
The GOD of *Dulneſs*, mopiſh HIPPO reigns:
Where Fogs exhal'd from Fens and Moats ſupport
In gloomy Columns his *Fantaſtic Court*.
He ſeems a ſtupid Image made of Clay;
And talks by Starts, as Perſons dreaming may.
He walks as if his Limbs were made of Lead,
And Vapours form a Circle round his Head.
A Circle, ſomewhat like, you often ſaw
About the Sun, or Moon, before a Thaw.
A Tyrant *He*; devoid of Senſe, or Shame,
Who Chains, and Tortures, *thoſe* he cannot blame;
And rules with ſuch an Arbitrary Sway,
That all we have, but Life, is ſwept away.

His heavy Chains for ſeveral Years I bore,
And all his fancied Tortures o'er and o'er.
He ſeiz'd on all the little Stock I brought,
And left me ſcarce behind one ſprightly Thought.
The Hand is manacled that guides my Pen,
As by the Slips you eaſily may Ken.
And you may ſoon perceive by what is writ,
How poor I am, and deſtitute of Wit.

But ſhou'd I now thus deſtitute proceed
To ſing great HARLEY's Praiſe, I muſt be *hipp*'d indeed.

Tho' ſhou'd MINERVA ſtill ſome Pity ſhow
Or HARLEY, her Lord-Treaſurer below,——
To whom ſhe now the Care of All enjoins,
Her *Grecian*, *Latin*, and her *Modern* Coins.
From ev'ry Nation her Revenues come
To *Wimpole-Library*, an endleſs Sum.
Shou'd they redeem me from the *Tyrant*'s Hand,
Like *Slaves* from *Turky* to ſome *Chriſtian Land*,
Where once again my Long-impriſon'd Mind
Might labour for its Living unconfin'd.
Where my ſtarv'd *Muſe* might feed on better Fare,
And find Digeſtion in a purer Air:
Then wou'd *She* ſpread her Wings, and ſtrain a Flight
To reach, if poſſible, great HARLEY's height.
The bright Expanſion of his Praiſe I'd try,
Altho' like ICARUS, by ſoaring high,
My Pinions dropt me *headlong from the Sky*.

THE

THE
HIND
AND THE
PANTHER
TRANSVERSED
To the STORY of the
COUNTRY-MOUSE,
AND THE
CITY-MOUSE.

Much Malice mingled with a little Wit.
Hind *and* Panther.

Nec *vult* PANTHERA *domari.* Quæ Genus.

LONDON:
Printed for *Samuel Birt*, 1734.

THE

PREFACE.*

THE *Favourers of the* Hind *and* Panther *will be apt to ſay in its Defence, that the* beſt Things *are capable of being turned to Ridicule; that* Homer *has been Burleſqued, and* Virgil *Traveſted without ſuffering any thing in their Reputation from that Buffoonery; and that in like manner, the* Hind *and* Panther *may be an exact Poem, tho' it is the Subject of our Raillery: But there is this difference, that thoſe Authors were wreſted from their* true *Senſe, and this naturally falls into* Ridicule; *there is nothing repreſented here as monſtrous and unnatural, which is not equally ſo in the Original. Firſt as to the General Deſign, Is it not as Eaſy to imagine two* Mice *bilking Coachmen, and ſupping at the* Devil;

* *The References in this* Critique, *are made to the Original Quarto Edition of the* Hind *and* Panther.

as to ſuppoſe a Hind *entertaining the* Panther *at a* Hermit's Cell, *diſcuſſing the greateſt Myſteries of Religion, and telling you her ſon* Rodriguez *wrote very good* Spaniſh? *What can be more improbable and contradictory to the Rules and Examples of all Fables, and to the very deſign and uſe of them? They were firſt begun and raiſed to the higheſt Perfection in the* Eaſtern *Countries; where they were wrote in Signs and ſpoke in Parables, and delivered the moſt uſeful Precepts in delightful Stories, which for their Aptneſs were entertaining to the moſt Judicious, and led the Vulgar into underſtanding by ſurprizing them with their Novelty, and fixing their Attention. All their Fables carry a double meaning; the Story is one and intire; the Characters the ſame throughout, not broken or changed, and always conformable to the Nature of the Creatures they introduce. They never tell you that the* Dog *which* ſnapt at a Shadow, *loſt his* Troop of Horſe, *that would be unintelligible*; a piece of Fleſh *is proper for him to* drop, *and the Reader will apply it to* Mankind; *they would not ſay that the* Daw *who was ſo proud of her borrowed Plumes lookt very ridiculous when* Rodriguez *came and took away all the Book but the* 17th, 24th, and 25th *Chapters, which he ſtole from him: But this is his new way of telling a Story, and confounding the* Moral *and the* Fable *together.*

Before

Before the Word was written, ſaid the *Hind*,
Our Saviour Preach'd the Faith to all Mankind.

What relation has the Hind *to* our Saviour? *or what notion have we of a* Panther's Bible? *If you ſay he means the* Church, *how does the* Church *feed on* Lawns, *or range in the* Foreſt? *Let it be always a* Church, *or always the* cloven-footed Beaſt, *for we cannot bear his ſhifting the Scene every Line. If it is abſurd in Comedies to make a* Peaſant *talk in the ſtrain of a* Hero, *or a* Country-Wench *uſe the Language of the* Court; *how monſtrous is it to make a* Prieſt *of a* Hind, *and a* Parſon *of a* Panther; *to bring them in diſputing with all the Formalities and Terms of the* Schools? *Tho' as to the* Arguments *themſelves, theſe, we confeſs, are ſuited to the Capacity of the* Beaſts, *and if we would ſuppoſe a* Hind *expreſſing her ſelf about theſe matters, ſhe would talk* at that Rate.

As to the Abſurdity of his Expreſſions, there is nothing wreſted to make them ridiculous, the Terms *are ſometimes altered to make the* Blunder *more viſible*; Knowledge miſunderſtood *is not at all better Senſe than* Underſtanding miſunderſtood, *tho' it is confeſt the Author can play with Words ſo well, that this and twenty ſuch will paſs off at a ſlight reading.*

There are other Miſtakes which could not be brought in, for they were too groſs for Bayes *himſelf to commit. It is hard to conceive how any Man could cenſure the* Turks *for* Gluttony, *a People that debauch in* Coffee, *are voluptuous in a Meſs of* Rice, *and keep the ſtricteſt* Lent, *without the Pleaſures of a* Carnival *to encourage them. But it is almoſt impoſſible to think that any Man who had not renounced his Senſes, ſhould read* Duncomb *for* Allen. * *He had been told that Mr.* Allen *had written a* Diſcourſe *of* Humility; *to which he wiſely anſwers, that* that *magnified Piece of* Duncomb's *was tranſlated from the* Spaniſh *of* Rodriguez; *and to ſet it beyond diſpute, makes the* Infallible Guide ‖ *affirm the ſame thing. There are few miſtakes, but one may imagine how a Man fell into them, or at leaſt what he aimed at; but what likeneſs is there between* Duncomb *and* Allen! *do they ſo much as Rhime?*

We may have this comfort under the Severity of his Satire, to ſee his Abilities equally leſſened with his Opinion of us; and that he could not be a fit Champion againſt the Panther *till he had laid aſide all his Judgment. But we muſt applaud his Obedience to his new*

* *Difference betwixt a* Proteſtant *and* Socinian, p. 62

‖ Ibid. p. 92.

Mother

Mother Hind; *ſhe* Diſciplined *him ſeverely, ſhe commanded him, it ſeems, to* ſacrifice *his* darling Fame, *and to do it, effectually, he publiſhed this learned Piece.** *This is the favourable Conſtruction we would put on his Faults, tho' he takes care to inform us, that it was done from no Impoſition, but out of a natural Propenſity he has to Malice, and a particular Inclination of doing Miſchief. What elſe could provoke him to* libel the Court, *blaſpheme* Kings, *abuſe the whole* Scotch Nation,† *rail at the greateſt Part of his own, and lay all the Indignities imaginable on the* only eſtabliſhed Religion?‡ *And we muſt now congratulate him in this Felicity, that there is no Sect or Denomination of Chriſtians, whom he has not abuſed.*

Thus far his Arms have with Succeſs been crown'd.

Let Turks, Jews *and* Infidels *look to themſelves, he has already begun the War upon them. When once a Conqueror grows thus dreadful, it is the Intereſt of all his Neighbours to oppoſe him, for there is no Alliance to be made with one that will face about, and deſtroy his Friends, and like a ſecond* Almanzor *change ſides meerly to keep his Hand in uſe.*

* p. 90. † *Preſ.* Hind. Pan. ‡ p. 87.

This Heroic Temper of his has created him ſome Enemies, that did by no means affect Hoſtility; and he may obſerve this Candor in the Management, that none of his Works are concerned in theſe Papers, but his laſt Piece; and I believe he is ſenſible this is a Favour. I was not ambitious of laughing at any Perſuaſion, or making Religion the Subject of ſuch a Trifle; ſo that no Man is here concerned, but the Author *himſelf, and nothing ridiculed but his* way of arguing.

But, Gentlemen, if you will not take it ſo, you muſt grant my Excuſe is more reaſonable than our Author's *to the* Diſſenters.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER TRANSVERSED To the STORY of the COUNTRY *and the* CITY MOUSE.

SCENE *the* Devil-Tavern *in* Fleetſtreet.

Bayes, Johnſon, Smith.

Johnſ. HAH! my old Friend Mr. *Bayes*, what lucky chance has thrown me upon you? Dear Rogue, let me embrace thee.

Bayes. Hold, at your Peril, Sir, ſtand off and come not within my Sword's point, for if you are not *come over to the Royal Party, I expect neither fair war, nor fair quarter from you.* *

Johnſ. How, draw upon your Friend? and aſſault your old Acquaintance? O' my *Conſcience* my Intentions were honourable.

* *Pref. to* Hind *and* Panther. *p.* 1.

Bayes. Conſcience! Ay, ay, I know the deceit of that word well enough, let me have the *marks* of your *Conſcience* before I truſt it, for if it be not of the ſtamp with mine, 'Gad I may be *knockt* down for all your fair Promiſes. *

Smith. Nay, prithee *Bayes*, what damn'd Villany haſt thou been about, that thou art under theſe apprehenſions? upon my Honour I'm thy Friend; yet thou lookeſt as ſneaking and frighted, as a Dog that has been worrying Sheep.

Bayes. Ay Sir, *The Nation is in too high a ferment for me to expect any mercy*, or I'gad, to truſt any body. †

Smith. But why this to us, my old Friend, who you know never trouble our heads with National-Concerns, till the third bottle has taught us as much of Politics, as the next does of Religion?

Bayes. Ah Gentlemen, leave this profaneneſs, I am altered ſince you ſaw me, and cannot bear this looſe talk now; Mr. *Johnſon*, you are a Man of Parts, let me deſire you to read *the Guide of Controverſy*; and Mr. *Smith*, I would recommend to you *the Conſiderations on the Council of Trent*, and ſo Gentlemen your humble Servant --- *Good life be now my Task.* ‡

Johnſ. Nay Faith, we won't part ſo: believe us we are both your Friends; let us ſtep to the *Roſe* for one quarter of an hour, and talk over old Stories.

Bayes. I ever took you to be Men of Honour, and for your ſakes I will tranſgreſs as far as one Pint.

Johnſ. Well, Mr. *Bayes*, many a merry bout have we had in this Houſe, and ſhall have again, I hope: Come, what Wine are you for?

* *Pref.* Ibid. † *p.* Ibid. ‡ *p.* 5.

Bayes.

Bayes. Gentlemen, do you as you pleaſe, for my part he ſhall bring me a ſingle Pint of any thing.

Smith. How ſo, Mr. *Bayes*, have you loſt your Palate? you have been more curious.

Bayes. True, I have ſo, but *ſenſes* muſt be *ſtarved* that the *ſoul* may be *gratified*. Men of your Kidney make the *ſenſes* the *ſupreme Judge* *, and therefore bribe 'em high, but we have laid both the uſe and pleaſure of 'em aſide.

Smith. What, is not there good eating and drinking on both ſides? you make the ſeparation greater than I thought it.

Bayes. No, no, whenever you ſee a fat Roſy-colour'd Fellow, take it from me, he is either a Proteſtant or a *Turk*. ‡

Johnſ. At that rate, Mr. *Bayes*, one might ſuſpect your Converſion; methinks thou haſt as much the face of an *Heretick* as ever I ſaw.

Bayes. Such was I, ſuch by nature ſtill I am. But I hope ere long I ſhall have drawn this *pamper'd Paunch* fitter for the *ſtrait Gate*. †

Smith. Sure, Sir, you are in ill Hands, your Confeſſor gives you more ſevere rules than he practiſes; for not long ago a *fat Friar* was thought a *true Character*.

Bayes. Things were miſrepreſented to me: I confeſs I have been unfortunate in ſome of my Writings; but ſince you have put me upon that ſubject, I'll ſhew you a thing I have in my Pocket ſhall wipe off all that, or I am miſtaken.

Smith. Come, now thou art like thy ſelf again. Here's the King's Health to thee ——Communicate.

* *p.* 21. ‡ *p. Ibid.* † *p.* 5.

Bayes.

Bayes. Well, Gentlemen, here it is, and I will be bold to ſay, the exacteſt Piece the World ever ſaw, a *Non Pareillo* I'faith. But I muſt beſpeak your pardons if it reflects any thing upon your Perſuaſion.

Johnſ. Uſe your Liberty, Sir, you know we are no *Bigots.*

Bayes. Why then you ſhall ſee me lay the *Reformation* on its back, I'gad, and juſtify our Religion by the Way of *Fable.*

Johnſ. An apt Contrivance indeed! what do you make a *Fable* of your *Religion?*

Bayes. Ay I'gad, and without *Morals* too; for I tread in no Man's Steps; and to ſhew you how far I can outdo any thing that ever was writ in this kind, I have taken *Horace*'s deſign, but I'gad, have ſo outdone him, you ſhall be aſhamed for your *old Friend.* You remember in him the *Story* of the *Country-Mouſe*, and the *City-Mouſe*; what a plain ſimple thing it is, it has no more Life and Spirit in it, I'gad, than a Hobby-horſe; and his *Mice* talk ſo meanly, ſuch common ſtuff, ſo like *mere Mice*, that I wonder it has pleaſed the World ſo long. But now will I undeceive *Mankind*, and teach them to *heighten*, and *elevate a Fable.* I will bring you in the very ſame *Mice* diſputing the depth of *Philoſophy*, ſearching into the Fundamentals of *Religion*, quoting *Texts*, *Fathers*, *Councils*, and all that I'gad, as you ſhall ſee either of them could eaſily make an Aſs of a *Country Vicar.* Now whereas *Horace* keeps to the dry naked Story, I have more Copiouſneſs than to do that, I'gad. Here, I draw you general *Characters*, and deſcribe all the *Beaſts* of the *Creation*; there, I lanch out into long *Digreſſions*, and leave my *Mice* for twenty pages together; then I fall into *Raptures*, and make the Fineſt *Soliloquies*, as would raviſh you. Won't this do, think you?

Johnſ.

Johnſ. Faith, Sir, I don't well conceive you; all this about two *Mice?*

Bayes. Ay, why not? Is it not great and heroical? but come, you'll underſtand it better when you hear it; and pray be as ſevere as you can, I'gad I defy all *Criticks.* Thus it begins.

A milk-white Mouſe *immortal and unchang'd*
Fed on ſoft Cheeſe, and o'er the Dairy *rang'd;*
Without unſpotted; innocent within,
She fear'd no Danger, for ſhe knew no Ginn. p. 1.

Johnſ. Methinks, Mr. *Bayes*, ſoft Cheeſe is a little too coarſe Diet for an *immortal Mouſe*; were there any neceſſity for her eating, you ſhould have conſulted *Homer* for ſome *Celeſtial Proviſion.*

Bayes. Faith, Gentlemen, I did ſo; but indeed I have not the *Latin* one, which I have marked by me, and could not readily find it in the Original.

Yet had ſhe oft been ſcar'd by bloody Claws p. 1.
Of *winged* Owls, and ſtern *Grimalkin's* Paws
Aim'd at her deſtin'd Head, which made her *fly,* p. 2.
Tho' She was *doom'd to Death*, and *fated not to die.*

Smith. How came ſhe that *feared no Danger* in the Line before, to be ſcared in this, Mr. *Bayes?*

Bayes. Why then you may have it *chas'd* if you will; for I hope a Man may run away without being *afraid*, mayn't he?

Johnſ. But pray give me leave; how was She *doomed to Death*, if She *was fated not to die?* are not *doom* and *fate* much the ſame thing?

Bayes.

Bayes. Nay, *Gentlemen*, if you queſtion my skill in the Language, I am your humble Servant; the *Rogues* the *Criticks*, that will allow me nothing elſe, give me that; ſure I that made the Word, know beſt what I meant by it; I aſſure you, *doom'd* and *fated* are quite different Things.

Smith. Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, if you were *doom'd* to be hanged, whatever you were *fated* to, 'twould give you but ſmall Comfort.

Bayes. Never trouble your head with that, Mr. *Smith*, mind the buſineſs in hand.

Not ſo her young; their Linſy-woolſy *line,* p. 2.
Was Hero's make, half Human, half Divine.

Smith. Certainly theſe *Heroes*, *half Human*, *half Divine*, have very little of the *Mouſe* their *Mother.*

Bayes. Gadſokers! Mr. *Johnſon*, does your Friend think I mean nothing but a *Mouſe* by all this? I tell thee, Man, I mean a *Church*, and theſe young Gentlemen her Sons, ſignify *Prieſts*, *Martyrs*, and *Confeſſors*, that were hang'd in *Oates's Plot*. There's an excellent *Latin* Sentence, which I had a mind to bring in, *Sanguis Martyrum ſemen Eccleſiæ*, and I think I have not wronged it in the Tranſlation.

Of theſe a ſlaughter'd Army lay in Blood, p. 2.
Whoſe ſanguine Seed increas'd the ſacred Brood;
She multiply'd by theſe, *now rang'd alone,*
And wander'd in the Kingdoms once her own. p. 3.

Smith. Was ſhe alone when *the ſacred Brood was increaſed?*

Bayes. Why thy Head's running on the Mouſe again; but I hope a *Church* may be alone, though the *Members* be *increaſed*, mayn't it?

Johnſ.

Johns. Certainly, Mr. *Bayes*, a *Church* which is a *diffusive Body of Men*, can much less be said to be *alone*.

Bayes. But are you really of that opinion? Take it from me, Mr. *Johnson*, you are wrong; however to oblige you, I'll clap in some *Simile* or other, about the *Children of Israel*, and it shall do.

Smith. Will you pardon me one Word more, Mr. *Bayes*? What could the *Mouse* (for I suppose you mean her now) do more than *range* in the *Kingdoms*, when they were her own?

Bayes. Do? why She *reigned*? had a *Diadem*, *Sceptre*, and *Ball*, 'till they depos'd her.

Smith. Now her Sons are so *increas'd*, She may try t'other pull for't.

Bayes. I'gad, and so she may before I have done with Her; it has cost me some pains to clear her Title. Well but mum for that, Mr. *Smith*.

The common hunt, She tim'rously past by, p. 3.
For they made tame, *disdain'd her Company*;
They grinn'd, She in a Fright *tript* o'er the Green,
For She was *lov'd*, wherever She *was seen*.

Johns. Well said, little *Bayes*, I'faith the Critick must have a great deal of leisure, that attacks those Verses.

Bayes. I'gad, I'll warrant who e'er he is *offendet solido*; but I go on.

The Independent Beast.——— p. 3.

Smith. Who is that, Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes. Why a *Bear*: Pox, is not that obvious enough?

—*In*

——— *In Groans her hate expreſt,*

Which, t'gad, is very natural to that *Animal*. Well! there's for the *Independent*: Now the *Quaker*; what do you think I call him?

Smith. Why, A *Bull*, for aught I know.

Bayes. A *Bull!* O Lord! A Bull! no, no, a *hare, a quaking hare.*———*Armarillis*, becauſe She wears *Armour*, 'tis the ſame Figure; and I am proud to ſay it, Mr. *Johnſon*, no Man knows how to *pun* in *Heroicks* but my ſelf, well you ſhall hear.

She thought, and reaſon good, the *quaking hare*,
Her cruel Foe, becauſe *ſhe would not ſwear*,
And had *profeſs'd neutrality*. p. 3.

Johnſ. A ſhrewd Reaſon that, Mr. *Bayes*; but what Wars were there?

Bayes. Wars! why there had been bloody Wars, tho' they were pretty well reconcil'd now. Yet to bring in two or three ſuch fine things as theſe, I don't tell you the Lion's Peace was proclaim'd till fifty pages after, tho' 'twas really done before I had finiſh'd my Poem.

Next her, the Buffoon Ape his body *bent*, p. 3.
And paid at Church a Courtier's Compliment.

That galls ſomewhere; I'gad I can't leave it off, tho' I were cudgelled every day for it.

The briſl'd Baptiſt *Boar, impure as he.* p. 4.

Smith. As who?

Bayes.

Bayes. As the *Courtier*, let 'em e'en take it as they will, I'gad, I ſeldom come amongſt 'em. p. 86.

Was whiten'd with the Foam of Sanctity. p. 10.

The Wolf with Belly-gaunt his rough creſt rears, And pricks up.——Now in one Word will I abuſe the whole Party moſt damnably——*and pricks up.*——I'gad, I am ſure you'll laugh——*his Predeſtinating Ears.* Pr'ythee, Mr. *Johnſon*, remember little *Bayes*, when next you ſee a *Presbyterian*, and take notice if he has not *Predeſtination* in the Shape of his *Ear:* I have ſtudied Men ſo long, I'll undertake to know an *Arminian*, by the ſetting of his Wig. *His Predeſtinating Ears*, I'gad, there's ne'er a *Presbyterian* ſhall dare ſhew his Head without a Border: I'll put 'em to that expence.

Smith. Pray, Mr. *Bayes*, if any of 'em ſhould come over to the *Royal Party*, would their Ears alter?

Bayes. Would they? Ay, I'gad, they would ſhed their *Fanatical Lugs*, and have juſt ſuch well-turned *Ears* as I have; mind this *Ear*, this is a true *Roman Ear*, mine are much changed for the better within theſe two Years.

Smith. Then if ever the Party ſhould chance to fail you might loſe 'em, *for what may change may fall.*

Bayes. Mind, mind——

Theſe fiery Zuinglians, *meagre* Calvin *bred.* p. 11.

Smith. Thoſe, I ſuppoſe, are ſome Out-landiſh Beaſts, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. Beaſts; a good Miſtake! Why, they were the chief *Reformers*, but here I put 'em in ſo bad Company becauſe they were Enemies to my *Mouſe*; and anon when I am warmed, I'gad, you ſhall hear me call 'em *Doctors*, *Captains*, *Horſes*, and *Horſemen**, in the very ſame Breath. You ſhall hear how I go on now.

* p. 39.

Or elſe reforming *Corah* ſpawn'd *this Claſs*,
When opening Earth made way for all to paſs. p. 11.

Johnſ. For *all*, Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes. Yes, They are *all* loſt there, but ſome of 'em were thrown up again at the *Leman-Lake*: as a Catholick *Queen* ſunk at *Charing-Croſs*, and roſe again at *Queenhith*.

The Fox and he came ſhuffling in the dark,
If ever they were ſtow'd in Noah's *Ark.* p. 11.

Here I put a *Query*, whether there were any *Socinians* before the *Flood*, which I'm not very well ſatisfied in? I have been lately apt to believe that the World was drowned for that *Hereſy*; which, among Friends, made me leave it.

Quicken'd with Fire below, theſe Monſters breed
In Fenny Holland, *and in Fruitful* Tweed. p. 12.

Now to write ſomething new and out of the way, elevate and ſurpriſe, and all that, I fetch you ſee, this *Quickening Fire* from the Bottom of *Boggs* and *Rivers*.

Johnſ. Why, Faith, that's as ingenious a Contrivance as the *Virtuoſo*'s making a Burning-glaſs of Ice.

Bayes. Why, was there ever any ſuch thing? Let me periſh if ever I heard of it. The Fancy was ſheer-new to me; and I thought no Man had reconciled thoſe Elements but my ſelf. Well, Gentlemen! Thus far I have followed Antiquity, and as *Homer* has number'd his Ships, ſo I have ranged my Beaſts. Here is my *Bear* and my *Bear*, and my *Fox*, and my *Wolf*, and the reſt of 'em, all againſt my poor *Mouſe*. Now what do you think I do with all theſe?

Smith. Faith I don't know, I ſuppoſe you make 'em fight.

Bayes. Fight! I'gad, I'd as ſoon make 'em dance. No, I do no earthly thing with 'em, nothing at all, I'gad:

I

I think they have played their Parts ſufficiently already; I have walked 'em out, ſhewed 'em to the Company, and raiſed your Expectation. And now whilſt you hope to ſee 'em baited, and are dreaming of Blood and Battles, they ſculk off, and you hear no more of 'em.

Smith. Why, Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, now you have been at ſuch Expence in ſetting forth their Characters, it had been too much to have gone thro' with 'em.

Bayes. I'gad, ſo it had: And then I tell you another thing, 'tis not ev'ry one that reads a Poem thro'. And therefore I fill the firſt Part with Flowers, Figures, fine Language, and all that; and then, I'gad, ſink by degrees, 'till at laſt I write but little better than other People. And whereas moſt Authors *creep ſervilely* after the old Fellows, and ſtrive to grow upon their Readers: I take another Courſe, I bring in all my Characters together, and let 'em ſee I could go on with 'em; but I'gad I won't.

Johnſ. Could go on with 'em, Mr. *Bayes!* there's no body doubts that! You have a moſt particular Genius that way.

Bayes. Oh! Dear Sir, You are mighty obliging: But I muſt needs ſay at a *Fable* or an *Emblem*, I think no Man comes near me, indeed I have ſtudied it more than any Man. Did you ever take notice, Mr. *Johnſon*, of a little thing that has taken mightily about Town, a *Cat with a Topknot?*

Johnſ. Faith, Sir, 'tis mighty pretty, I ſaw it at the *Coffee-houſe*.

Bayes. 'Tis a Trifle hardly worth owning; I was t'other Day at *Will's* throwing out ſomething of that Nature; and I'gad, the Hint was taken, and out came that Picture; indeed the poor Fellow was ſo civil to preſent me with a Dozen of 'em for my Friends. I think I have one here in my Pocket; would you pleaſe to accept of it, Mr. *Johnſon?*

Johnſ.

Johnſ. Really 'tis very ingenious.

Bayes. Oh Lord! Nothing at all, I could deſign twenty of 'em in an Hour, if I had but witty Fellows about me to draw them. I was proffer'd a Penſion to go into *Holland*, and contrive their *Emblems*; but hang 'em they are dull Rogues, and would ſpoil my Invention. But come, Gentlemen, let us return to our Buſineſs, and here I'll give you a delicate Deſcription of a Man.

Smith. But how does that come in?

Bayes. Come in? very naturally. I was talking of a *Wolf*, and that ſuppoſes a Wood, and then I clap an Epithet to it, and call it a *Celtick Wood*. Now when I was there, I could not help thinking of the *French Perſecution*, and I'gad from all theſe Thoughts I took occaſion to rail at the *French King*, and ſhew that he was not of the ſame make with other Men, which thus I prove.

The Divine Blackſmith *in th' Abyſs of Light*,
Yawning and lolling *with a careleſs beat*, p. 15.
Struck out the mute Creation at a Heat.
But he work'd hard to Hammer out our Souls,
And blew the Bellows and ſtirr'd up the Coals;
Long time he thought, and cou'd not on a ſudden
Knead up with unskimm'd *Milk* this reas'ning Pudding:
p. 19.
Tender, and mild within its Bag it lay,
Confeſſing ſtill the ſoftneſs of its Clay,
And kind as Milk-maids on their Wedding-day.

Till *Pride of Empire*, *Luſt*, and hot Deſire
Did over-boil him, like too great a Fire,
And underſtanding grown, *miſunderſtood*,
Burn'd him to th' Pot, and ſcour'd his curdled Blood.

Johnſ. But ſure this is a little profane, Mr *Bayes?*

Bayes. Not at all: Does not *Virgil* bring in his *good Vulcan* working at the *Anvil?*

Johnſ.

Johnſ. Ay, Sir, but never thought his Hands the fitter to make a Pudding.

Bayes. Why do you imagine Him an Earthly dirty *Blackſmith*? 'Gad you make it profane indeed. I'll tell you there's as much difference betwixt 'em, I'gad, as betwixt my Man and *Milton's*. But now, Gentlemen, the Plot thickens, here comes my t'other *Mouſe*, the *City-Mouſe*.

A *ſpotted* Mouſe, the prettieſt next the white, p. 16.
Ah! were her Spots waſh'd out, as pretty quite,
With *Phylacteries* on her Forehead ſpread, p. 23.
Crozier in Hand, and *Mitre* on her Head, p. 22.
Three Steeples Argent on her ſable Shield, p. 84.
Liv'd in the *City*, and diſdain'd the Field.

Johnſ. This is a Glorious *Mouſe* indeed! but as you have dreſs'd her, we don't know whether ſhe be *Jew*, *Papiſt*, or *Proteſtant*.

Bayes. Let me embrace you, Mr. *Johnſon*, for that; you take it right. She is a meer *Babel* of *Religions*, and therefore ſhe's a *ſpotted Mouſe* here, and will be a *Mule* preſently. But to go on.

This Princeſs ———

Smith. What *Princeſs*, Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes. Why this *Mouſe*, for I forgot to tell you, an *Old Lyon* made a *left Hand Marriage* with her Mother, and begot *on her body Elizabeth Schiſm*, who was married to *Timothy Sacrilege*, and had Iſſue *Graceleſs Hereſy*. Who all give the ſame Coat with their Mother, *three Steeples Argent*, as I told you before. p. 10.

This Princeſs, tho' *eſtrang'd* from what was *beſt*,
Was leaſt Deform'd, becauſe Reform'd the leaſt. p. 23.

There's *De* and *Re* as good I'gad as ever was.

She

She in a Maſquerade of Mirth and Love, p. 28.
Miſtook the Bliſs of Heaven for Bacchanals above,
And grubb'd the Thorns *beneath our tender Feet,*
To make the Paths of Paradiſe more ſweet.

There's a Jolly *Mouſe* for you, let me ſee any Body elſe that can ſhew you ſuch another. Here now have I one damnable, ſevere, reflecting Line, but I want a Rhime to it; can you help me, Mr. *Johnſon*?

She———

Humbly content to be deſpis'd at Home,
Johnſ. Which is too narrow Infamy for ſome.

Bayes. Sir, I thank you, now I can go on with it.

Whoſe Merits are diffus'd from Pole to Pole, p. 63.
Where Winds can carry, and where Waves can roll.

Johnſ. But does not this reflect upon ſome of your Friends, Mr. *Bayes?*

Bayes. 'Tis no matter for that, let me alone to bring my ſelf off. I'll tell you, lately I writ a damn'd Libel on a whole Party, ſheer-Point and Satire all through, I'gad: Called 'em Rogues, Dogs, and all the Names I could think of, but with an exceeding deal of Wit, that I muſt needs ſay. Now it happened before I could finiſh this Piece, the Scheme of Affairs was altered, and thoſe People were no longer Beaſts: Here was a Plunge now: Should I loſe my Labour, or Libel my Friends! 'Tis not every Body's Talent to find a *Salvo* for this: But what do Me, I but write a ſmooth, delicate Preface, wherein I tell them that *the Satire was not intended to them,* and this did the Buſineſs.

Smith. But if it was not intended to them againſt whom it was writ, certainly it had no meaning at all.

Bayes. Poh! there's the Trick on't: Poor Fools, they took it, and were ſatisfied: And yet it maul'd 'em damnably, I'gad.

Smith.

Smith. Why Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, there's this very Contrivance in the *Preface to Dear Joy's Jeſts.**

Bayes. What a devil do you think that I'd ſteal from ſuch an Author? Or ever read it?

Smith. I can't tell, but you ſometimes read as bad. I have heard you quote *Reynard the Fox.*

Bayes. Why there's it now; take it from me, Mr. *Smith*, there is as good *Morality*, and as ſound Precepts, in the *Delectable Hiſtory of Reynard the Fox*, as in any Book I know, except *Seneca*. Pray tell me where in any other Author cou'd I have found ſo pretty a Name for a *Wolf* as *Iſgrim?* But pr'ythee, Mr. *Smith*, give me no more trouble, and let me go on with my *Mouſe.*

One Ev'ning, when ſhe went away from *Court*,
Levee's and Couchee's paſt without reſort. p. 29.

There's Court Language for you; nothing gives a Verſe ſo fine a Turn as an Air of good Breeding.

Smith. But methinks the *Levee's and Couchee's* of a *Mouſe* are too great, eſpecially when ſhe is walking from Court to the cooler Shades.

Bayes. I'gad now have you forgot what I told you, that ſhe was a *Princeſs*. But pray mind here the two Mice meet.

She met the Country Mouſe, whoſe *fearful Face*
Beheld from far the common wat'ring Place,
Nor durſt approach ——— p. 29.

Smith. Methinks, Mr. *Bayes*, this *Mouſe* is ſtrangely alter'd ſince ſhe *fear'd no danger.*

Bayes. Gadſokers! why no more ſhe does not yet, fear either Man, or Beaſt: But poor Creature, ſhe's afraid of the Water, for ſhe could not ſwim, as you ſee by this.

Nor durſt approach, till with an awful Rore
The Sov'reign Lion bad her fear no more. p. 30.

But beſides, 'tis above thirty Pages off that I told you ſhe *fear'd no Danger*; and I'gad if you will have no va-

* i. e. Teagueland *Jeſts: or*, Bogg-*Witticiſms.* 12*mo.*

riation

riation of the Character, you muſt have the ſame thing over and over again; 'tis the Beauty of Writing to ſtrike you ſtill with ſomething new. Well but to proceed.

But when ſhe had this ſweeteſt Mouſe *in view*,
Good *Lord, how ſhe admir'd her Heav'nly Hue!* p. 30.

Here now to ſhew you I am Maſter of Stiles, *I let my ſelf down* from the *Majeſty* of *Virgil* to the *Sweetneſs* of *Ovid*.

Good *Lord, how ſhe admir'd her heav'nly Hue!*

What more eaſy and familiar! I writ this Line for the *Ladies*: The little Rogues will be ſo fond of me to find I can yet be ſo tender. I hate ſuch a rough unhewn Fellow as *Milton*, that a Man muſt ſweat to read him; I'gad you may run over this and be almoſt aſleep.

Th' Immortal Mouſe, who ſaw the *Viceroy* come,
So far to ſee her, did invite her home.

There's a pretty Name now for the *ſpotted Mouſe*, the *Viceroy*.

Smith. But pray why d'ye call her ſo.

Bayes. Why! Becauſe it ſounds prettily:
I'll call her the *Crown-General* preſently, If I've a mind to it. Well. p. 55.

——did invite her Home
To ſmoke a Pipe, and o'er a ſober Pot
Diſcourſe of *Oates* and *Bedloe*, and the *Plot*.
She made a Curt'ſy, like a Civil Dame, p. 31.
And, being *much a Gentlewoman*, came.

Well, Gentlemen, here's my Firſt Part finiſh'd, and I think I have kept my Word with you, and given it the *Majeſtic turn of heroic Poeſy*. The reſt *being matter of Diſpute. I had not ſuch frequent occaſion for the magnificence of Verſe*, tho' I'gad they ſpeak very well. And I have heard *Men*, and *conſiderable Men* too, talk the very ſame things, a great deal worſe. p. 32.

Johnſ. Nay, without doubt, Mr. *Bayes*, they have receiv'd no ſmall advantage from the ſmoothneſs of your Numbers.

Bayes.

Bayes. Ay, ay, I can do't, if I liſt: Though you muſt not think I have been ſo dull as to mind theſe things my ſelf, but 'tis the advantage of our *Coffee-houſe*, that from their talk one may write a very good *Polemical* Diſcourſe, without ever troubling one's Head with the Books of *Controverſy*. For I can take the ſlighteſt of their Arguments, and clap 'em pertly into four Verſes, which ſhall ſtare any *London Divine* in the Face. Indeed, your knotty Reaſonings with a long Train of *Majors* and *Minors*, and the Devil and all, are too barbarous for my ſtile; but I'gad, I can flouriſh better with one of theſe twinkling Arguments, than the beſt of 'em can fight with t'other. But we return to our *Mouſe*, and now I've brought 'em together, let 'em e'en ſpeak for themſelves, which they will do extremely well, or I'm miſtaken: And pray obſerve, Gentlemen, if in one you don't find all the delicacy of a luxurious *City-Mouſe*, and in the other all the plain ſimplicity of a ſober ſerious Matron.

Dame, ſaid the Lady of the ſpotted Muff, p. 32.
Methinks your *Tiff* is ſour, your *Cates* meer ſtuff.
There, did I not tell you ſhe'd be nice?
Your Pipe's ſo foul, that I diſdain to ſmoke;
And the weed worſe than e'er *Tom Farvis took.*

Smith. I did not hear ſhe had a *ſpotted Muff* before.

Bayes. Why no more ſhe has not now: but ſhe has a Skin that might make a *ſpotted Muff*. There's a pretty Figure now unknown to the Ancients.

Leave, leave (**ſhe's earneſt you ſee*) this hoary *Shed* and lonely Hills,
And eat with me at *Groleau's*, ſmoke at *Will's*.
What Wretch would nibble on a Hanging-ſhelf,
When at *Pontack's* he may *Regale* himſelf?
Or to the Houſe of cleanly *Rheniſh* go:
Or that at *Charing-Croſs*, or that in *Channel-Row?*

* *Poeta loquitur.*

Do you mark me now? I would by this repreſent the Vanity of a *Town Fop*, who pretends to be acquainted at all thoſe good Houſes, though perhaps he ne'er was in 'em. But hark! ſhe goes on.

Come, at a Crown a Head our ſelves we'll treat,
Champaign our Liquor and *Ragouſt*'s our Meat,
Then hand in hand we'll go to *Court*, dear *Cuz*,
To viſit Biſhop *Martin*, and King *Buz*.
With *Ev'ning Wheels* we'll drive about the *Park*,
Finiſh at *Locket*'s and reel home i'th' dark.
Break clatt'ting Windows and demoliſh Doors
Of *Engliſh Manufactures—Pimps, and Whores.* p. 63.

Johnſ. Methinks a *Pimp* or a *Whore*, is an odd ſort of a *Manufacture*, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. I call 'em ſo to give the *Parliament* a hint not to ſuffer ſo many of 'em to be exported, to the Decay of Trade at Home.

With theſe Allurements *Spotted* did invite
From *Hermit's Cell*, the *Female Proſelyte*.
Oh! With what eaſe we follow ſuch a Guide,
Where Souls are ſtarv'd, and Senſes gratify'd.

Now would not you think ſhe's going? I'gad, you're miſtaken; you ſhall hear a long Argument about Infallibility, before ſhe ſtirs yet.

But here the *White*, by *obſervation wiſe*, p. 96.
Who long on Heaven had fixt her prying Eyes,
With thoughtful Countenance, and grave Remark,
Said, or my Judgment fails me, or 'tis dark.
Leſt therefore we ſhould ſtray, and not go right
Thro' the *brown horror* of the ſtarleſs Night;
Haſt thou *Infallibility*, *that Wight?* p. 37.
Sternly the Savage grinn'd, and thus reply'd:
That Mice may err, was never yet deny'd.
That I deny, ſaid the immortal Dame,
There is a Guide—'Gad I've forgot his Name, p. 37.

Who

Who lives in *Heaven or Rome*, the Lord knows where,
Had we but him, Sweet-heart, we could not err.
But hark you, Siſter, this is but a Whim;
For ſtill we want a *Guide* to find out Him. ‡

Here you ſee I don't trouble my ſelf to keep on the Narration, but write *White ſpeaks*, or *Dapple ſpeaks* by the ſide. But when I get any noble Thought which I envy a *Mouſe* ſhould ſay, I clap it down in my own Perſon with a *Poeta Loquitur* †; which take notice, is a ſurer ſign of a fine thing in my writings, than a Hand in the Margin any where elſe. Well now ſays *White*,

What need we find Him? we have certain proof
That he is ſome where, *Dame*, and that's enough:
For if there is a *Guide* that knows the way,
Altho' we know not him, we cannot ſtray.

That's true, I'gad: Well ſaid *White*. You ſee her Adverſary has nothing to ſay for her ſelf, and therefore to confirm the Victory, ſhe ſhall make a *Simile*.

Smith. Why then I find Similes are as good after Victory, as after a Surprize.

Bayes. Every Jot, I'gad, or rather better. Well, ſhe can do it two Ways, either about *Emiſſion* or *Reception* of Light*, or elſe about *Epſom-Waters*, but I think the laſt moſt familiar; therefore ſpeak, my pretty one.

As though 'tis controverted in the *School*,
If *Waters* paſs by *Urine* or by *Stool*.
Shall we who are *Philoſophers*, thence gather
From this diſſenſion that they work by neither?

And I'gad, ſhe is in the right on't; but mind now, ſhe comes upon her ſwop!

All this I did your Arguments to try.

And I'gad if they had been never ſo good, this next line confutes 'em.

Hear, and be dumb, thou Wretch, *that Guide am I.* p. 54.

‡ Spotted-Mouſe, *Loquitur.* † p. 69. * p. 37.

There's a ſurprize for you now! How ſneakingly t'other looks? Was not that pretty now, to make her ask for a Guide firſt, and then tell her ſhe was one? who could have thought that this little *Mouſe* had the *Pope* and a whole *General Council* in her Belly? Now *Dapple* had nothing to ſay to this; and therefore you'll ſee ſhe grows peeviſh.

Come leave your cracking Tricks, and as they ſay,
Uſe not, that Barber that trims Time, Delay; p. 101.
Which I'gad is new, and my own.
I've Eyes as well as you to find the way.
Then on they jogg'd, *and ſince an Hour of Talk*
Might cut a Banter *on the tedious Walk*;
As I remember ſaid the ſober Mouſe,
I've heard much talk of the *Wits Coffee-houſe*.
Thither, ſays *Brindle*, thou ſhalt go, and ſee
Prieſts ſipping *Coffee*, *Sparks* and *Poets Tea*;
Here rugged Freeze, there, Quality well dreſt,
Theſe baffling the *Grand Seignior*; thoſe the *Teſt*.
And here ſhrewd gueſſes made, and reaſons given
That Human Laws were never made in Heaven, p. 111.
But above all, what ſhall oblige thy ſight,
And fill thy Eye-Balls with a vaſt delight;
Is the *Poetic Judge* of ſacred *Wit*,
Who do's i'th' *darkneſs of his glory ſit*.
And as the Moon who firſt receives the light, p. 28.
With which ſhe makes theſe nether Regions bright;
So does he ſhine reflecting from afar,
The Rays he borrowed from a better Star:
For Rules which from *Corneille* and *Rapin* flow,
Admir'd by all the Scribling Herd below.
From *French Tradition* while he does diſpenſe,
Unerring Truths, 'tis Schiſm a damn'd Offence,
To queſtion his, or truſt your private Senſe.

Hah! is not that right, Mr. *Johnſon*? I'gad forgive me, he is faſt aſleep! O the damned ſtupidity of this Age! aſleep! Well, Sir, ſince you're ſo drowſy, your humble Servant. *Johnſ.*

Johnſ. Nay, pray Mr. *Bayes*, Faith I heard you all the while. *The White* Mouſe.

Bayes. The White *Mouſe!* ay, ay, I thought how you heard me. Your Servant, Sir, your Servant.

Johnſ. Nay, Dear *Bayes*, Faith I beg thy Pardon, I was up late laſt Night, Pr'ythee lend me a little Snuff, and go on.

Bayes. Go on! Pox I don't know where I was, well I'll begin here; mind now they are both come to Town.

But now at *Picadilly* they arrive,
And taking Coach t'wards *Temple-Bar* they drive;
But at St. *Clement's Church*, eat out the Back,
And ſlipping thro' the *Palſgrave*, bilkt poor *Hack*.

There's the *Utile*, which ought to be in all Poetry, many a *young Templar* will ſave his Shilling by this Stratagem of my *Mice*.

Smith. Why, will any *young Templar* eat out the back of a Coach?

Bayes. No, I'gad, but you'll grant it is mighty Natural for a *Mouſe*.

Thence to the *Devil* and ask'd if *Chanticleer*,
Of Clergy kind, or Counſellor *Chough* was there;
Or Mr. *Dove*, a *Pigeon* of Renown, p. 133.
By his high Crop, and corny Gizzard known, p. 126.
Or *Siſter* Partlet, *with the hooded head*; p. 130.
No, Sir, She's *hooted hence*, ſaid *Will*, and fled.
Why ſo? *Becauſe ſhe would not pray a-Bed*.

Johnſ. [*Aſide.*] 'Sdeath! who can keep awake at ſuch ſtuff? Pray, Mr. *Bayes*, lend me your Box again.

Bayes. Mr. *Johnſon*, how d'ye like that Box? Pray take notice of it, 'twas given me by a *Perſon* of *Honour* for looking over a Paper of Verſes; and indeed, I put in all the Lines that were worth any thing, in the whole Poem. Well but where were we? Oh! here they are, juſt going up ſtairs into the *Apollo*; from whence my *White* takes occaſion to talk very well of *Tradition*.

Thus to the Place where *Johnſon* ſat we climb,
Leaning on the ſame rail that guided him;
And whilſt we thus on equal Helps rely,
Our Wit muſt be as true, our Thoughts as high:
For as an Author happily compares p. 45.
Tradition to a well fixt pair of *Stairs*,
So this the *Scala Sancta* we believe,
By which his *Traditive Genius* we receive.
Thus ev'ry ſtep I take, my Spirits ſoar,
And I grow more a *Wit*, and more and more.

There's Humour! Is not that the livelieſt Image in the world of a *Mouſe*'s going up a pair of Stairs. *More a Wit, and more, and more?*

Smith. Mr. *Bayes.* I beg your Pardon heartily, I muſt be rude, I have a particular Engagement at this time, and I ſee you are not near an end yet.

Bayes. Gadſookers! ſure you won't ſerve me ſo: All my fineſt Deſcriptions and beſt Diſcourſe is yet to come.

Smith. Troth, Sir, if 'twere not an extraordinary Concern I could not leave you.

Bayes. Well; but you ſhall take a little more; and here I'll paſs over two dainty *Epiſodes* of *Swallows*, *Swifts*, *Chickens*, and *Buzzards*.

Johnſ. I know not why they ſhould come in, except to make yours the longeſt *Fable* that ever was told.

Bayes. Why the Excellence of a Fable is in the Length of it. *Æſop* indeed, like a Slave as he was, made little, ſhort, ſimple Stories, with a dry Moral at the End of 'em; and could not form any noble Deſign. But here I give you *Fable* upon *Fable*; and after you are ſatisfied with Beaſts in the firſt Courſe, ſerve you up a delicate Diſh of Fowl for the ſecond; now I was at all this pains to abuſe one particular Perſon; for I'gad, I'll tell you what a Trick he ſerved me. I was once tranſlating a very good *French Author*,

Author *, but being ſomething long about it; as you know a Man is not always in the Humour, what does this *Jack* do, but puts out an Anſwer to my Friend before I had half finiſhed the Tranſlation: So there were three whole Months loſt upon his Account. But I think I have my revenge on him ſufficiently, for I let all World know, that he is a *tall, broadback'd, luſty Fellow, of a brown Complexion, fair Behaviour, a fluent Tongue*, and *taking* amongſt the *Women*; ‡ and to top it all, that he's much a *Scholar*, more a *Wit*, and owns but *two Sacraments*. Don't you think this Fellow will hang himſelf? But beſides I have ſo nickt his Character in a Name as will make you ſplit. I call him---- I'gad, I won't tell you unleſs you remember what I ſaid of him.

Smith. Why, that he was much a *Scholar*, and more a *Wit*.

Bayes. Right, and his Name is *Buzzard*, ha! ha! ha!

Johnſ. Very proper indeed, Sir.

Bayes. Nay, I have a farther fetch in it yet than perhaps you imagine; for his true Name begins with a *B*, which makes me ſlily contrive him this, to begin with the ſame Letter. There's a pretty Device, Mr. *Johnſon*, I learned it, I muſt needs confeſs, from that ingenious Sport, I love my Love with an *A*, becauſe ſhe's *Amiable*; and if you cou'd but get a knot of merry Fellows together, you ſhou'd ſee how *little Bayes* would top 'em all at it I'gad.

Smith. Well, but good faith, Mr. *Bayes*, I muſt leave you, I'm half an Hour paſt my time.

Bayes. Well, I've done, I've done. Here are eight hundred Verſes upon a rainy Night, and a Bird's-neſt; and here are three hundred more, tranſlated from two *Paris Gazettes*, in which the *Spotted Mouſe* gives an account of the Treaty of Peace between the *Czar* of *Muſcovy*, and the *Emperor*, which is a piece of News *White* does not

* *Varillas.* ‡ Pref. to *Hind* and *Panther*, p. 137.

believe;

believe; and this is her Anſwer. I am reſolved you ſhall hear it, for in it I have taken occaſion to prove *Oral Tradition* better than *Scripture*. Now you muſt know, 'tis ſincerely my Opinion, that it had been better for the World, if we ne'er had had any *Bibles* at all.

Ere that *Gazette* was printed, ſaid the *White*, p. 50.
Our Robin told another Story quite;
This *Oral Truth* more ſafely I believ'd,
My Ears cannot, your Eyes may be deceiv'd.
By word of Mouth unerring Maxims flow,
And *Preaching*'s beſt, if underſtood, or no.

Words, I confeſs, *bound by, and trip ſo light*, p. 3.
We have no time to take a ſteady ſight;
Yet fleeting thus are plainer than when Writ,
To long Examination they ſubmit.

Hard things — Mr. *Smith*, if theſe two Lines don't recompenſe your Stay, ne'er truſt *John Bayes* again.

Hard things at the firſt bluſh are clear and full,
God mends on ſecond Thoughts, but Man grows dull. p. 15.

I'gad, I judge of all Men by my ſelf, 'tis ſo with me, I never ſtrove to be very exact in any thing but I ſpoiled it.

Smith. But allowing your Character to be true, is it not a little too ſevere?

Bayes. 'Tis no matter for that, theſe general Reflexions are daring, and ſavour moſt of a *noble Genius*, that ſpares neither *Friend* or *Foe*.

Johnſ. Are you never afraid of a Drubbing for that *daring* of your *noble Genius*?

Bayes. Afraid! why *Lord* you make ſo much of a Beating, I'gad 'tis no more to me than a Flea-biting. No, no, If I can but be witty upon 'em, let 'em ev'n lay on, I'faith, I'll ne'er balk my Fancy to ſave my Carcaſe. Well, but we muſt diſpatch, Mr. *Smith*.

Thus

Thus did they merrily carouſe all Day,
And like the gaudy Fly, their Wings diſplay;
And ſip the Sweets, and bask in great Apollo's *Ray.*

Well, there's an end of the Entertainment, and Mr. *Smith*, if your Affairs would have permitted, you wou'd have heard the beſt *Bill of Fare* that ever was ſerv'd up in *Heroicks:* But here follows a Diſpute ſhall recommend it ſelf, I'll ſay nothing for it. For *Dapple*, who you muſt know was a *Proteſtant*, all this while truſts her own Judgment, and fooliſhly diſlikes the Wine; upon which our *Innocent* does ſo run her down, that ſhe has not one Word to ſay for herſelf, but what I put in her Mouth; and I'gad you may imagine they won't be very good ones, for ſhe has diſobliged me, like an *Ingrate.*

Sirrah, ſays *Brindle*, thou haſt brought us Wine,
Sour to my Taſte, and to my Eyes unfine.
Says *Will*, all *Gentlemen* like it; ah! ſays *White*,
What is approv'd by them muſt needs be right.
'Tis true, I thought it bad, but if the Houſe p. 38.
Commend it, I ſubmit, a private *Mouſe.*

Mind that, mind the *Decorum* and Deference, which our *Mouſe* pays to the Company.

Nor to the *Catholic* Conſent oppoſe
My erring Judgment and reforming Noſe.

Ah! ah! there ſhe has nick'd her, that's up to the Hilts, I'gad, and you ſhall ſee *Dapple* reſents it.

Why, what a Devil, ſhan't I truſt my Eyes?
Muſt I drink *Stum* becauſe the *Raſcal* lyes?
And *palms* upon us *Catholic* Conſent,
To give *ſophiſticated Brewings* vent.
Says *White*, what ancient Evidence can ſway, p. 5.
If you muſt argue thus, and not obey?

Drawers

Drawers muſt be truſted, thro' whoſe Hands convey'd,
You take the *Liquor*, or you ſpoil the *Trade*.
For ſure thoſe *Honeſt Fellows* have no knack,
Of putting of *ſtum'd Claret* for *Pontac*.
How long, alas! wou'd the poor *Vintner* laſt,
If all that drink muſt *judge*, and ev'ry *Gueſt*
Be allowed to have an underſtanding *Taſte*?
Thus ſhe: Nor could the Panther *well enlarge,*
With weak defence, againſt ſo ſtrong a Charge.

There I call her a *Panther*, becauſe ſhe's ſpotted, which is ſuch a Blot to the *Reformation*, as I warrant 'em they will never claw off, I'gad.

But with a *weary Yawn* that ſhew'd her pride,
Said, *Spotleſs* was a *Villain*, and ſhe *ly'd*.
White ſaw her *canker'd Malice* at that Word,
And ſaid her Pray'rs, and drew her *Delphic Sword*.
T'other cry'd *Murther*, and her *Rage reſtrain'd:*
And thus her paſſive Character maintain'd.
But now alas! ——

Mr. *Johnſon*, pray mind me this; Mr. *Smith*, I'll ask you to ſtay no longer, for this that follows is ſo engaging; hear me but two Lines, I'gad, and go away afterwards if you can.

But now, alas! I grieve, I grieve to tell
What ſad Miſchance theſe pretty things *befel.*
Theſe Birds of Beaſts ——

There's a tender Expreſſion, *Birds of Beaſts:* 'Tis the greateſt Affront that you can put upon any *Bird*, to call it, *Beaſt of a Bird:* and a *Beaſt* is ſo fond of being called a *Bird*, as you can't imagine. p. 129.

Theſe Birds of Beaſts, theſe learned Reas'ning *Mice*,
Were ſeparated baniſh'd in a trice,
Who would be learned for their ſakes, who wiſe?

Ay,

Ay, who indeed? there's a *Pathos*, I'gad Gentlemen, if that won't move you, nothing will, I can aſſure you: But here's the ſad thing I was afraid of.

The *Conſtable* alarmed by this Noiſe,
Enter'd the Room, directed by the Voice,
And ſpeaking to the *Watch with Head aſide*, p. 135.
Said, deſperate Cures muſt be to deſperate Ills apply'd.
Theſe *Gentlemen*, for ſo their Fate decrees,
Can ne'er enjoy at once the *Butt and Peace.* p. 115.
When each have ſep'rate Int'reſts of their own, p. 144.
Two Mice *are One too many for a Town.*
By *Schiſm* they are torn, and therefore, *Brother*,
Look you to One, and I'll ſecure the t'Other.
Now whether *Dapple* did to *Bridewell* go,
Or in the *Stocks* all Night her Fingers blow, p. 98.
Or in the *Compter* lay, *concerns not us to know.*
But the *immortal* Matron, *ſpotleſs* White,
Forgetting *Dapple*'s Rudeneſs, Malice, Spite,
Look'd kindly back, and wept and ſaid *Good-night.*
Ten thouſand Watchmen *waited* on this *Mouſe*, p. 145.
With Bills and Halberds, to her *Country-Houſe.*

This laſt Contrivance I had from a judicious Author, that makes *Ten thouſand Angels* wait upon his *Hind*, and ſhe aſleep too, I'gad.----

Johnſ. Come, let's ſee what we have to pay?

Bayes. Why a Pox, are you in ſuch haſte? You han't told me how you like it.

Johnſ. O! extremely well. Here, Drawer.

[*Exeunt.*

F I N I S.

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